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FEMMETIA'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

PROLOGUE.

THE story of Femmetia Vorhees is so far outside and beyond the general ideas of life, that any teller of it must necessarily feel as if they would desire to offer some personal gage for its likelihood to say, for instance: "Impossible as Femmetia's experience seems, I myself have knowledge of at least two or more cases that are—if not parallel—at least very far in the same direction; thus there is a famous living artist to whom this thing happened:

He was busy one gloomy, winter day on a picture for the academy, and he worked steadily for many

hours. Then, being sensible of the failure of that enthusiasm which is the genius of work, he laid down his brush and stood a few moments looking at the results of his day's labor. It pleased him. He had already attained success; but he felt that this work was not only sure of appreciation, but that it deserved it. A sentiment of gratitude for the many great blessings of his life rose like a joyful song in his heart. For he knew that there were few studios in the world so perfectly appointed as his own, few homes so beautiful, few husbands and fathers so happy.

Suddenly he seemed to lose his grasp upon his will and consciousness; there was a momentary darkness and void, and he was in a strange city which yet was a familiar city. The old, high-gabled houses, the chiming of the carillons from the steeples of the churches, the queer costumes of the crowds around the ancient stone cross in the market-place; he knew them, and he passed through them like a shade, straight up endless stairs to a wretched attic, where there was a large, ambitious painting on a rude easel. He was familiar with every line of that painting; he understood now, as he stood before it, all its weak points, and why failure and only failure had been the lot of the artist.

With a feeling of divine pity he turned to a pallet in the corner of the room. A man, still young, was dying there; dying of defeated hopes and futile effort, and intense, ungratified feelings. The next moment, with a slight shiver of the fleshy tunicle, his soul returned to him, and he opened his

eyes in his own splendid studio. They fell upon the picture he had been at work upon—an identical picture in subject and conception, but worked out with an immeasurably greater breadth of power and technical ability ; and *he knew beyond a doubt* that his soul had gone back a moment to its last life ; that what he had witnessed was not death but transition ; that the Great Master had said : "You have done all possible in this class, pass through that door called 'death,' to a higher room."

He stood up reverently. He had received no ordinary lesson. Henceforward, his art was a sacred thing ; it was the key to an eternal progress. Not for any gold could he debase a line ; not for any fame hinder that "well done, good and faithful servant" which from that hour has been the hope and the aim of all his labor.

Again, in the closest personal way, I have knowledge of a child who, before three years of age, had distinct and awful dreams of being bitten by a huge serpent, though it was *beyond all possibility* that in this life she had ever seen at that time even a pictured creature of the kind ; always the same dream of the sandy plain, and the bare rocks, and the long gliding reptile, that *had no feet.* When six years old, she was taken, one day, to Wombwell's Menagerie, and there, in a speechless paroxysm of terror, she pointed out the creature which had impressed her soul with such supreme terror that the wondrous act of transition had not been able to efface the memory of it. And if such events as these, and others quite as remarkable, come within the positive expe-

rience of one person, it is hardly possible that such experience is peculiar. It is, indeed, far more likely that the story of Femmetia Vorhees will appeal to the majority of intelligences by the very reason of some personal knowledge of cases not dissimilar.

CHAPTER I.

FEMMETIA.

Femmetia Vorhees was born in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, at the Vorhees country-house on the North River, near Lispenard street, New York. Her father and mother were of pure Dutch stock, the latter, Hildegonde Van Twiller, being a descendant of the Van Twiller who, as Governor-General of New Amsterdam, led the way into the Connecticut Valley, and built a fortified post there, called the House of Good Hope, near the present town of Hartford. She was a Dutch lady of the most marked character, and when she married Claes Vorhees she married a man of the same purity of lineage and the same pronounced Dutch individuality as her own. Claes was a trader, and proud of his abilities in that direction. His store on the Great Dock of the East River was a famous resort for country merchants, and his house on the North River was the embodiment of all that went to make a typical Dutch household of that day.

For Claes was not only a trader; he was, also, a member of the classis of the Dutch kirke, and had his seat among the elders on the *right* hand of the minister. Besides which, he was one of the town

council, and universally regarded as a safe and sure citizen. He was a large man, with a blank expression of face, which, however, concealed a deal of shrewd business intelligence, square-built, and rather fond of fine clothing, a taste shared by his wife Hildegonde, who was a woman pretty and ample, and very stirring about her domestic affairs She had three sons, who were older than Femmetia, all of them shy youths, without any apparent individuality to speak of.

"But they will do well enough," said their father, frequently, to Madam Vorhees. "The boys *are* slow. That is because there is yet nothing new to be done in our affairs. They will make themselves at home in the world in good time. Believe one who knows what goes on in the city."

It was the little Femmetia who troubled and puzzled her parents. They looked at her when she could scarce talk and walk as something in their house outside natural laws, and at times listened to her strange prattle with a feeling curiously blended of love, admiration and dislike.

"And what will come of it, even the domine does not know," said madam, one night. "Such strange questions! Claes, I feel as frightened to-day as I used to feel when I was a little girl, and could not say my Heidelberg."

"Questions! What then?"

"Well, look now! it is —'Mother, where do my dreams come from?' And then again: 'Where do they go to?' 'Mother, where did Femmetia come from?' 'How do I grow bigger and bigger?'

'How many Femmetias are there in me?' 'One Femmetia is here with you, and another Femmetia is with my aunt Gertrude in Pearl street, and another with my good father in the store, and I send another to Schoon-Durven?' As for Schoon-Durven, I never heard any mention of the place before; no, nor you either, Claes; nor yet anybody round here. It is no good for her, nor for us—such talk."

"Then I take leave to say, you are not doing right to let her talk in such a way. Say to her: 'Femmetia, I am not satisfied with you. I set you a good example, and you are conceited and troublesome, and make up questions that are not in your catechism, nor yet in the Holy Scriptures. Think that your little body is the work of the Lord, and knit your stocking like a respectable girl, whose father is in the classis and in the town council, and a man honored, and of some wealth, thank God!' Such things as that is what you ought to say to her."

"Very well, Claes; and she will listen, and then lift her big eyes, and answer me in this way: 'When I lived at Schoon-Durven, no one was cross to me. There were ladies in flowered silks there, and glass-houses full of flowers, and all the servants who waited wore scarlet waistcoats.' And suppose I get angry, and say: 'Femmetia, I will tell you what that means in plain Dutch—it means lies!' She looks offended then, and is like to cry, or she says calmly: '*Mijn moeder*, how can you tell? This happened before I came to live with you.' And so, Claes, I know no more what to say. But as for Schoon-Durven,

it must be in Dreamland, I am sure, and nowhere else in this world."

"That is what I think, Hildegonde. It is in Dreamland. Queer things happen there, I have heard tell. As for me, I dream not; it is not my business. Dreams—as you may tell by what Femmetia says—are about other people's; and it is a fixed principle with me never to meddle with the affairs of other people."

It was at this moment Femmetia entered the room. She came in from school, with her small text-books in her hand, and her lovely face flushed with anger.

"Peter Martense called me a little angel, mother; and my own brother Adrian laughed at him, and said that it was the boys only who had no sisters who thought girls were angels."

"I shall punish Adrian," said the father, quickly; "but listen to me, Femmetia. We shall have no more dreaming, nor any more dream-talk. Think that you were baptized a Christian, in the Garden-street kirke, and that when you go to your bed, and lay you down with your good prayers on your lips, it is that you may go to sound sleep; and so be fit for the lessons and the work of the next day—it is not that you should think or dream of ladies in flowered silks and servants in scarlet waistcoats. That is folly; and folly is a thing God is angry at, every day. Besides, you may read in your Bible that follies end in ruin; and St. Paul says that children must never vex their parents! This is the truth; and you must dream no more by night or day. A good girl who has to go to school, and help her mother at

home, should not dream. I am a respectable merchant, and an elder in the kirke, and I never dream !"

And Claes Vorhees spoke the truth, as he understood it. As far as he was concerned, his sleep was the sleep of mere flesh and blood ; and no winged dream ever came to inform it. And if Madam Vorhees dreamed, it was only of her half-done household tasks ; and she rightly enough concluded that she had not been in a sleep sound enough to make her oblivious of her daily cares. But it was very differ ent with Femmetia. She lived a real dream-life ; a life quite distinct from her waking existence ; though after this unusual and severe reproof from her father she was extremely reticent on the subject.

And, as the years went by, daily custom brought that weight which lies upon childhood's intuitions like a frost. The nature that remembered what was so fugitive :

> " Those shadowy recollections,
> Those obstinate questions,"

those

> " Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,"

began to be less sensitive ; and to shape itself more and more to the dream of a human life. Her lessons, her dresses, her companions, her first communion, the methodical certainties and duties of a Dutch household, filled her heart. All our births "are a sleep, and a forgetting." All our souls

"rise with us like a star, that had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar, not in entire forgetfulness or in utter nakedness." But Femmetia's soul had a more than ordinary memory; she kept her heritage longer, the seeing eye among the blind, the brooding thought of immortality, the sense of presence not to be put away, convictions, which many toil all their lives to arrive at—only as she grew older she kept all those things, more and more closely, within her own consciousness.

And this unspoken confidence with her nobler part influenced the fleshly form. Her eyes were mystical, large, slow-moving; her face still, and rather grave; all her movements were leisurely; and she rarely laughed. Pleasure, love, or any strong feeling was shown by a quick brightening of her whole countenance; as if the flesh itself suddenly became luminous.

So the days and years went by, and she was sixteen; partly child, partly woman, and partly spirit; and it was on her birthday she had the first of those experiences, which were perhaps the legitimate conclusion, to which all the dim, half-forgotten, half-perceived intimations of her soul-life had been foreshadowings.

She had gone to rest with a piece of news in her ears which, though not unusual or unexpected, had affected her with unusual and unexpected emotions The house next to the Vorhees house was occupied by a Dutch gentleman called Volckmaar, whose son Denyse had been many years in Holland with his grandparents. The Holland Volckmaars were gen-

erally supposed to be people of very great wealth and importance, and the impassive stolidity and silence of Cornelius Volckmaar on the subject seemed to give assurance of the fact. It was also very unlikely that Cornelius would permit his only son to remain away for years unless there was some very tangible good in gold or land to be obtained by his self-denial.

"For my part," said Claes Vorhees frequently to madam, his wife—"for my part, I am sure it is gold and not learning that keeps Denyse Volckmaar in Holland. Councilor Volckmaar is a man who neglects not the main chance. It is right to be so prudent, and as for piety and wisdom, you could not get in a church more than is in the life of Cornelius Volckmaar."

But at last Denyse Volckmaar had come to his home again. Claes had heard the news from the youth's father. All afternoon they had been together and never a word of it, but at the last moment, as they leaned on Claes's garden gate and admired his tulips, Cornelius had spoken thus:

"My son Denyse came home on *The Sea Beggar*. He brought with him some tulips; it is thought new and rare ones."

"Mean you it? A fine young man he will be now."

"You say what is true. He is from Leyden, with many honors. Ah, my beautiful Leyden!"

"Well, well, that is so. But as for me and my boys, we do not snifter after Holland. We have all taken suck from the breasts of this good land, and

the better of it we think ourselves—indeed yes, councilor."

"There is no harm said, neighbor. The *vaderland* is my own land. In Holland I myself was born."

Then the flicker of light which his son's name had called into his face died out, and with a solemn nod he went onward to his own gate.

The news did not stay long with Claes. He was fond of talk, and he felt his cup of tea to be improved in flavor by his Hildegonde's exclamations and wonderments and his Femmetia's memories and speculations. Femmetia was, indeed, unable to forget Denyse, now that he had suddenly been brought into her life again. Ten years ago they had been very close friends. She had confided to him all her recollections of Schoon-Durven, and also many a strange and half-caught intimation. Would he remember? Would he speak to her now of such things? She hoped not. A man who had been through the college of Leyden must be too wise for this world's knowledge to care for intimations. He would want to *know*, and to have proof that he *did know*. She went to sleep thinking of these things, and as soon as her body was helpless and unconscious away went her soul on its own affairs.

It went far away, to a house standing on a natural hill facing the Zuyder Zee—an old house rising among many red gables, and girt about with a lavish greenery of gardens and a sloping lawn, and at the foot of the hill great salt marshes stretching away to the salt waves. And she saw on a kind of

balcony, a man who was walking restlessly about. He looked at the sea as if he hated it; and watched it; and knew it to be a treacherous creature who could not be trusted.

This look of doubt and suspicion deepened and darkened as she went toward him; and as he led her up stairs and stairs, to the topmost room in the tower. Heavy were her feet, climbing and climbing, till they reached at last a low room with a large bay-window looking seaward, and a door, made strong, to bear the great winds that came from the Northern Ocean. With a swift, noiseless motion, the door shut and she was alone with her fate.

Who does not know the possibilities of infinite anguish that are in dreams. Real life has nothing comparable to the sense of loss, of remorse, of terror, of actual pain, which the soul can endure in dreams. Out of that room Femmetia's soul fled, trembling and shivering, coming back to her with a shock like that with which a mortal fleeing before some infuriated beast reaches, at the last gasp, the shelter of his own home, and clashes behind him the door of his salvation. Femmetia came to herself with such a clash and shock, her eyes wide open with terror, her face gray as ashes, her clothing drenched with the sweat of her mortal agony.

She ran to the window, flung it open, and let the west wind coming across the river and the garden blow in her face. There she knelt with her head on the window-sill, resting like a creature who had been run to death. And by and by she wept a little, and afterwards she began to pray. Her mother

broke her prayer in two by an imperative call. The breakfast was waiting, and Madam Vorhees was always angry at those who delayed it, "making behind-hand the whole day."

For once this consideration had little weight with Femmetia. She could not hurry. Her hands trembled; she put her garments on wrong, she dressed herself as people dress in troubled dream; finding and losing, and doing all things wrong, or twice over. She expected to be sharply reproved, and somehow she did not fear reproof. This unavoidable indifference acted like ice upon madam's anger; it compelled her to look into her daughter's face, and there were on it yet the dread and gleam of that awful passage of the night.

"Are you sick, then, Femmetia?" she asked gently.

"*Mijn moeder!* I have seen a murder this night."

"*In God's Naam!*"

"A young woman—cruelly murdered—and it was *I, I myself.*"

Then madam went into a sudden passion; for it is natural to deny what we cannot comprehend.

"*Dreams!*" she cried, "*Dreams! In God's Naam* what is it you want? This waking life is not good enough for you? To have such a daughter! I am a most miserable woman! All the neighbors will laugh at me; they will say again: 'Poor Hildegonde Vorhees! She has a daughter who is possessed.' If in Boston you was living, for a witch they would burn you. That is so."

"A witch I am not! I am a miserable little maid

who was stabbed to death last night. The house, the man, the long, thin knife sharp at both edges, I saw them. On the floor I was kneeling; over me stood the man, the knife entered my heart—cut straight through until the blade passed beyond. I felt the agony of it. *Mijn moeder*, pity me!"

Madam stood looking at her daughter, the cup and saucer in her hand rattling with the fear and anger evoked by this extraordinary complaint. The very apathy of Femmetia's sufferings shocked her. For a minute, that seemed many minutes, both women were silent. The mother spoke first.

"Drink your coffee, Femmetia, and go then into the garden. The smell of the fresh air and earth will be good for you. For the domine and the doctor I will send. In your soul or your body you are sick."

"For the domine and the doctor send. Out of what I have seen and suffered, can they talk or physic me? No, *mijn moeder!*"

Nothing is more powerful than positive suffering. Madam made no more opposition. She renewed her advice to take the fresh air, and was glad to escape the presence and influence of the supernatural which clung to her daughter. Femmetia watched her departure with that aching, longing gaze which love sends after whatever has failed it in its extremity. Then she drank her coffee and put on her hood and went into the garden.

There had been rain, but the sun was shining brightly, and the scent of the lilacs filled the cool, damp air. She stood still and let it blow all over

her. It was an elixir to her fainting spirit. Every breath was full of life, and she sighed deeply, and filled her heart and brain with the sweet, fresh elements.

Suddenly she thought of Denyse, and she turned her face toward that side of the garden where the dividing wall ran lengthwise to the river. It was a stone wall, covered with vines, high, but not too high for love to pass, if love desired it. Many a time, when a lad, Denyse had clambered over, and sat talking with her of things far off and mysterious; for all good children have that longing *to go beyond*, which is the heavenly light yet lying about their infancy.

Denyse was standing watching her. He was willing her to look toward him, and she answered his desire. As she did so he put his hand on the wall and threw himself easily over it. The boy had become a man—a pleasant-looking man, neither short nor tall, neither fair nor dark, but straight and well-knit, with eyes full of light as a cup may be full of wine.

She would have hastened to meet him, but something restrained her—an innate modesty, a shy love, which was just revealing its unsuspected presence. It was easier to stand still under the blossoming trees and wait for his approach. How young and fresh and sweet she was! Not, indeed beautiful, as physical beauty is rated. It took something nobler than the mere lust of the flesh to see the loveliness of her broad white brows, and the charm of eyes like wood-violets and full of spiritual

light. Many people did not think Femmetia was at all pretty.

To Denyse, whose soul had long ago found her soul, she was the one woman on earth desirable. He came swiftly to her, so forgetful of himself, so absorbed in Femmetia, that his rapid walk had all the grace of unconscious movement. He called her name, and he sent with the word one bright, glad flash of love. It seemed to Femmetia that all heaven and earth was in it. They clasped hands, they smiled, they leaned slightly forward ; ere they were aware they had kissed each other.

"Old love is a dangerous thing to touch." The fire that had only been smoldering and quietly subduing all to itself burst into a sudden flame. The great spaces in Femmetia's eyes were full of a soft-blue light that charmed his very soul from him and lifted him higher than any selfish thought. Some love blows,

"Leaf by leaf, coming out like a rose ;"

but the love of Denyse and Femmetia was born perfect, and it swung into their lives as a planet full-orbed, at its appointed moment, rises above the horizon.

They asked each other a hundred questions. They did not seem to feel that the answers were often irrelevant and broken and unfinished. Whatever words were spoken or unspoken were all part of a glorious fairy-tale. "The old sweet story?" Oh, no! The *young*, the *fresh*, the *ever new* story! The

story that is always "news" to the heart; the story of the bride and the bridegroom.

Side by side, hand in hand, they walked in the garden; and the trees rustled their blossoms above them, and the flowers perfumed the air around them and the birds made a musical accompaniment to their words and sighs and smiles and silences. And Madam Vorhees looked at them from her bay-window, that was full of geraniums, and said, complacently, perhaps a little scornfully:

"*Ach, mijn kind!* Nature goes beyond all. I take leave to say the domine will not be wanted for the soul, nor yet the doctor for the body. The lover, for a young girl, is the best of all. Yes, yes, it is so! Love and marriage! And as to what comes after we must expect it."

CHAPTER II.

It is not always that the course of true love runs crookedly or unhappily. Indeed, it is doubtful if true love ever makes for itself crooked or sorrowful ways. Much that is called "true love" is selfish love, and deserves to run adversely, and to bring forth sorrow.

The love of Denyse and Femmetia had begun in childhood, and their long separation had provided that silence and mystery so favorable for the growth of great affections or great events. But now that

the full time had come for its blossoming, it did not need to hide, or to show itself secretly, or to affect danger where there was no danger, or exact for itself a false sympathy from false conditions. Denyse gloried in his love; he cared not to make it secret. He spoke to Femmetia's father for her hand, and to his own father for his assent and blessing, without any delay. The parents of the lovers were their confidants, and the friends of both families knew the glad news, and rejoiced with them.

If they went walking up the pretty unplanted places by the river bank, kind eyes followed them; if they sauntered down Pearl street or sought the sea breezes on the Battery, or looked over the same hymn book in kirke, kind hearts blessed them silently; and as for the envy and malice of the uncharitable, they knew it not, and it cast no shadow upon their love. Denyse commenced the study of law, and Femmetia was busy spinning the flax for her house-linen, and making up fine garments for her wedding and her wife-life. To both the Volckmaar and the Vorhees households love brought sunshine, and both were well contented.

"When Femmetia and Denyse are married," said Madam Vorhees, "we will take away the wall between us. A good thing that will be for us women. We shall have a way through the garden, and of our coming and going the neighbors can make neither much nor little."

"A bad thing it will be, Hildegonde," answered

the wise elder. "I say this: Your neighbor love; but the fence between you—leave it standing."

"Well, then, a great wedding we will have, Claes. Every respectable person in the kirke we must invite. That will be looked for, and I am not opposed to it. Such stores of fine linen, such silk gowns and cloth mantles and Indian chintzes in one hand are not often seen. It is well to let one's acquaintances know that we have grown rich with the years."

"But some of our acquaintances have not grown rich with the years. There is poor Joris Brunt. This winter no overcoat has he."

"It is very likely his own fault, Claes. Brunt is not religious. God would not have let him want an overcoat if he had been religious. I say so of my experience."

"Well, well, then. A great wedding we will have. To that I have no objections."

And only once during this blessed season of love and hope did Femmetia have again the terrible experience which had heralded in, as it were, the peace and joy of her love life. But when it came, she had no need to speak of it. Madam saw the horror and suffering on her face, and as soon as Femmetia said drearily: "A bad night I have had, mother. I was dreaming of—" she stopped her angrily, and said:

"Dreaming! Yes, that is plain. But the wedding-cake is in the house, and the wedding-dress in the next room, and *God's Wille!* evil words shall not be spoken nigh to them. And I say to you,

speak nothing of this to Denyse. It is of this world, and for this world, a man wants his wife. Peter Rose who joined the Quakers, and who is now always seeing visions and dreaming dreams, had last week to take thirty-nine per cent. out of the estate of a bankrupt Jew. That is what comes of dreams, Femmetia !"

"It was the same dream, mother—the same house —the same knife—the same man—"

"Be quiet ! Such a man, even in a dream, comes not out of heaven. Out of hell he crept when the devil was sleeping. You shall not speak under this roof of such bad things ! Here comes Joan Kipp with your new lawn petticoats, and they are to fit on, and ties on the mantle to alter—in a word, honest work enough for the morning. Last night I sent word to her to come, for I always think about everything. I fear we are to have a bad day, Femmetia, for you have spoiled the comfort of my breakfast."

"Mother, do you think I tell you lies about this dreaming ? In the Bible are many dreams."

"Lies ? No, no ! But the truth of that other world are lies and foolishness to this world. And it is in *this* world God has put you. Your father is a rich, respectable merchant, and a pious elder in the kirke, and his saying is always 'truth and common sense,' making of course an exception for the Holy Scriptures. In the Holy Scriptures there are dreams you say—"

"Many strange dreams, mother."

"That is so. But you are not in the Holy Scrip-

tures. And I will talk no more to you about such things. In *my* house the Holy Scriptures shall be honored, and a young girl, who has a lover and a wedding on her mind, should not hide her follies in them. Be obedient, and love the good God and your good lover, and do not grieve them with complaining about your dreams."

So madam left the room. She had talked herself into anger, and there was no more to be said. And what could Femmetia do but just what all women in all ages and countries have to do—hide her fears and suffering among smiles and pleasant words. Fortunately she had also one of those strong, womanly souls which are brave to meet even the weary vexation of daily life—its failures of Love that should not fail—its smallness and narrowness and unreasonableness.

The wedding was not troubled with any untoward event; it was, indeed, a wedding to satisfy every ambition of Hildegonde's heart, and to triumphantly prove what she asserted she wished it to prove—that God so directs all things that if a man has the true religion, and knows how to manage his business, he will become wealthy; and that if people are poor it is their own fault, since the Lord will not forsake a person who serves him faithfully; and it never once struck Hildegonde that she was making a God after her own image and likeness and worshiping it.

After the wedding Femmetia went to live with the Volckmaars, and the two families were as one, only Claes Vorhees and Cornelius Volckmaar did

not pull down the wall between them. They often leaned upon it in the sweet summer evenings and smoked their long pipes, and talked about the oppression of the English Parliament and of what was sure to come of it; and in the winter nights Madam Vorhees, folded in her wadded silk cloak, and accompanied by Claes carrying a large lantern, went to the Volckmaars to drink chocolate and talk to her daughter and her friends; for Madam Volckmaar was an invalid and had to be treated with consideration and many allowances made for her.

So two years passed away, and the two fathers began to talk of building a house for the young lawyer and his wife.

"A small house, but a great deal of land to put it on, we will give them," said Claes. "The land will be growing rich, and they not thinking of it; and when bigger the house is wanted they can add room by room, which is the best."

Cornelius was not sure of this assertion; Denyse, as a young lawyer, must make an appearance of solidity, and Cornelius thought "a good house was a good foundation for prosperity."

But while they were discussing this question at their leisure—as they both liked to do everything—there came a letter from Holland which put aside all their calculations. The grandfather of Denyse was dead, and all he possessed was left to his grandson

"For that was my wish," said Cornelius to his friend. "Back to Holland I can go no more. My home, my sick wife, are here; here, also, my dead daughters, my good business, my friends, my kirke

—my whole heart. The ways of Holland, the wet climate—No, no ; I am now an American ; and very soon, I think, America will need all who love her to fight for her. I feel myself not too old to do this if occasion comes. But Denyse is different ; he nursed Leyden, and his mother's voice is still in his ears."

Claes and Hildegonde were troubled and excited at the news. Femmetia was going to be a great lady, perhaps a countess. It was certain that Denyse would go to court, and that three fine houses with their estates were now his—a town-house in Amsterdam, a great farm in Zealand and a summer residence on the sea coast. But yet of all this grandeur they would see nothing, and their only daughter would be far away from their love and care. Hildegonde began to look wistfully at her child. She kissed her frequently, she busied herself about little affairs she thought Femmetia would like. Now, if Femmetia had desired to talk of her tragic dream, or of any other dream, madam would have listened gladly. She longed for something to bring them close together, to give her an opportunity to lay her daughter's head on her breast and pet and comfort her.

But, oh, how very seldom lost opportunities ever come back! Femmetia was herself very much excited at the great change, and Denyse talked to her continually of the fine old cities she was going to see, and the strange, grand life she was going to lead. There was a kind of haste, also, in all their proceedings, so that in less than a month the worry and the hurry were all past, and Femmetia and her

young husband had sailed into the East after their destiny.

"Good or bad, for a little while we shall have to be subject to it," said Denyse; "for there are great properties at stake; but if we like it not, Femmetia, then back to New York we will go, as soon as I can turn land and houses into gold."

This feeling of freedom made the change lighter to all. Nothing that was new was final; they were still masters of their own fate. They went first to Amsterdam, and the winter being at hand, they spent it there. Early in the spring, Denyse had some business in Paris, and Femmetia went with him. They were very gay while in the gay city; and, therefore, when they turned their faces northward, and a sudden solemnity settled upon Femmetia, it was the more remarkable. She could not rise above it; she could not cast it from her. It was no sense of fear, not even that nameless dejection which may be an accident of the nervous condition. It was a real feeling of gloom, a strange, pitiful sensation, that had no perceptible object; a melancholy she could not talk about; an apprehension without thinkable reason for it.

Denyse was sure she was sick.

"No."

"Tired?"

"No."

"Fretting for America?"

"No."

Finally he touched upon a subject they had not talked much of since their life in Europe. Had she

dreamed anything that terrified her or even puzzled her?

For a moment Femmetia had a temptation to tell her husband of the two fearful visions that had visited her—one on the very night previous to their meeting after his return from Holland; the other just before their marriage-day. But the desire vanished even as it formed itself. The dream had come no more. Speaking of it might summon it again. And she had suffered on each occasion all—perhaps much more—than she would actually have suffered had the attack been real, instead of a visionary one. She shuddered yet at the memory, and she could not bring herself to discuss—at least at that hour—the shadowy tragedy.

When they reached Amsterdam on their return from Paris, the weather was warm. A languorous fever attacked Femmetia; she began to think longingly of the great spaces of the ocean, and of the cool winds that in New York swept down the North River or across the pleasant Battery.

"To Zealand we will go," said Denyse, one hot day. "On the very sea-shore, we have there a home. My lawyer will tell me the best way to reach it, Femmetia; and then, my beloved, the northwest wind—the wind of God—shall blow about us, and we shall be strong and full of spirit again. For myself, also, I wish it. I am weary and much depressed."

He was not many hours in finding out all he desired, and in engaging the necessary transport to

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the place of their destination. His spirits rose with every mile northward.

"A ravishing account of the place, Poupet, my lawyer, gives me," he said. "My great-grandfather built it. A sailor he was, and fond of the sea. Servants are there, and the house is in fair order. For a few months we shall find there rest and quiet without too much quiet, for there is a village not a mile distant."

They traveled slowly, and at the close of the fourth day reached Schoon-Havard, the little village to which they were bound. It was then nearly dark, but they hurried forward, for another mile would bring them to their home. And long before it was passed, they saw the lights lit to welcome them. Curiously they both peered out of the carriage-windows at the pile of brick they were approaching. In the blackness outside, nothing was perceptible but the long, narrow windows, and the high-pitched roofs.

But the entrance was noble and well lighted, resplendent with white marble and glorious with the carved wood-work of Nuremburg. And the walls of the room they entered were finely painted in landscape, while the cornices showed the hand of no mean artist.

"A good taste had my grandfather," said Denyse, "and to-morrow we will see if there is any portrait of him in this 'Pleasure House.' To stand before it and say, 'I thank you!' would be a great satisfaction to me."

Femmetia smiled a reply. She was in that condi-

tion which demands from the mind a constant assurance of wakefulness, and that all that is said is not said at an inconceivable distance away, and all that is done is not phantasm. But she really was eating and drinking; the supper was excellent, and the queer old man who served it was an actuality.

He said the chamber above the room in which they eat had been prepared for their use, and Femmetia made haste to reach it. Piece by piece she examined the furniture; never before in her life had she seen anything similar, and yet in the room there was a sense of familiarity which teased and annoyed her.

"Not even in my dreams have I been here," she said, positively, "and even if I have, why should it annoy me? Oh, how merciful is God to those whom He *permits to forget!*"

With the words, she went to the casement and stood there. Nothing but undistinguishable masses of foliage could be seen; no color or form, no lineament of landscape for her eye to seize. But she heard the roaring of the sea; the dull, heavy break, break, in the darkness; and she remembered that fateful, mournful sound at once. Just that same lamenting noise had filled her ears in that miserable dream of her own slaying. It had blended with the voice of the murderer and the touch of the knife, and gone out of life with her.

The thing that amazed her was that, with this conviction, came a sense of elation. Fear and anguish were gone. She felt as a strong soul feels when at last it is brought face to face with whatever

it has to do. A curiosity, that had nothing puerile or vulgar in it, kept her awake. The noise of the sea in the still house was like a voice. Long ago she had been used to lying awake at midnight and listening thus to the mournful sound. Hour after hour, she was still and speechless, while forgotten things called to her; but toward dawning she fell asleep, and when she opened her eyes, the brightest sunshine was shining everywhere; the birds were twittering in the ivy, the cows lowing in the pastures, and the cries of the husbandmen to the horses were pleasantly audible. The voice of the sea was almost gone; she could scarcely hear it for the multitudinous stir and song of life.

She dressed cheerfully, she put on one of her gayest morning gowns, she chatted to Denyse of its trimmings and of the pretty breakfast china, and of what a strange, happy voyage of discovery they would go on through the house and garden.

"It is just like what we used to fancy when we were little children," she said. "Oh, Denyse, my beloved, if we could only have remained children forever, and forever, and forevermore!"

"Not so delightful would it have been, as having you for my wife; and we could not have known the worth of these fine paintings and carvings. I saw a Friesland cuckoo clock in the hall whose silver call and wonderful case is a little fortune. Come, let us make haste to count up our beautiful things."

The first room they entered was a large parlor on the opposite side of the hall. It had evidently been

the principal dining-room, for it was furnished with black-oak sideboards, and chairs covered with embossed Spanish leather which still kept the gleam of its fine gold outlining. Femmetia saw only one thing in the room—the portrait of the builder of the house, Denyse's great-grandfather. It was the portrait of the man who had slain her. A great weight fell from her heart. He had been dead many years. He could not hurt her now. She was singularly calm. All the restless, feverish anxiety, all the inexplicable mental pressure which had fretted and sickened her, went away in a moment. It had been there ; it was gone. She touched her husband, and said :

"Denyse, shut the door. Let us sit down here. I have something to tell you."

"What, then, is to say ? I am sure that is the face of my great-grandfather—he who built us this house. What think you of it ?"

"What I think of it is the thing I wish to tell you. Listen, my husband : *Mijn Jongen!* Twice in my life that man hath slain me."

Then she repeated, with every thrilling detail, the suffering he had caused her. Denyse listened with all the sympathy she could have desired. It produced in her a *living* recollection. The sense of weariness, even of life—the stillness of the gray afternoon—the sad roaring of the distant sea waves —she described all so vividly that Denyse shuddered with her reflected emotions ; and when the final act came, and she clasped her hands over her heart, and, with a pitiful cry, sought shelter in his arms,

he was as completely prostrated by the simulated tragedy as if he had been a party to it.

He soothed Femmetia with kisses and tender words, and then said :

"There is something here to be done. That is certain. I remember now that none spoke much to me of—that man. But in the Amsterdam house there used to be, I think, a large painting of him. My grandfather died in the Amsterdam house, and perhaps he liked it not. Yet it is not a bad face. Think you it is bad, Femmetia ?"

Without fear now, she looked up at it. Love sheltered her. Even as an evil angel, she would not have feared him with Denyse by her side, and her soul wide awake and present with her. No ; it was not a totally bad face. There must have been times when it was very handsome. It was easy to imagine it smiling down upon lovely women, and responding in generous light to the intercourse of friendship—a large, round face, with a nose like a hawk, and a chin like an egg, and a red, open throat. The eyes were dark and fine, but arched by those meeting black brows, always indicative of a suspicious and very jealous nature. The head was well formed, and covered with dark-brown hair, curling close all over it.

"He does not look like a very bad man, Femmetia. In the sunshine examine him, and you will say so."

"Well, then, in the midnight, with the lifted knife and those black eyes gleaming with murder, would you like to meet him ?"

"Let us call the servants. They have lived here all their lives. They will know more than we do."

In response to the inquiries of Denyse, an old man came in from the stables, and by much questioning and patient listening, they learned the main facts of the pictured man's life.

He was called Captain Joos Volckmaar, and he was a famous sailor and free trader. In those days men did not ask too many questions about a business that made plentiful and cheap what was scarce and dear. One year he went to the Shetland Islands. He took there a rich cargo of tea and coffee, French brandy and French silks, and after this one voyage he went there again and again. So at last he began to build the house in Zealand facing the sea, and he called it *Rosendaal;* and neither gold nor labor was spared to make it beautiful. His sailors were well trained to secrecy about their captain's affairs, and so none knew that Captain Joos was in love until he brought to *Rosendaal* his wife.

She was a beautiful Shetland girl, with hair like sunshine, and eyes like the summer sky, and a step like a queen. And for a year's time Captain Joos stayed in his new house and seemed to have forgotten that he had ever been a sailor. But never for long does the sea permit such infidelity. She called and called him each day more imperatively, and back to his old love went Captain Joos. Then it was lonely for the young wife, for she knew little of the language, and had been so wrapped up in her husband that she had not cared to make any friends. And one day, while the captain was away, a Shet-

land schooner came to the village port, and the captain of it went out to *Rosendaal* to see Madam Volckmaar.

He brought her messages and presents from her own people, so he said. "It was so, perhaps," said the old man at this point "but Captain Joos liked it not. Yet off to sea again he went, in spite of all, and so back and back came the Shetland man. He was a big fair sailor that looked like a lion; and always out to *Rosendaal* as soon as his ship cast her anchor. And Madame Volckmaar she told not her husband always; but always the village folk told him when the Shetlander came, and when he went, and how often, and how long the hours he passed at *Rosendaal*."

Then Denyse looked at Femmetia, and both understood how out of such elements great trouble could come.

"And at last arrives a day when Captain Joos casts anchor just after the Shetlander, and plenty of men and women to tell him so, and too late it was. That night the Shetland skipper took his ship north, and Captain Joos's wife went with him."

"I do not believe it;" said Femmetia angrily.

"Madam must hear all, and then speak. The captain said that his wife had gone to see her father and her mother, and she would come back; but all knew the false wife had gone with her lover, and would never come back. And when Captain Joos had waited for one year, he too went away; and back to this home of his he came never again. She was a wicked woman. And there was much loss to

the village also, for Captain Joos brought there no more his good business. Yes, she was a wicked woman to her husband, and to the village."

Then the passion of indignation moved Femmetia.

"She was not wicked;" she cried out. "I am sure of it!"

"If madam permits me, I say she was a wicked mother as well as a wicked wife. Her little son, not one year old, she left alone in his cradle."

Then Femmetia shrieked, and the cry was like that of a woman wounded in the very seat of life. And Denyse sent the man away, and comforted her. And a sense of wrong and of bitter injustice took the place of all other feeling.

"The poor Shetland girl was murdered," she said, in a low, positive voice, "and then slandered. So she was murdered twice—in her soul and in her body. Perhaps her father and her mother heard a lie about her, and died without knowing the truth. And it may be that even yet the children of her own people fold her memory away in wrong and great shame. Denyse, it is our part to right this wrong. When the dead ask us to do justice, refuse we cannot."

Then they went slowly through every room, Femmetia seeking in that piteous house which memory builds, for some link to lead her to the truth. Suddenly she remembered the long, long stairs she had climbed, and Denyse suggested they might be the stairs to the cupola or lookout, a round tower at the southern extremity of the house. They found no door leading into it from the

house-rooms; it was entered from the outside by a heavy door of oak. The key for this door could not be found, and it took nearly two hours to remove the lock and the rusted iron bolts that went across it.

The interior was simply a vacant space filled with a flight of circling stone steps. Small loop-holes in the brickwork admitted the light, but it was very like a deep well. Also, it was quite given over to the bats, which clung to the walls in thousands, and covered the bricks with a palpitating tapestry, made of their evil, web-like wings.

"These are the stairs," said Femmetia. "We shall find a room at the top of them."

The room was there. It was a circular space with a gallery round it and a great door facing the sea. There was nothing in it but a desk, some parchment charts and a couple of chairs. On the western side there was a large window, and in it a wide seat, which showed the remains of a cushion or mattress that had covered it.

Femmetia stood still and looked around.

"It was just in this spot he slew me," she said, "and what did he do with the body?"

The walls were perfect. There was no sign of a closet, nor yet of there having ever been a closet in the place. Denyse was carefully examining them, but Femmetia stood still in the center of the room upon the spot where she had suffered. What next? Like a flash of light the knowledge came to her. There was the window-seat. The top doubtless lifted like the lid of a box. In her own home, her

mother kept the house-linen, the flax for spinning, the old newspapers and numerous household articles in such a place.

"That is where we must look," she said, pointing the box-seat out to Denyse.

The cushions fell to pieces when Denyse touched them, but *the lid was nailed down.* A strange, awful pity touched the young seekers. Denyse felt as if he ought not to make a noise. They were speechless until the covering was removed. And there lay the handful of dust that had once been the beautiful Shetland girl. A ring of gold, that had been her wedding-ring, was among it; and a broad bracelet of gold, with the names of Suneva Fae and Joos Volckmaar engraved on it. There was besides a tress of dead hair and an unfinished baby stocking that she had been knitting. The little sock was lighter than thistle-down, but it retained its shape, though the heavier steel needles had fallen away from it.

Femmetia knelt down, weeping passionatelyt The tears of the living woman mingled with the dust of the dead woman. Denyse stood gazing down with love and pity at his young heart. Thoughts he did not like to frame made his blood thrill softly through his body; and the whole sad, lonely room was full of a solemnity not to be explained or expressed—a solemnity not devoid of a certain peace and satisfaction.

"Beloved Femmetia," said Denyse, very gently, "we must seek counsel in this matter. Touch nothing. I will go the village for the domine. Holy

burial the dust deserves. Come then! To your room go, and rest until I return."

"It is here I will stay, Denyse. Fear not. By myself, I watch and pray. For myself, I watch and pray."

So Denyse went to the village for the domine, and the good man came willingly, being filled with awe, and with that sense of justice accomplished, which is strength and joy to a true soul. They talked of the dead girl and her murderer, and they found that Domine Arminius Buren knew all that could be known of Madam Volckmaar's disappearance.

"Our old people were told by their fathers," he said, "that back and back came the Shetlander, and that he threw the lie in Captain Joos's face, and pillared it, also, with his. He vowed that only to hear of her father and mother and her brother and sister she spoke with him; and then, at last, there was fight on the quay, and Captain Joos was stabbed, and never the same man after. And with the fight the story seemed ended," said the domine, "for the house was closed, and the Shetlander came to Schoon-Havard nevermore."

Standing by the dust of the murdered and slandered girl, they talked of these things, and the summer sunshine flooded the bare place, and Denyse opened all the windows he could open, for the clear salt air.

"The Volckmaars are all buried in Amsterdam," said the domine, "and I think, then, this dust should also go there. We can carry it with all honor, and

bury it in piety and secrecy, and so the dead will be righted."

"No! No!" answered Femmetia. "In a corner we will do nothing. To Shetland we will carry the dust of Suneva Fae, and it shall rest in the kirke-yard where her people rest, and wait for her justification. From the altar of the kirke where she was baptized and married, the domine shall declare her innocence and tell all of the great wrong God has righted. And next Sabbath afternoon, domine, you must gather the men and the women of Schoon-Havard in your kirke, and tell them that the lady did not run away from her duty and from her little child. And the ring and the bracelet must lie upon her coffin, for all to see. This is how we will right the dear dead Suneva, my husband—if you will it so."

And Denyse kissed her, and said:

"All that you have said shall be done, and more also, my beloved."

Reverently and tenderly the dust of poor Suneva was taken to the room that had once been hers, and the domine stayed late with Denyse and Femmetia. And Femmetia told him many things in her heart, and he listened with the patience and respect of holy wisdom.

"God has nowhere declared, my children, that He would *not* send an angel, or a vision, or a dream," he said. "Blessed are they who can receive such message. The great Milton, who, doubtless saw interiorly, says, with the positiveness of one who *knew:*

"'Millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

And surely this life cannot explain itself and its difficulties without the assistance of another. There is life *beyond* this life; I dare not say there is not life *before* this life."

"When Christ was asked, domine: 'Did this man sin or his father that he was born blind?' did not this question suppose an anterior life of sin to be atoned for? Yet Christ did not deny it in general, only in that particular case."

"All sin must be atoned for; Christ's sacrifice is the terribly grand recognition of this fact. My daughter, it is possible that those who will not accept the Sin-Bearer's atonement for their sins may have to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. But for all sin there is an atonement made. To accept it, God make us willing and obedient."

He went away with these words, and Denyse and Femmetia then began to speak of America, and their hearts grew hot with love and longing.

"So full of sins and sorrows are these old cities and houses! Heavy is the air as that of a kirke-yard! Home let me go!" said Femmetia. "A new house let us build; with timber from the fresh woods we will build it, and our lives among kindly, simple folk we will live. To Shetland we must go, and then, Denyse, to America our faces we will turn. Shall it not be so? What are courts and

nobles and fine ladies to our good fathers and mothers?"

And Denyse answered:

"Oh, my good wife, your wish you shall have. So deep is love! Its roots are in the centuries behind us, its blossoms are in the centuries before us—and what know we?"

"Only to love! Only to love God and each other. Is it not enough?"

"It is enough."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

If many of my readers have been in Ambleside, they will not need that I describe it; once seen, it can never be forgotten. If they have not been there, no amount of superlatives and italics could do justice to the lovely village nestling amid the scented woods and heathery fells that skirt the shores of Lake Windermere.

At the time of which I write, Wordsworth, Southey and Christopher North had just introduced the world to its beauties; and during the summer months the wayside inns were often crowded with artists, literary men and summer tourists. But they were but birds of passage, flying at the first appearance of winter, and leaving "the beautiful land" to the wealthy squires and rude "statesmen" who had many of them owned its acres for a thousand years.

They were hardly to be blamed for this. A man must be brought up in isolation to enjoy it; and locomotion was then transient and difficult. I know it is different now that the steam-cars touch there twenty times a day—that Scafell and Skiddaw and Helvellyn have learned all the echoes of the nineteenth century; that the wayside inns have become fine hotels, the gray old farms summer-boarding

places, the lovely, peaceful hamlets, prosperous towns. I know these things are so, but I shall never see them. I don't want to see them. I passed Ambleside several years ago in an express-train, and refused to alight, for I like best to keep my old memory of the place.

My father's church and parsonage were in the old town of Kendal, nine miles distant; but what are nine miles to a lover of the angle? And though but a girl, I had trailed my line in all the trout-brooks between the two places. As fishing, too, is a perfectly canonical amusement, the minister generally accompanied me, especially in the summer months, when we resided together in Ambleside.

We were coming home one night after ten hours' ramble, very tired, and rather silent, though quite comforted by the large string of graylings in our possession, when my companion uttered a low exclamation of pleasure and surprise, and stood still. I looked up, and saw a couple just coming out of the beech-wood toward us. The girl I knew very well—not that we were friends, for she was a young lady and I but a school-girl, but I knew her as a visitor at the house. Indeed, she was such a lovely creature that no one in a small town could long remain ignorant of or uninterested about her.

Her companion wore an officer's uniform, and was very handsome and stately looking. He was a stranger to me, but he approached us with delight, and offered my father both hands.

"God bless you, George! When did you get home?"

"I arrived in Kendal yesterday, and finding Mrs. Atkin and Lucy were here, I came after them."

"Certainly. Have you a long furlough?"

"I have no furlough. I come on business for the general. When it is finished, I return immediately; but I am promised six months next year."

"Good!" Then father said something to Lucy, which I do not remember, for I was watching her face and manner, and drawing my own inferences from what I saw.

My first question, when we had left the lovers, was:

"Who is that gentleman, father?"

"Captain George Strickland. His mother was my dearest friend. She died before you can remember; and George has been in India six years."

"And Lucy Atkin—what is she to nim?"

"Everything. She was only sixteen when he went away, and her mother would have no engagement; but they love each other, of course."

"Of course; anybody can see that."

After this, I frequently met them. True, George had pretty often to go for a day or two to London; but a few hours' ride put him on the Great Western Railroad, and express-trains made the separations short. One day, in the autumn, we were all invited to Mrs. Atkin's cottage to tea. Her cottage was really a cottage—a small, gray-stone building, white-washed outside, but surrounded by a sweet, old garden. It was only rented for the summer, for she lived in Kendal, keeping up, on the small pension allowed her by government for her husband's

bravery and services, a very respectable appearance. But for all that, they were poor; and Mrs Atkin, used for many years to a life of gayety and excitement, felt poor. Unfortunately, she too often succeeded in making Lucy feel poor, also.

Still, her daughter's wonderful beauty gave her great hopes of recovering her lost position. Lucy had attracted universal admiration wherever she went; and one young nobleman had followed her from Harrowgate to Kendal. Fortunately, or unfortunately, his family had interfered in such a decided way that the affair came to nothing. Still, there were plenty of rich men; only, somehow, their admiration had not ended as she desired. Mrs. Atkin thought it was Lucy's fault, and silently blamed the handsome Captain Strickland for all her disappointments.

It did not please her that he had returned; for Lucy, though twenty-two, was yet in the first flush of her beauty. She had never been fairer—never more bewitching. But there seemed to be no use in further opposition; George loved as all true men have loved since the beginning of time, and Lucy believed that George was dearer than all the world to her, and frankly said so. We were invited to witness the formal ratification of their engagement.

Soon after George went away, the summer was over, and we went back to Kendal. Then began a phase of the courtship I could understand. Lucy was always getting presents from India—fine Hindoo jewelry, Decca muslins, Canton crape shawls. I began to think it must be nice to have a lover

with such sensible tastes. Besides, it made Lucy of importance in our little town ; and we talked about one beautiful present until another came.

I am afraid George, in this respect, did a foolish thing, but in his great love he never thought of calculating effects ; still, undoubtedly his presents first developed in Lucy a passion for fine dress which had hitherto been latent for want of proper material to call it forth. Not even the Dowager Lady Lowther now dressed more splendidly than little Lucy Atkin.

Next year we were in Ambleside as soon as the apple-blossoms, and Mrs. Atkin soon followed us. That lady seemed now reconciled to Lucy's choice ; and the marriage and the marriage dresses and the marriage trip and what George said and what Lucy wished were all her conversation. For Captain Strickland was coming for his bride in September, and in the three months intervening, much was to be done.

I had spent one morning with Lucy and was going home to dinner. Passing a little wayside inn called the "Salkeld Arms," I saw a crowd of young farmers. They were evidently greatly excited, and were drinking the health of some one, hurrahing and throwing their hats tumultuously into the air after every draught. I passed on the other side, yet I was full of curiosity and well inclined to gratify it, if looking would serve me. I soon saw the object of all this enthusiasm—a young man mounted on a magnificent horse, and dressed in a suit of fine, light

drab broadcloth, profusely trimmed with gilt buttons.

He was of splendid height and build; and when he rode from out the crowd, rose in his stirrups and lifted his hat, and returned the hearty welcome, man and horse—for I cannot separate them—made as handsome a picture as I ever saw. Jerry, our hired gardener, was among the crowd, and I called him to come to me.

"Jerry, who is that gentleman you are all making such a fuss about?"

"He, meese? He's our young squire, just coomed from furrin parts. God bless him! theere beant mony like him;" and Jerry threw up his hat with another "Hurrah!"

"Very well, Jerry! I suppose my father is nothing to you, now that the squire has come home."

"Parson's good enough, mees, but squire's *ourn*, and wer't squire's, these mony hoondred years;" and Jerry looked after the galloping figure with a species of feudal idolatry I found it hard to understand. And yet I might have understood it, for many a tale of devotion unto death I had heard from the old women of the dales, regarding that last "rising," when every man in Kendal, at the bidding of this lad's great-grandfather, had followed him and "bonnie Prince Charlie," without a question or scruple.

After this for a few days, the young squire was on everybody's tongue. He gave a dinner and a dance to his tenantry; he gave two prizes of ten pounds each for the best wrestler and the champion

at singlestick ; he sent gifts to the church and the parish school ; he went to see the old men and the old women in their cottages who were too old to come and see him. In a week, I was rather tired of the sayings and doings of Reginald Salkeld, and I took my rod and line and went off to the hills for a good, quiet, restful day.

Nature never disappoints us. I got what I wanted, and was returning home through the beech woods at sunset, when I saw the squire in a very unexpected *role*. In a little open glade I had passed his horse, feeding quietly, and now, striking the footpath, I met Lucy Atkin and Reginald Salkeld walking together. The squire had his hat in his hand, his proud, handsome head and figure were bent lovingly to Lucy's pretty face ; he pleaded as only lovers plead, and she dropped her eyes and listened as do maidens well-pleased to listen.

Nevertheless, she blushed, and said something in a very embarrassed way when she met my astonished gaze ; the squire nodded in his frank way, and went on with his argument. I kept my own counsel for that night, for I thought I would go to see Lucy in the morning and ask her about it. But in the morning the squire was at Mrs. Atkin's before I was. Lucy had gone out riding with him, and thenceforward it was the same story with slight variations.

I don't think he loved her any better than Captain Strickland did, but his circumstances and temper made it appear so. The captain's love was neces-

sarily restricted by his profession; the squire had nothing to do but nurse his passion, and tell it all the day long. He had never wanted anything and not got it, whether it was a fine horse or a piece of land, a passion gratified, or a whim indulged. He knew not how to be disappointed—he did not believe it possible that he should be so. Money or persistence must win everything, and he had never felt so determined on winning anything as he did on winning Lucy Atkin for his wife.

He had in Lucy's mother a powerful ally. His ancient family and great wealth, his liberal offer of an addition to her own income, and the splendor of his proposed settlements on Lucy, even his handsome person and free, jovial manners, completely won her allegiance. Lucy had little strength of character; she was not able to withstand the persuasions of her mother and the enthusiastic wooing of this gallant, generous lover. It was soon known all over the village that Squire Salkeld and Miss Atkin were to be married in August.

People shook their heads, and quoted old proverbs about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure; but no one who knew Reginald Salkeld wondered. When he wanted anything, he wanted it without delay; a long courtship would have discouraged and wearied him; and Mrs. Atkins saw from the first that if the thing was to be done, it were well done at once. My father warmly protested against the whole affair; and there was a decided quarrel between our families in consequence, so that none

of us were present at the splendid wedding in the little Saxon church at Grassmere.

George had been apprised of the change, first by the coolness and infrequency of Lucy's letters, finally, by a frank communication from Mrs. Atkin. The poor fellow's furlough, though not what he expected, was sorely needed. When he returned to Kendal, Lucy and her husband were in Paris, and Mrs. Atkin staying at Salkeld Hall; so George spent most of his time with us at the parsonage.

One day, old Lady Lowther called there in reference to the property of certain charities of which she was guardian. George happened to come into the room; his name at once attracted her.

"Oldest family in Westmoreland, my dear sir," she said, with a kind of reverence; and then, as she watched him down the garden walk, "and an exceedingly handsome, gentlemanly fellow. In the army, is he? Good! my son must do something for him."

The first result to Captain Strickland was an invitation for the autumn shooting at Lowther Castle. The next news we heard was that, by some means or favor, George's furlough had been lengthened; then that he had been exchanged; then that he had been promoted to a colonelship in a crack home corps. We knew these changes argued the exertion of great favor and influence, and were not, therefore, much surprised when, in another year, we heard his good luck had been crowned by a mar-

riage with a pretty little heiress—one of Lady Lowther's pet nieces.

The squire and his beautiful wife remained in Paris all winter, and returned to the Hall just about the same time we took up our summer quarters at Ambleside. In some measure our old familiarity was resumed; but the visits to the Hall were not always happy ones. It was easy to see that Lucy had tried the great love of her husband to the uttermost. Her sunny temper seemed to have departed from her, she was frequently sullen and unreasonable, not to be pleased by any suggestion or effort he could make.

Every time this happened, he got more indifferent, plunged into some carouse with the squires in his vicinity, or took rides of a day's length, and refused all explanation of his proceedings. Still her beauty was almost omnipotent with him when she chose to exercise its power. No matter how ill-tempered the squire was, if she came to dinner splendidly arrayed, smiling and gracious, he would throw aside all his private anger, and readily respond to her slightest wish. At this time she held her own and her husband's destiny in her hand; a very small effort would have bound him to her for life. She would not make it.

Unfortunately her mother died, and she had no children; and she soon began to weary of a country life, when she would not take the slightest interest in such duties and pleasures as a country life afforded. She would neither ride, nor hunt, nor visit. She took no pride in the fine old mansion of

which she was the mistress; the peculiarities of the neighboring families in her own station she would neither understand nor respect. Her husband soon found himself compelled to choose between his wife and his oldest friends; even those who ignored her insults pitied him, and he felt himself to be continually placed in irritating positions. Rather than be constantly explaining and apologizing, he gave up society and lounged moodily about his stables and his grounds.

Two people shut up together, and mutually dissatisfied, soon get to open quarreling; and when it came to this, Lucy found she had the worst of it, for once Salkel lost control of his temper, not even his wife's tears could affect him. They passed a miserable winter, Reginald sometimes despairing, at others hoping, that, after all, Lucy might grow into more accord and sympathy with him. She could hardly have helped being touched by his great patience and long lingering admiration, if there had been in her heart any spark of true love for her husband. But she had got into the habit now of counting up her disappointments and her money, and she had come to the conclusion that in selling herself for gauds and finery she had made a bad bargain.

Another year passed, and yet Lucy retained sufficient power to induce her husband to take her to London with him, and have her presented at court. For this step she had a reason so powerful that she thought it worth her while to be amiable and interesting for a whole month to gain it. In fact, she

had read that Colonel Strickland now occupied a post in the royal household, which would compel their meeting if she was presented ; and she wanted to see again what she had thrown away. In her languid, aimless life, the small, petty effort to make her old lover feel a pang of regret seemed an object to her. Nothing but an idle, loveless woman without heart or principle, could have so deceived one true love, and so speculated on another, about which indeed, she could not sinlessly speculate at all. She had her punishment. Colonel Strickland's young wife was with her husband, and her fresh, fair beauty was a terrible blow to Lucy, who had not known until their name was announced that her old lover was married. It was evident, too, that he had married a girl as far above herself in social standing as in that indefinable sense of purity and peace which is the perfume of a lovely soul, and the greatest charm of a lovely body. She had scarcely heart to look her best ; she scarcely cared whether he saw her or not ; she felt thoroughly miserable. This last wretched die had failed, too ; she was utterly disappointed, with the addition of a certain sense that she had no *right* to be miserable and disappointed, and no cause either.

From that hour she ceased to struggle with herself ; she admitted to her own heart that she had made a frightful mistake in her life, and that she could find no excuse for what she had done. She knew that even yet much remained to her, if she would cherish it, and that, at any rate, the alternative was before her of still finding happiness in

making a good husband happy, or of crowning and completing her wretchedness by spoiling his life as well as her own.

There was something frightfully unjust in the latter course ; perhaps that attracted Lucy toward it —for it is a truth that all women, as a rule, find it easy to be self-denying and hard to be just. At any rate, Lucy plainly and passionately told herself that Reginald, having tempted her, should suffer with her. She had bound herself to misery ; she would bind him, also, to sorrow and disappointment, by the chords of her ill-temper and peevishness.

But she had not calculated the strength of her adversary. Men who will forgive a great deal of fretfulness and complaining have no patience with women " possessed by a dumb devil," who spend their time irritating all around them by long, tearless, gloomy sulkings. The patience of Reginald Salkeld was not proof against this weapon ; he broke out into fearful passions, to which Lucy opposed a dogged, silent, scornful indifference.

Her joyless life, and the bitter stress of weary nights that hoped nothing from the morrow, soon told heavily upon her. Daily misery anticipated time, and made her old too early. With the departure of her beauty, her scepter passed from her ; she was at the mercy of the tyrant whom she had created, for Reginald had begun to drink hard and he was not improved by it. The servants began to listen fearfully to fierce scenes of reproach.

There was no one to whom she could go for comfort—no one to whom she could complain. It was

her own willful doing ; she knew it. She, and she only, had turned the gay, happy lover, the proud, adoring husband, into the hard, cruel tyrant ; and she was too stubborn and sullen to care by any effort of humility to alter it.

One day, after a bitter scene, there came a frightful temptation to her. She passed the dining-room sideboard, and the rich aromatic scent of the old wine tempted her in a strange and irresistible manner. She hesitated one moment, then drank and drank freely. For a short time it gave her back her lost empire ; but at what a price ! Her slave soon became her master ; stimulants and stupefaction, bodily exhaustion and mental horror brought her at last to the day of reckoning.

Poor Lucy. It was impossible not to pity her now. Friends had long ago deserted her. She was very often compelled to be put under physical restraint. Only physicians and uncaring servants were around her ; and somewhere in the silent, gloomy Hall, an unloving husband sat waiting for the news of his release. It came one summer evening, seven years after her ill-starred marriage. There had been a long delirium, but at the last were a few moments of conscious peace ; and Reginald—not sorrowfully—stood by the wreck of his once lovely and beloved wife.

"Forgive me !" she whispered, painfully ; "I am very—very—sorry."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy ! Why did you not say this long ago ?" and the strong man's tears dropped upon

the gray, weary face. "Poor Lucy! So young! So young!"

"I have lived longer by—seven years—than I ought to have done. Forgive me! Christ! Christ!" —and with this blessed word, itself a prayer in our extremity, she passed—

"Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith death's shore is bound."

* * * * * * *

Let no woman think that she can sin against a true love and be innocent. A slain love is too often a great rock upon which life itself is wrecked; and who shall excuse or pardon those who waste life—life, which is *all we have* to front Eternity with?

OUT OF EGYPT.

When Abraham Lincoln set the slaves of my father's Maryland household free, he left me bound —bound with a double chain of pride and prejudice to old tradition and old habits, and hugging the fetters which no process of law could disannul. I had been very rich, and I was now very poor. Between the iron clasps that bound together *had* and *now*, what misery lay—war, famine, pestilence, poverty ! The first three had done their worst, and gone ; the last, gaunt and melancholy, sat down on my desolated hearthstone and promised me his perpetual companionship. It did not seem to me at that time that I could help it. Work or beggary was the only avenue of escape, and I fancied one was just as disreputable as the other. Nor did it help me to see my companions gradually abandoning their principles. Emily Latrobe had gone to school-teaching ; Julia Home was helping her mother to keep a boarding-house. Even Richard, who had always sworn I was perfect, began to listen silently, and to shake his head at what he called my " impracticable views."

" I'll tell you what it is, Lulu," he replied one

night, after I had been talking a great deal about Emily's degradation; "old Latrobe was as grand a gentleman as I shall ever see again, and Emily as dainty a little lady; but it was either work or starve with her."

"Then she ought to have starved. Many of the old French nobility did do it, rather than degrade their order."

"Stuff, Lulu! We are nearly a century older now and we know better. Besides, I tried starving in camp in Virginia last year, and it is hard work. And what is more, if business does not come soon, I shall pull down my shingle and teach or preach, or do any kind of work I can get to do."

"Very well, sir. In that case, our engagement would terminate."

We had many such disputes, and Richard grew graver and sadder each time; while Emily's and Julia's new dresses and bright faces continually irritated me. They began to give advice; I was a splendid musician. Why did I not try to make a little money?

"Make a little money!" I replied, scornfully. "Make money and lose my self-respect! The Pelhams never worked for their livlng."

"Well," said Emily, "I think it is time you began to redeem their character. Come, Lulu; Mrs. Home says you can have Nettie to begin with."

My message to Mrs. Home was not a flattering one, and a few more such conversations broke up the friendship of a lifetime.

One night, while still smarting from some such

rencontre, I saw Richard coming up the avenue. What a lazy grace was in his supple form ! What slumbering power in his magnificent length and strength of limb ; and when he came closer, I saw the fire of a new purpose in his eye. This purpose was to abandon his profession, and accept a situation in New York which a friend had procured him. I was amazed and indignant. "Go into trade, Richard, what nonsense !" We had many bitter words and when he went with a sad heart but resolute step from my presence, I knew that I had sealed my own misery.

After Richard's departure I went out less and less, and daily grew more and more unlike the society around me, which was changing continually, as it assimilated itself to the new order of everything. But in 1870 I stood where I had stood in 1860—a relic of a class which would soon be a tradition. In the first week of 1870, however, a fire occurred, which destroyed my sole remaining property, the rent of which was my only means of procuring actual bread. I had now a chance to put my fine theories into practice, and starve ; but such a *dernier ressort* never occurred to me. That fire seemed to liberate all the latent energy and power of my nature. I took prompt and rapid counsel with myself, and determined at once to break away from every old association ; to come to New York and teach, or sew, or write, or any other honest thing my hands found to do. Perhaps some hope of meeting Richard again was at the foundation of this resolve ; but if so, I did

not acknowledge it, though I had been longing for any excuse which would enable me to renew our old relation. Whatever was my motive, I followed out my design, though for many long, weary weeks nothing prospered with me. Work was very hard to get, and when I had succeeded, I was in actual want before my first quarter's salary was due. I suffered so much that I began to be afraid of my own pale, thin face, and of the hunted look in my eyes, and to solemnly wonder, if I should die in the night, whether Richard would hear of it, and bury me decently. But when the tide has ebbed quite out, then it begins to flow again.

One night, as I came up Broadway, faint and weary, and wondering how much longer I should be able to suffer, some one put his hand upon my shoulder from behind, and cried out, with a great pity: "Oh, Lulu! Lulu, darling!" I knew it was Richard, but I was too faint and sick to do more than look into his face and put my hand in his. He placed me in a carriage and took me somewhere, I don't know where, but the light and warmth and comfort seemed Paradise; and he got me wine and food; and pretty soon I had made a clean breast of all my mistakes and sufferings. A great temptation came to when he asked where I lived. For a moment the mean, miserable thought of hiding my real residence urged me; but only for a moment. The next one, I looked him steadily in the face, and said, frankly: "My home, Richard, is in a small room on a third floor in Bleecker street." I am sure he knew how much it cost me

to say this, for he flushed with pleasure as he answered: "You dear, brave little woman!" Then he put my arm in his, and walked with me to my abode.

With that confession, the last link of my chain fell from me. The sting of poverty is in being ashamed of it.

We were not married until the summer vacation; for I was determined to show Richard that I had learned the obligation of business arrangements. Our home was quite down town, and I dare say fashionable people would not acknowledge that they had ever heard of such a place; but we had three bright, pretty rooms there, and it was near to Richard's place of business, and quite accessible to those whose friendship is not limited by localities. I suppose you will say that I only came out of one bondage to go into another. Well, that was twenty years ago, but Richard is a better master to me than ever I was to myself. I have never felt my bonds, and I look upon the little gold emblem of my captivity with more love and respect than if it was an amulet of the saints.

JOHN TAGGERT'S TRIAL.

Thirty-five years ago this summer, I spent some delightful months in that most picturesque and charming of retreats—the Isle of Man, with my headquarters at Castletown.

During the summer months, when the herring fishery was at its height, Castletown pier in the early hours of the morning was a most picturesque place, with its boats and masses of gleaming fish and queer fishermen—and fisherwomen, too, for that matter—Irish and Scotch and Welsh and English and Manx.

But towering like Saul, head and shoulders above the crowd, I noticed always a young Manxman, who seemed to be an authority on all subjects of sale. He wore the common dress of blue flannel, cut in the usual quaint, ungraceful form, but no form of dress could have spoiled a figure molded in nature's noblest proportions. His bare brown throat supported a head and face strikingly handsome, though it was evident from its glowing, bronzed tint, that it had been set against the suns and winds of heaven for many a year.

We soon found out that this man was universally

respected, and eagerly sought after, not only by his own class, but by leisurely visitors, to whom his knowledge of the sea and of the coast, and of every point of interest within a day's pleasuring, was invaluable.

He seemed, however, to particularly attach himself to a young Englishman called Philip Saville, who spent some of his time sketching, riding, and dining with the officers of the garrison ; but the most of it in an open boat out at sea. Indeed, people soon began to notice that Philip Saville and the fisherman, John Taggert, were never very long apart.

The summer passed, and autumn, with its occasional stormy days, was upon us. Still Saville lingered, people said, solely because he could not bear to part with John Taggert. I had, however, some doubts as to whether John was the only charm ; for twice when I had been gathering blackberries in Ballabeg woods, I had come upon Saville and a beautiful peasant girl, named Mary Boyd, belonging to the little hamlet on the sands. A few days after my second meeting of them, I received an invitation to attend a Manx fisherman's wedding to be given in the great barn of Gwynne estate ; for the bride's people had been retainers of the Gwynnes for centuries, and the master of Gwynne and all his family were to dance at the bridal. Many of the officers and visitors of the city were guests, and among the rest, Philip Saville.

His glance, on entering the barn, sought until it found Mary, and then it followed her every movement. It seemed to specially annoy Philip that

John Taggert was on the most familiar terms with her, and after awhile, as John passed him, he said, in a querulous voice:

"I should think, John, you would be tired trotting round after that little girl—you have done nothing else for nearly three hours."

John answered pleasantly:

"And what for would I be tired in three hours, when it is all the days of my life I mean to trot after her?"

Philip's face darkened visibly, but he made no answer. Soon after, however, I missed him, and looking through the room, I saw Mary was also absent. It was a lovely September night, with a full, yellow moon, and as many of the visitors had left the barn for a stroll on the firm, dry sands, I took a friend's arm and joined them. We had not walked far, when we met Philip and Mary hand in hand, and when John Taggert missed his love and his friend, he walked to the barn-door and instantly saw them sauntering together on the moonlit sands.

It did not take him many minutes to reach them.

"Mary," he said, in an angry voice, "you come home with me at once, or I'll—"

"John, if you threaten me, I'll never come with you again."

"You can please yourself, Mary Boyd; it's not John Taggert, though he is your promised husband, that will ask you twice."

And with a furious look at Philip, which Philip answered by a provoking little laugh, John went back to the wedding guests.

But all his gayety was gone; he would neither dance nor sing; and long before the festivities were over, he left. As he went home, he glanced toward the sands. Philip and Mary were together. Philip held her hand, and stooped his proud head to listen to what she was saying. John glanced but a moment at this bitter sight, then, with a muttered threat, not pleasant to hear, he took the other way. Unfortunately, several people heard the words, and they were afterward recalled to his condemnation.

A party of Rock-Cod fishers came in one morning, bringing with them Philip's private row-boat which they had found floating a couple of miles out of harbor. His line and a couple of books were in the boat, and the oars were found not far away; but there was no trace of the young man. People began to inquire next where John had been during the flow of that morning's tide, and when it was proved that he had been seen leaving the harbor very early that morning, many looked on him with faces of dreadful meaning.

Still, none liked to be premature. Mr. Saville was always swayed by the caprice of the moment, and it was suggested that he had perhaps met a fishing-smack, and gone with the crew to enjoy some deep sea-fishing. Every boat that came into the little ports adjacent was eagerly inquired of; no one, however, had seen anything of the missing man. Day by day the suspicion of foul play grew more definite.

When ten days had elapsed, and no letters or tidings came, the proper authorities took charge of

Philip's personal effects, and John Taggert was arrested on suspicion ; but there being no positive evidence to confirm the vague suspicions regarding him, he was acquitted.

But now began the worst of his punishment. The severity of the old laws of Man had made the peasantry look upon crime as something altogether dreadful ; murder was a thing nearly unknown, and beyond the pale of excuse or pardon ; its very suspicion was a frightful thing. John Taggert found himself in pretty much the same condition as the excommunicated man in the Dark Ages.

He could get no work ; if he had not had money saved he must have starved or left Castletown. About Christmas time, he met on the sea-shore the rector of the church he had once so regularly attended. He would have passed him with a dark, averted face, but the good man would not let him ; he put ou this hand and looked John steadily and kindly in the face.

"John," he said, "do you think I am going to eat my Christmas dinner with your dark, stubborn face haunting me? Why have you not come to see me in your trouble?"

"Your servants, sir, would have said I left a bloody step at the door-stone. Would you have allowed me to stand upon your hearth ?"

"Did you ever try me, John ? Turn now with me and come to my study, for I have something to say to you."

Then the good man led him on to tell all the petty insults whose tremendous cumulative power

was fast turning him into a fierce, bitter hater of his kind; and the poor fellow found comfort even in this unburdening of his grief, as well as in the unspoken sympathy that glistened in his listener's eyes. At last, when the heavy heart had unburdened all its agony, the rector said:

"John, why don't you go away from Castletown?"

"No, sir," he answered, passionately; "I have done nothing to run away for. If there is any justice in Heaven, it will clear me in the sight of my neighbors and kin-folk. I can wait; but I want to be here on the spot when God is ready to hear my cause."

"Are you suffering for money or necessaries?"

"Not much, sir; for since your reverence has been so kind to me, I will trust you with my one secret. Mary Boyd brings me many a bowl of bread and milk to the old Druid stones. Our people don't venture there after night, but Mary loves me, and love is not afeared of ghosts."

"I am glad to hear this, John. Then Mary, as well as I, believes you to be innocent?"

For a moment John could not speak; then with full eyes, he answered:

"For them words, sir, God bless you! If you and Mary believe me innocent, I am not quite hopeless. Mary has never doubted me; she sought me out at once in my trouble and loneliness. I should have gone mad or died the last few weeks but for her."

"If I should give you work and a little cottage,

would Mary marry you, and thus enable you to live down, in your home, these suspicions?"

"Yes, sir, she would leave all her people and come to me; but that is a thing I would not let her do. I would not stain my Mary's name, and, perhaps, the unborn innocent, with my misfortune. When I am proved guiltless is time enough for me to marry."

After this, John was sullen and silent enough, but he did the work the rector gave him, and the support of a man so respected began, in some slight degree, to change public sentiment.

But if there was any change in his neighbors, John took no notice of it. He spoke to no one, he did what work the rector gave him, or spent whole days on the winter sea, comforted at rare, happy moments, by a stolen visit from Mary. And so the weeks crept on, until the middle of February. There had been a heavy wind all day, and the sea and the wind rose together as the day advanced. Going up Malew street, he met an old man who had once been his hearty admirer and friend. The man had not spoken to him since his trouble, but this time he said, timidly:

"Going to be a very bad, dirty night, John."

"Yes," replied John, curtly.

"Small craft pretty near Quiggin Point. Hope she may not get too near them Scarlet Rocks."

"If she was worth her sails she would have put into harbor early to-day."

It was the longest conversation John had held with any of his comrades for months. He suddenly remembered the fact, and walked hurriedly away.

"Poor fellow!" muttered the old man. "Maybe now, he is none to blame."

That night the storm grew wilder and wilder until midnight, and long before dawn, in the pauses of the wind, could be faintly heard the gun of a ship in distress. As soon as it was light, a crowd of men gathered on the shore, watching eagerly the craft in danger. It was hard to tell what she was—all her masts were gone, and she seemed to be rapidly breaking up. Yet the sea ran so high, and the danger of launching a boat was so imminent, that the oldest sailor feared to risk it.

Then John Taggert stepped eagerly forward.

"Will any man go with me," he said, "to save yonder poor fellows?"

No one spoke. Of all races the Manx are the most superstitious; and if John was really a murderer, they did not wish to share his fate; so no one answered his appeal by word or movement. John set his lips and frowned darkly.

"Is there any man here, then, who will help me launch a boat, and I will go alone?"

"I will," said the old man, who had spoken to him the day before.

Now, if ever a human being was in a mood to command winds and waters, John Taggert was that morning. He leaped off the quay into the dropped boat, and all thought for a moment that he had found his death, but presently they saw him grasping both oars, erect and firm. Just then the rector reached the anxious crowd.

"God bless you, John!" he cried.

But John heard not the blessing; his face was set seaward, every muscle, every sense was strained to the uttermost, and yet he afterward said he was sensible of no exertion. He rowed as a man in a dream might row. Through marvelous dangers and difficulties he reached the wreck; then, as he neared it, he gave a great shout, for, clinging to a remnant of the mainmast was a figure he knew but too well. He could not doubt his eyes—it was, it certainly was Philip Saville!

Here was his vindication. John never doubted but that Heaven had sent it, and even as he toiled in rowing, he did not forget the uplifting of his heart in unutterable gratitude. How he got the men off the wreck and got the crowded boat back safe to Castletown quay was always a mystery to John. He was always inclined to regard the whole affair as somewhat supernatural. In truth, he was possessed by feelings far beyond those that move us to ordinary action, and the enthusiasm that filled his own soul he imparted to the half-drowned men he came to save. They obeyed him as if he had been a god, and John had part of his reward in the shouts that greeted the boat as she slowly and dangerously neared the land.

But when John himself lifted Philip Saville out of it, and in his strong, loving arms carried him as a mother would carry a child, men were afraid to speak; for there was an exaltation in his manner that awed them; so, also, when the rector drew him into the square, and a great crowd gathered round the justified man, there were more hand-shakings

than words, for the Manx are a silent people, more given to action than professions.

Philip's explanation was a natural one. Early one morning, he had met out at sea the yacht of an old companion, and learned from him that his elder brother had been killed by a railway accident, and that the family lawyer was looking for him. As there were only two steamers a week between the Island and Liverpool, and as it would be impossible to catch the one sailing that day, his friend had offered to run him across to Liverpool in his yacht. Without much thought he had accepted the offer, leaving a note in the boat to inform his landlady what to do with his effects if any one found the boat, which was almost certain to be the case. He had also instructed his lawyer to write to Castletown; but both directions had failed. Probably the note had been blown away; and the lawyer amid the more important business of settling up and transferring the estate, had not thought the few sovereigns lying in Castletown of urgent interest, and of graver consequences he was totally ignorant.

Then Philip had been compelled to leave England immediately with a sister, whose delicate health the shock of her brother's death had greatly injured. Amid the delights of Rome, he forgot his Castletown life, until one morning, about a month previous, in a package of delayed English letters, he found one from the rector of Castletown, detailing the wretched consequences of Mr. Saville's disappearance. This letter had been sent to the family seat after Philip's departure for Italy, and had been for-

warded to his lawyer in London, and, after many delays, finally reached the right person.

Without a moment's delay, Philip had started for England, and finding that in winter steamers only run once a week between the Island and Liverpool, he had hired a small craft to bring him over at once to Castletown, and he had thus met the storm that had so nearly proved fatal. There are some calamities that never meet adequate compensation, for Job does not always recover his sons and daughters, but everything that a friendship consecrated and sealed in the very presence of death could devise, and everything that abundant wealth could perform, Philip did to recompense the weary, shameful months that were irreclaimable. Henceforward, John sailed his own ship, and Mary received as her wedding gift the prettiest cottage in her native village, and together they have seen many good days, and had their full share of prosperity.

It is not always easy to trust our honor and vindication to Heaven, *but it is always safe.*

THE FORSYTH WILL CASE.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, Doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."

The speaker was a Texan *alcalde* of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie, or the lush freedom of the woods.

"The *senorita* will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. *Santa José!* few women know as much."

The doctor gave his opinion decidedly, and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of chambertin, and watched the *alcalde* as he smoked, and waited for the expected *ayuntamiento*, or jury.

In half an hour, the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the *alcalde*, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then, they spoke in monosyllables; and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earn-

estness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.

After a lapse of five minutes, the *alcalde* touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:

"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting and send Tamar for Miss Mary."

"The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arbor vitæ oak in the garden, in close conversation, rose at Zip's message, and sauntered slowly into the presence of the *alcalde*, who nodded rather stiffly to them and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers; some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.

But every one's interest was aroused, when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door, and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm-browed woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.

She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them, and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.

There was another pause; then the *alcalde* laid down his cigar, and said:

"Men!"

"Squire!"

"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are

willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"

David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very plausibly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Doctor Zavala—who had designs on their sister's hand—had left, not only the homestead, but thirty thousand dollars in gold, to Mary Forsyth, and that they claimed their share of the money.

The men listened gravely, with keen, side-long glances. When he had finished, one of them said:

"Very good, stranger; now, what do you mean by 'unduly influenced?'"

"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection, in order to influence him in the making of his will."

"How much did old Forsyth leave Doctor Zavala?"

"He left him personally nothing, but—"

"O!"—the men nodded gravely at one another.

"But," said David, angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio Bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."

The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a

slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.

"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Doctor Zavala?"

"Of course she is."

"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and ten thousand dollars?"

"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are two hundred acres of the finest cotton land in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead, she ought to give up the money."

"Mr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"

"My brother David has spoken for me."

Then there was a pause. The *procurador* stepped to the sideboard, and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intentness.

"Doctor Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"

The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.

"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched his children grow to what they are. When the good mother left them, Mary was twelve years old, David ten, and George eight. For her father and brothers, Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women!"

"Will you be plainer, Doctor?"

"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and laces and ladies' fine goods, between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons, he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and by night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their one servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, and made hats, also, which sold for much; and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."

"*Alcalde*, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David angrily.

"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"

There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes;" for the doctor smiled graciously, and went on:

"For her two brothers, the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the Northern States to school, and David was educated for a lawyer, and George for an architect and builder. For eight years, this father and sister worked together, solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally, and saved besides about ten thousand dollars."

"But when the young men came back, there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying

sister, and the log-house on the Wachita prairie. So much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital, and divide the ten thousand dollars between them."

"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie!" said George.

"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the *alcalde* and the jury read it?"

The *alcalde* read the document, and nodded to the jury.

"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said; "it is easy to forget such money, The doctor is right."

"After this, the father heard little from his sons. They married, and forgot the self-denial, the hard labor, and the love of so many, many years. The old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition, and cared little for money, it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land; whatever he touched was fortune.

"But as money came, health went; he was sick and suffering, and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, *alcalde*, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, *Senors!*" and the little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.

"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal

too great to be believed. As my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife? Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez?

"One day, as I sat reading by my friend's bed, he said to me:

"'Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and too true. We think it a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls.'

"I said: 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'

"'But they don't, Doctor,' he said, 'they don't, Doctor; and the most that do, are left, by death, ill-usage or misfortune to fight the world some time or other, with no weapon but a needle, Doctor. It is a sin and a shame!'

"'It's the way of the world, my friend,' I said.

"'I know. I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily, or if I had died five years ago, what would have become of Mary?'

"So, gentlemen, I said:

"'Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you, or written to you, lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her, at length, leisure to love and rest.'

"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good

peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, *Senors*, very happy that I gave good advice, free, gratis, for nothing at all."

"So you did not profit at all by this will?"

"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. *Santa José!* I am well content."

"Miss Mary," said the *alcalde*, kindly, "have you anything to say?"

Mary raised her clear, gray eyes, and looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading. George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh, she turned to the *alcalde*.

"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."

"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.

"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.

"Two thousand dollars," re-asserted David; and George added: "Bare value."

"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, *alcalde?*"

"Gentlemen, you hear? Have you any daughters?"

David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."

George said he had two daughters.

"Ask their names, *alcalde*."

"Mary and Nellie."

The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said :

"*Alcalde*, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the gift to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."

David rose in a fury, and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.

"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than to make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter ?"

"Not at all, *alcalde*. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."

"And I," "And I," "And I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.

"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio court," cried David, passionately.

"You'll think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help you rob your sister, sir ?"

"I mean to say that that Mexican Zavala has robbed me. I shall call him to account."

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, and answered:

"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides, I marry me a wife next week." And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the *alcalde's* chair, and, with a joke, bade friend after friend "Good-bye."

Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled, strictly and carefully, ten thousand dollars on each of her neices, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her eight thousand dollars.

"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct; and if I were a born farmer, I could plant corn and cotton, and turn them into gold; but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head-man and put my money in cattle."

Just as she came to this decision, Doctor Zavala drove up hurriedly to the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come, quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move."

"What do you need, Doctor?"

"Need? I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"

"O, Doctor! Doctor!"

"Fact. Heard of your father's death in Arizona, and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."

Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as

head-man ; for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock-man in the State ; and within three months, the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding.

LUCK.

"Do you see that big, new granite building over there, James? That belongs to David Tannahill."

"Well, Archy, what of it?"

"Well, ten years ago, he hadn't a bawbee to his name."

The time was thirty years ago. The speakers were two youths, dressed in the flaring scarlet gowns and square caps which the rules of Glasgow College prescribe to her students; and they stood a moment to look admiringly at the huge block of white stone.

"Such luck!" said Archy; "and I mind him well enough in our village chipping stone. His father was a stone-mason, and David learned his trade with him."

"'Tannahill & Co., Importers of Indian and Turkish Goods,'" read James. "How's that, then? What's a stone-mason doing with Decca gauzes and muslins from Stamboul, eh?"

"That's the story, and I mind the beginning of it. It was one summer afternoon, and David was chipping away in his father's yard at Hamilton. I and wheen other boys were sauntering off with our lines to Coila-Linn for trout, when a gig, with a gentleman in it, came dashing through the village. The

horse had run away, and taken all things its own road. I don't know just how, but David flung down his mallet and caught the beast. The saved man was John Orr, the great Turkey merchant, and he offered David money or schooling, or what he wanted. But David would naught but a chance to learn trading, for he had the gift to turn one bawbee into ten; and so John Orr took him back to Glasgow with him.

"Up, up, from one desk to another; then to Constantinople; syne a partner; by and by a son-in-law; last of all, heir of John Orr's house and land and business. It's like a page out of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' A fellow had better be born lucky than rich. There were plenty of young men in Hamilton you'd have picked out for Fortune before David Tannahill; but it was just his luck."

"Luck! I don't know that. David must have been clever, industrious, honest and agreeable, or his chance would have done him small good. He had the qualities that turn opportunity into gain I'm thinking, or he would have been chipping stone in Hamilton yet."

"Nonsense, James! It's all luck. David Tannahill is that fortunate that if you flung him in the Clyde, he'd come up with a fish in his hand."

"Luck is an unlucky word, Archy, to be aye on a man's lips; and I've heard say, that luck follows them who look for it. One proverb is as good as another, you know, until you try them both."

Here the young men were joined by some more scarlet gowns and square caps, and the conversation drifted at once into the approaching examinations,

and the prospect of degrees. Probably neither Archy nor James thought again of Tannahill & Co. It was one of those incidents so often dropped into life, which seems at the time an intruder, and only comes to find its connecting link years afterward.

James took high honors, and then went for a pedestrian tour among the Cheviot Hills. He wanted recreation, and he wanted solitude to consider what road he should now take. He came home determined to be a trader, and to accept the first good opportunity that offered, no matter whether the trading was to be in leather, sewed muslins, or Dunlop cheeses.

"That is what I have made up my mind to, father," he said very decidedly.

"Then I needna show you a letter fra Doctor Wilson o' Edinbro? It cam' a week syne; he was vera proud o' the stan' ye took i' your classes, an' he just offers to gie ye his ain profession. But if ye think it good to be a merchant, ye dinna want to be a doctor."

"Good is good, father, but better carries the day; and I'm for taking Dr. Wilson's offer."

"That's the way laddies 'mak' up their minds;' but there's naething to prevent ye changing—only ye'll tak' notice, that changing an' bettering dinna follow by ony natural law."

However, James insisted that a road ready-made was better than one to make, and the next week saw him studying medicine and surgery with the very same enthusiasm with which he had studied David and Homer and Horace. Perhaps all the

more intelligently, indeed, for this very reason ; for that "specialty" is the more complete that draws depth and breadth and light from every source under heaven.

About five years afterward, Dr. Wilson looked into James' little office in the Canongate, and said :

"James, how old are you ?"

"I am twenty-six, or thereabouts."

"And how much are you making ?"

"Perhaps two hundred pounds a year, Doctor."

"Does that and your future chances here satisfy you ?"

"As long as I can see nothing better to be had."

"I thought so. The Seventh Highlanders sail for India next week, and their colonel and I are kin by our wives. He asked me to-day about a doctor for the post. What do you think of it ?"

"The climate is very trying."

"Nothing but alternate doses of tropics and poles could 'try' you, James."

"And the salary ? It isn't much, I dare say."

"Only double what you are making ; but, then, there is the local practice, and a native court besides. The king's household is somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred people. I should think, altogether, that it was better than a street or two in Edinburgh."

"A prudent man could find chances, too, to trade or speculate a little, Doctor ; there is a prejudice against physicians doing that kind of thing here."

"Very properly ; but that is a thing by itself,

James ; the main question you'll give me an answer to to-morrow."

"No need to wait, Doctor ; I accept. I'll never say 'No' to the good that comes to me. When do we sail ?"

"Next Wednesday, by the *Indra*, from the Broomilaw, Glasgow."

So next Wednesday morning Doctor James Laing, of the Seventh Highlanders, was waiting at the Broomilaw for the tender that was to carry him and the troops down the river to the open frith, where the *Indra* lay waiting for them. He was a little early, and as it was raining, he sat in the "noddy" smoking and speculating about the hurrying crowds. Presently a figure passed that he knew, and he hailed it. It was his old friend and classmate, Archy Maxwell.

"What are you doing here, James ?"

"Waiting for the tender. I sail in the *Indra*."

"Oh, that's your next move, is it ? When will you be back ?"

"I cannot tell. I shall work up this event to the best of my power. When the next comes, I shall be ready for it. What are you doing ?"

"With Reid & Thom—their shipping clerk—beastly business—but there's a bit of good luck waiting for me, if I could make up my mind to take it."

"What do you mean ?"

"I mean Robina Baird—she has ten thousand pounds and that nice little place at Ewington."

"But I thought you loved that sweet Jenny

Burnside ever since you and she played 'tag' together?"

"Jenny's poor. A farm and ten thousand pounds, with a pretty girl that likes you well, is a bit of luck a man can't afford to throw away."

"I don't know about that. *Is it luck* to tyne true love for money? I never was loved as Jenny loved you, so, perhaps, I'm no judge; but I think if a good bonnie lassie should ever think me worthy of it, I'd count that the best of luck that could come to me. You are in a good firm, Arch, and have kin and friends. It is a small price, is ten thousand pounds, for your own and Jenny's happiness. Take a second thought about it."

"Perhaps I might, if it was really a good house to me. But I've been there all of these years, and still at my old desk. There've been new hands brought in over me, too. I think that's a shame. Fact is, I do too well in my place to be changed; but if I had ten thousand pounds to start me, I could do as well for myself as for Reid & Thom."

Then the friends parted, and James set his face steadily Indiaward, allowing no doubts or regrets or hesitation to mar the unity of his purpose. He had no time for any, if he had been disposed for them, for there was much sickness on board, and still more during the march inland, and the acclimating of the men. But after a while, things settled into a regular groove, and James gathered a large circle of patrons and friends in the fine old city of Agra.

It did not take him long after this to become familiar with the "ins and outs" of indigo, and the

seasons in silvered gauzes and wrought muslins. People gradually learned that he was a quiet, prudent speculator, and many suspected that he was rapidly growing rich ; but he seldom appeared personally in transactions, and, after twelve years' residence in Agra, it was as the physician alone that he was known.

His practice had indeed become very large, and, as a natural result, he had made the acquaintance of many beautiful women. But he had never fallen in love. Some men would have prided themselves on the fact. James was rather ashamed of it, and often in the self-communing of his lonely cigar tried to find out wherein lay the deficiency in his nature.

One day he received an urgent message to attend the daughter of an old Agra trader, whose bungalow was in sight of his own window. He knew the moment he saw Marion Hill that love had only been waiting for her ; and in the long, low fever through which he attended her, she grew to be all that he had ever read or imagined woman could be to man.

But Marion was but sixteen, and he was thirty-eight. She was rarely beautiful, and delicate as a flower ; he was rough and strong, and only handsome in virtue of his strong, purposeful manhood. It seemed almost hopeless to hope, and yet it was not in James Laing's nature to stop hoping and working for whatever he set before himself as good and desirable.

So he lingered away the sweet, silent hours of Marian's recovery, took her out for slow, cool drives,

and whiled away long hours with many a song and romance of the "Land of old Gaul." One evening, as he sat holding her small, wasted hand in his, Marion said :

"Doctor, papa intends to send me to Scotland as soon as I am able to travel ; do you think it best ?"

"It is the very best thing for you."

"But what shall I do without you ?"

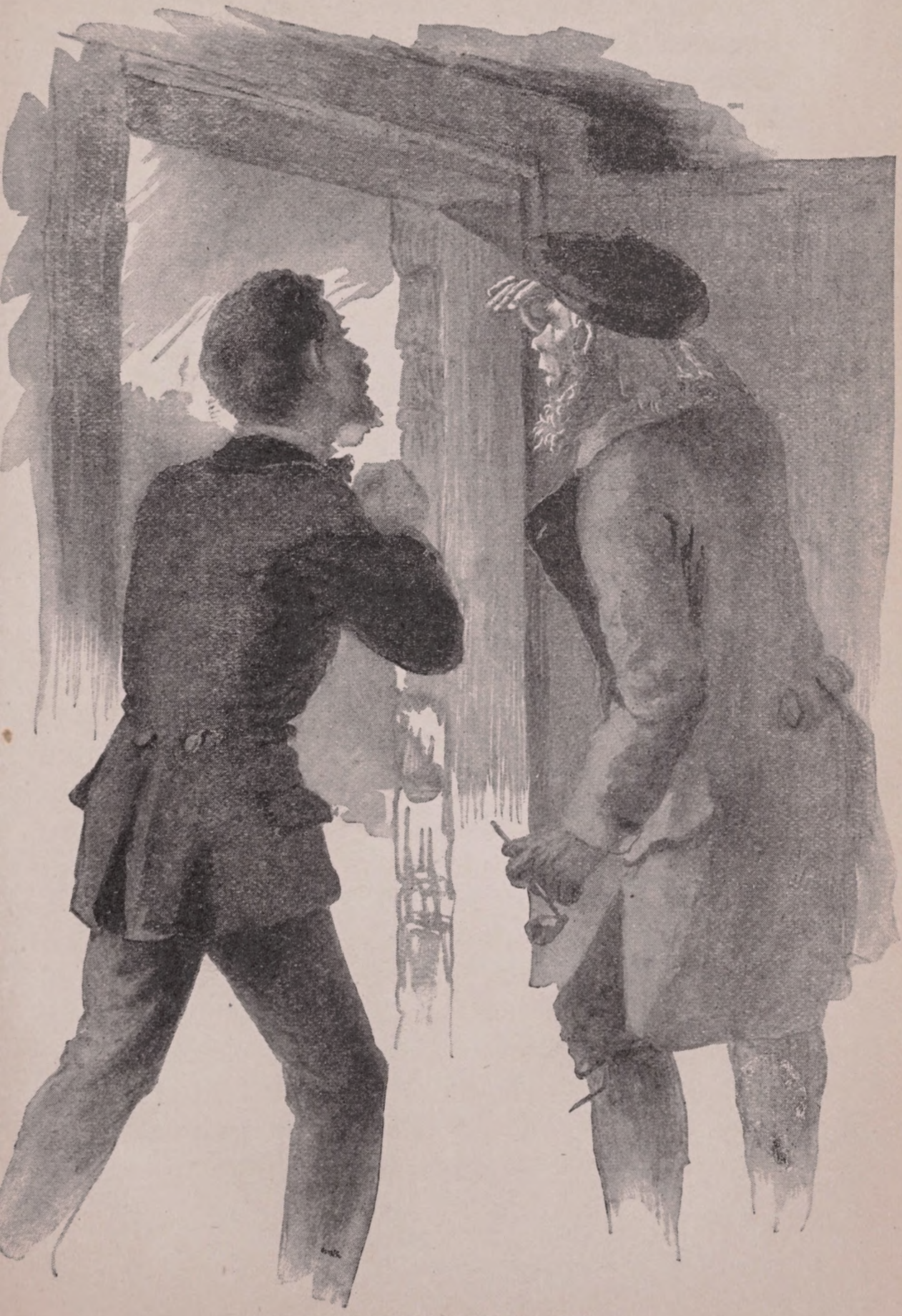
"Would you like me to go, too ?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall go. I have been thinking of it for two years. I was only waiting for some one to ask me."

It was in the arrangements pending Marian's journey to Scotland, that the almost forgotten name of David Tannahill again fell on James Laing's ear. First, he was asked by a wealthy Agra manufacturer to take charge of an unusually valuable consignment to the great Glasgow firm ; and secondly, it came out that David's wife was Marian's aunt, and that it was with her she would stay. So, with this double claim upon his remembrance, James recalled readily enough the big granite warerooms, and the story Archy Maxwell had told him of the Hamilton stonemason.

Yet purposes work so dimly and slowly that even then he had no conception that within one year he would have married David Tannahill's niece and become the partner of the famous Oriental trader. The promise Marian and he made each other as they stood, hand in hand, watching the gradual revelation of the Scotch shore, was the first step to this.



"ONLY THIS ONCE!"—*See Page* 111.

The second was the tact, prudence and intimate knowledge of Indian affairs which James gradually developed in his business relations with the house of Tannahill & Co.

He had been at home about two years when he met in the exchange, one day, a person he knew well, in spite of many adverse changes—Archy Maxwell. Archy was only too glad to find a friend who would listen to his plans and his complaints, and he poured them fully out into James' ear. He had married Robina Baird, and gone into business with her money; but there had been a combination of Glasgow shippers to destroy him; every one had wronged and injured him; and, of course, he had failed. Then an uncle had taken him into partnership. Archy said he had imposed on his good nature unpardonably, and the two had quarreled and separated on very bitter terms. Then he had made a great deal of money in railway scrip and lost it all in mining. Then his wife's aunt had left them a completely furnished hotel, doing a splendid business. He had tried to run it himself, and failed disastrously. But he had had a windfall from his Caledonian shares, and bought heavily in the Ayr Iron Company stock; that, he was sure, would retrieve all errors and losses; and, in the meantime, would James lend him twenty pounds?

James looked at the half-shabby man, with his nervous, apologizing manners and sanguine talk, and, sadly enough, made him free for the time of his purse.

"But Archy," he said, "the best thing for you is

steady work, with a steady income. Will you take it, if I give it you?"

"No; I'll try my luck a little longer. 'It's a long lane that has no turning."

"Better take my offer, Archy.'"

"Not yet; not yet. Thank you all the same, James. You've been a lucky fellow—"

"Stop one moment, Archy. You have been a much luckier fellow than I have. No one ever gave me ten thousand pounds. No one ever left me a hotel. I had no uncle to take me into partnership without a shilling. I paid forty thousand pounds for my share in the house of Tannahill & Co., every pound the result of a careful, prudent cultivation of such opportunities as opened up on my path. If you are going to do any better, you must trust to something else than luck."

"Oh, I'm not down-hearted, James. Good fortune will come tapping at my door some day."

"And the first question she will ask will be: '*Is Wisdom within?*' Good fortune taps at many a door, but she never *goes in to stay*, unless there are a few sensible virtues inside to entertain her."

MARY'S MARRIAGE.

Many years ago, I stayed a while in an old cathedral town in the richest and loveliest part of Yorkshire. Such quaint old houses, roofed with bright red tiles, such green meadows and yellow cornfields, such great overshadowing trees, and such sweet old-fashioned gardens, I shall never see again. But the great charm to my young fancy was the solemn old cathedral, and the cool, silent courts of houses that clustered round it. The dreamy, peaceful life enchanted me. I thought that I could live forever among the dim aisles of the grand old church and the shady gardens of the handsome houses.

"This is a court of peace," I said. "Surely no shadow of discontent or sorrow can ever come within it."

But this I said in my haste and my ignorance. At the end of the first week of my visit, as I was wandering in my friend's garden, which touched the graveyard of the cathedral, I heard the wildest, strangest, most sorrowful music coming from it. I knew the vesper service was over. I knew this was not the organist's playing, and my interest and curi-

osity triumphed over my fear, and led me to take the keys of the vestry, which were at my command, and satisfy myself. No human cry of agony was ever more intelligible. I divined at once that some poor breaking heart was pouring out itself into the Divine ear, which understands all speech and language, and so I stole away again, ashamed and sorry for my intrusion.

Frequently, after this—sometimes early in the morning, sometimes deep in the gloaming—I heard the same musician. At last I spoke to the friend with whom I was staying. She looked troubled as she answered :

" It is the poor old dean. I am glad he has this consolation. Do not disturb him."

A few days afterward, as we were walking up the court, we met the dean. He begged my friend to go into his house and see his daughter Mary ; and then I soon understood what mighty grief it was which had struck the key-note of his passionate, pleading prayer.

She was dying ; no one but a parent could have doubted it for one minute. The ernest of eternity was in her eyes, which looked as if they had seen some vision that had forever separated her from time. She lay upon a couch drawn close to the open window, looking into a garden thick with green shade, and bright with many a sweet flower whose name is now forgotten. I gazed on her with admiration. I do not think it ever entered my mind to pity her. I reserved that feeling for the gray misery of her father, and for the hopeless, resentful-

looking distress I saw in the face and manner of a handsome man whom I took to be her brother. There was, however, some element in the sorrow of that dying room that I did not understand then; though soon afterward, when I knew Mary Harlowe's history, it was clear enough for me.

She was the only child of her father, who had received her in exchange for his young wife's life. Among the silent rooms of the great house, and in the pleasant old gardens belonging to the church property, she had grown up to a sweet and lovely girlhood.

When about seventeen years of age, her cousin, Bernard Harlowe, was sent to her father's care while he prepared for taking orders. The young man was not rich, and was never likely to have any inheritance but the handsome person, the clear head and the warm heart nature had given him. But Mary loved him almost from the first day of his arrival, and Bernard thought himself richer in that love than the bishop in his see, or king in his crown.

The dean was not so wrapped up in spiritual matters as to be oblivious of what was transpiring under his own roof, yet he made no remonstrance; so, though there was no positive engagement, Bernard and Mary Harlowe considered themselves as one heart and soul for time and for eternity.

One afternoon, the sunny stillness of the court was broken by the galloping of horses and the rattle of a carriage. It stopped at the dean's door, and Bernard recognized a young earl, famous for his

wealth and church patronage, who owned a magnificent seat about three miles distant.

"There is some dispute between my lord bishop and the earl," he said to Mary. "I wonder how the dean will manage between them?"

But the earl's visit seemed to them a matter of the very smallest importance. Wandering under the trees, pulling ripe berries, or idly gathering some flowers fairer than all its mates, they did not even speculate on the length of his visit or watch for his departure; it was therefore with some surprise they saw him and the dean come slowly walking down the main avenue together.

Mary would have escaped the interview by taking a private walk to the house, but Bernard, with some strange instinct of being on the defensive, drew her arm through his and waited their approach. The dean seemed annoyed at the attitude. He introduced his daughter and his nephew, and then bid Mary "go and prepare for dinner, which the Earl Grey," he added, bowing, "will do me the honor to eat with me."

The young nobleman languidly assented, following Mary with his eyes until she was hidden from view by the shrubbery. Surely "loving and hating by nature," for ere the earl had spoken, Bernard hated him; and long before the night was over, he fancied he had good cause to do so.

He was angry at Mary for looking so beautiful; he was angry at the earl for looking at her beauty. He thought his uncle disgustingly subservient to the young man's rank; he thought Mary unusually

cool to himself. All night long he was his own tormentor, and this was but the beginning of sorrows.

The earl, charmed with Mary's fresh young beauty, so different from that of the clever, intriguing women with whom he had danced and trifled away all the last season, fancied himself deeply in love with the simple, innocent girl. He came again and again, at first inventing all sorts of excuses, finally without any excuse at all.

It required, indeed, small persuasion to obtain the dean's full permission to woo his daughter. Then stormy scenes ensued; uncle and nephew came to bitterest strife, while Mary's defense of Bernard only brought on her such anger from her father as filled her with grief and fear.

Poor Bernard! The end his heart had prophesied came soon enough. In the presence of the dean, there was a cruel, formal parting; under the silent stars, amid the thick shrubbery of the garden, there was another parting. Then two young hearts said the words which doomed one to an empty life, and the other to a splendid tomb.

Mary would have promised constancy, but Bernard would not let her do it.

"You shall never have to reproach yourself with broken promises for my sake, darling," he said. "What could you, you poor timid little dove, do between your father and that authoritative earl? But whatever they make you do, remember, Mary, I shall never blame you, and I will love you until my last conscious breath."

Then he kissed her pale face over and over, tenderly, clingingly, as we kiss the dead, and left her. Mary, almost heart-broken with grief, and faint with terror lest she should be discovered, could only wave her hands in mute farewell, for she knew now that love and her must walk apart forever.

Bernard went to Oxford, and Mary became Countess Grey, and went whithersoever it pleased her husband to take her. She was naturally affectionate, and would doubtless have became a loving and gentle wife, if she had received any encouragement. But she soon outlived the earl's short liking, and then he seemed to find pleasure only in those petty cruelties which unloving husbands above all others understand.

One of these was to affect the most unbounded chagrin at the sex of her first child, to sneer at all daughters, and to send it from its mother's breast to the care of a strange nurse. Another was to pretend she needed exercise and change of air, and remove her from London to the Continent before she was able to bear the fatigue. He gave her no rest until she reached Rome, and here she became so seriously ill that even her servants remonstrated against the cruelty of moving her further.

In Rome, she remained six months, nearly alone. The earl traveled hither and thither, as his fancy led him, making his wife only occasional short visits, of a cruelly ceremonious character. His life of extravagant dissipation was a shameful contrast to the loneliness and absolute seclusion which her Italian physician ordered, while her separation from

all who loved or cared for her and her longing for her native land and home told fearfully upon her failing health.

But one day a far more cruel sorrow faced her. A letter without signature was placed in her hands, not only accusing her husband of the most flagrant disregard for her, but also intimating that her physician was in the employ of her enemies, and not a safe person to be intrusted with her life.

She had long felt sure that she was dying, but the dread of dying away from her child, her father and her home, overcame all other fears. This terror made her prudent; she arranged for an immediate return home, and took advantage of her husband's first absence to commence it.

For him, she left a pathetic letter, entreating him not to follow her, forgiving all his positive and negative cruelties, and asking only to be permitted to die beside her father and their child.

Her requests so completely agreed with the earl's desires, that for once he did not thwart her; and so, two years after this ill-starred marriage, Earl Grey's traveling carriage again broke the silence of the peaceful cathedral court. The dean's daughter had come back to him wearing something higher than a countess's coronet; she had received the signet of immortality, and been anointed for a heavenly coronation.

After Mary's marriage, the dean had gone to see his nephew, and easily induced him to come back with him; so it was Bernard that lifted Mary from her carriage and carried her in his strong arms to

the room she never left again; and it was Bernard that rode day and night so that he might bring a few hours earlier the child which was to comfort Mary's dying hours.

In order to excuse the step she had taken, and procure her father's promise to keep her little daughter, she had been compelled to divulge all the cruel martyrdom of her married life. After this revelation, it was not hard to understand the dean's wretched look, and his passionate, pleading prayers, and the music which was an articulate agony. I could understand, too, now, the angry, longing look on Bernard's face, and his miserable restlessness; but neither of the men showed, in Mary's presence, any feeling which could mar the peace of her descent into the grave.

I went often to see her the next few months. It was like lying with her at "the Gate Beautiful" of Heaven. I used to wonder at her loveliness, and rejoice in her sure and certain hope, but I never pitied her. As I said before, I kept that feeling for the hopeless grief of the old man, and the bitter sorrow of the young one.

Just before Christmas, I went over to the dean's, after an absence of three days. Despair and remorse were sitting in the handsome chambers and a slow but certain sorrow creeping up the marble stairs. The next day a narrow coffin had separated father and daughter, mother and child, husband and wife, lover and beloved, as effectually and as widely as all the starry spaces.

No one can step in between two loving hearts

without guilt; and when love is slain for gold or rank, it has bitter avengers.

Neither, I think should

"Love stoop to love, like prince to lord;"

but, rather, love should meet love upon an *equal* marriage plane,

"And kiss like crowned kings."

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

Over the solemn mountains and the misty moorlands, the chill, spring night was falling. David Scott, master shepherd for MacAllister, of Allister, thought of his ewes and lambs, pulled his Scotch bonnet over his brows, and taking his staff in his hand, turned his face to the hills.

David Scott was a mystic in his own way ; the mountains were to him "temples not made with hands," and in them he had seen and heard wonderful things. Years of silent communion with nature had made him love her in all her moods, and he passionately believed in God.

The fold was far up the mountains, but the sheep knew the shepherd's voice, and the peculiar bark of his dog ; they answered them gladly, and were soon safely and warmly housed. Then David and Keeper slowly took their way homeward, for the steep, rocky hills were not easy walking for an old man in the late gloaming.

Passing a wild cairn of immense stones, Keeper suddenly began to bark furiously, and a tall, slight figure leaped from their shelter, raised a stick, and would have struck the dog if David had not called out :

"Never strike a sheep-dog, mon! The beastie wilna harm ye."

The stranger then came forward; asked David if there was any cottage near where he could rest all night; said he had come out for a day's fishing, had got separated from his companions, lost his way, and was hungry and worn out.

David looked him steadily in the face and read aright the nervous manner and assumed indifference. However, hospitality is a sacred tradition among Scotch mountaineers; whoever or whatever the young man was, David acknowledged his weariness and hunger as sufficient claim upon his oaten cake and his embers.

It was evident in a few moments that Mr. Semple was not used to the hills. David's long, firm walk was beyond the young man's efforts; he stumbled frequently in the descent, the springy step necessary when they came to the heather distressed him; he was almost afraid of the gullies David took without a thought. These things the old man noted, and they weighed far more with him than all the boastful tongue could say.

The cottage was soon reached—a very humble one—only "a but and a ben," with small windows, and a thatched roof; but Scotland has reared great men in such cottages, and no one could say that it was not clean and cheerful. The fire burned brightly upon the white hearth-stone, and a little round, deal table stood before it. Upon this table were oaten cakes and Ayrshire cheese and new milk, and by its side sat a young man reading.

"Archie, here is a strange *gentleman* I found up at Donald's cairn."

The two youths exchanged looks, and disliked each other. Yet Archie Scott rose, laid aside his book and courteously offered his seat by the fire. The stranger took it, eat heartily of the simple meal, joined decently in the solemn worship, and was soon fast asleep in Archie's bed. Then the old man and his son sat down and curtly exchanged their opinions.

"I don't like yon lad, fayther, and I more than mistrust his being aught o' a gentleman."

David smoked steadily a few minutes ere he replied :

"He's eat and drank and knelt wi' us, Archie, and it's nane o' our duty to judge him."

When Archie spoke again, it was of other matters.

"Fayther, I'm sore troubled wi' MacAllister's accounts ; what wi' the sheep bills, and the timber, and the kelp, things look in a mess like. There is a right way and a wrong way to keep tally o' them, and I can't find it out."

"The right way is to keep the facts all correct and honest to a straw's worth, then the figures are bound to come right, I should say."

It was an old trouble that Archie complained about. He was MacAllister's steward, appointed by virtue of his sterling character and known worth ; but struggling constantly with ignorance of the methods by which even the most honest business can alone satisfactorily prove its honest condition.

When Mr. Semple awoke next morning, Archie

had disappeared, and David was standing in the door, smoking. David liked his guest less in the morning than he had done at night.

"Ye dinna seem to relish your parritch, sir," said David, rather grimly.

Mr. Semple said he really had never been accustomed to anything but strong tea and hot rolls, with a little kippered salmon or marmalade; he had never tasted porridge before.

"More's the pity, my lad. Maybe, if you had been brought up on decent oat-meal, you would hae thankit God for your food;" for Mr. Semple's omission of grace, either before or after his meat, greatly displeased the old man.

The youth yawned, sauntered to the door, and looked out. There was a fresh wind, bringing with it flying showers, and damp, chilling mists—wet heather under foot, and no sunshine above. David saw something in the anxious, wretched face that aroused keen suspicion. He looked steadily in Mr. Semple's pale blue eyes, and said:

"Wha' are you rinnin' awa' from, my lad?"

"Sir!"

There was a moment's angry silence. Suddenly David raised his hand, shaded his eyes, and peered keenly down the hills. Mr. Semple followed this movement with great interest.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Scott? Oh! I see. Two men coming up this way. Do you know who they are?"

"They may be gaugers, or they may be strangers,

or they may be policemen—I dinna ken them mysel'."

"Mr. Scott! For God's sake, Mr. Scott! Don't give me up, and I will tell you the whole truth."

"I thought so!" said David, sternly. "Well, come up the hilis wi' me; yon men will be here in ten minutes, whoever they are."

There were numerous places of partial shelter known to the shepherd, and he soon led the way to a kind of cave, pretty well concealed by overhanging rocks and trailing briery stems.

The two sat down on a rude granite bowlder, and the elder having waited until his companion had regained his breath, said:

"You'll fare best wi' me, lad, if you tell the truth in as few words as maybe; I dinna like fine speeches."

"Mr. Scott, I an Duncan Nevin's bookkeeper and cashier. He's a tea dealer in the Gallowgate of Glasgow. I'm short in my cash, and he's a hard man; so I ran away."

"Sortie, lad! Your cash didna gang wrang o' itself. If you werna ashamed to steal it, ye needna be ashamed to confess it. Begin at the beginning."

The young man told his shameful story. He had got into gay, dissipated ways, and, to meet a sudden demand, had taken three pounds from his employer "*for just once.*" But the three pounds had swollen into sixteen, and, finding it impossible to replace them, he had taken ten more and fled, hoping to hide in the hills till he could get rowed off to some passing ship and escape to America. He had no

friends, and neither father nor mother. At mention of this fact, David's face relaxed.

"Puir lad!" he muttered. "Nae father, and nae mother, 'specially; that's a' awfu' drawback."

"You may give me up if you like, Mr. Scott. I don't care much. I've been a wretched fellow for many a week. I am most broken-hearted to-day."

"It's not David Scott that will make himself hard to a broken heart, when God in Heaven has promised to listen to it. I'll tell you what I will do: You s'all gie me all the money you have—every shilling; it's nane o' yours; ye ken that weel; and I'll take it to your master, and get him to pass by the ither till you can earn it. I've got a son, a decent, hard-working lad, who's daft to learn your trade—book-keeping. Ye s'all stay wi' me till he kens a' the ins and outs o' it; then I'll gie ye twenty pounds. I ken weel this is a big sum, and it will make a big hole in my little book at the Ayr Bank, but it will set Archie up.

"Then, when ye have earned it, ye can pay back all you have stolen, forbye having four pounds left for a nest-egg to start again wi'. I dinna often treat mysel' to such a bit o' charity as this, and, 'deed, if I get na mair thanks fra Heaven than I seem like to get fra you, there'ud be meikle use in it;" for Alexander Semple had heard the proposal with a dour and thankless face, far from encouraging to the good man who made it. It did not suit that youth to work all summer in order to pay back what he had come to regard as "off his mind;" to denude himself of every shilling, and be entirely dependent on the

sternly just man before him. Yet what could he do? He was fully in David's power; so he signified his assent, and sullenly enough gave up the £9 14*s.* 2*d.* in his possession.

"I'm a good bookkeeper, Mr. Scott," he said; "the bargain is fair enough for you."

"I ken Donald Nevin; he's a Campletown man, and I ken you wouldna hae keepit his books if you hadna had your business at your finger ends."

The next day David went to Glasgow, and saw Mr. Semple's master. The nine pounds odd were lost money found, and predisposed him to the arrangement urged. David got little encouragement from Mr. Nevin, however; he acknowledged the clerk's skill in accounts, but said he was conceited of his appearance, ambitious of being a fashionable man, had weak principles, and was intensely selfish. David almost repented him of his kindness, and counted grudgingly the shillings that the journey and the carriage of Mr. Semple's trunks cost him.

Indeed, it was a week or two before things settled pleasantly in the hill cottage; the plain living, pious habits and early hours of the shepherd and his son did not at all suit the city youth. But Archie, though ignorant of the reasons which kept such a dandy in their humble home, soon perceived clearly the benefit he could derive from him. And once Archie got an inkling of the meaning of "double-entry," he was never weary of applying it to his own particular business; so that in a few weeks Alexander Semple was perfectly familiar with Mac-Allister's affairs.

Still, Archie cordially disliked his teacher, and about the middle of summer it became evident that a very serious cause of quarrel was complicating the offense. Coming up from MacAllister's one lovely summer gloaming, Archie met Semple with Katie Morrison, the little girl whom he had loved and courted ever since he carried her dinner and slate to school for her. How they had come to know each other he could not tell; he ha dexercised all his tact and prudence to prevent it, evidently without avail. He passed the couple with ill-concealed anger. Katie looked down, Semple nodded in what Archie believed to be an insolent manner.

That night, David Scott heard from his son such an outburst of anger as the lad had never before exhibited. In a few days Mr. Semple went to Greenock for a day or two. Soon it was discovered that Katie had been in Greenock two days, at her married sister's. Then they heard that the couple had married, and were to sail for America. They then discovered that Archie's desk had been opened, and forty-six pounds in notes and gold had been taken. Neither of the men had any doubt as to the thief; and therefore Archie was angry and astonished to find his father doubt and waver, and seem averse to pursue him. At last he acknowledged all; told Archie that if he made known his loss, *he also* must confess that he had knowingly harbored an acknowledged thief, and tacitly given him the opportunity of wronging his employer. He doubted very much whether any one would give him credit

for the better feelings which had led him to this course of conduct.

Archie's anger cooled at once. He saw the dilemma. To these simple people a good name was better than gold. It took nearly half the savings of a long life, but the old man went to Ayr and drew sufficient to replace the stolen money. He needed to make no inquiries about Semple. On Tuesday it was known by every one in the village that Katie Morrison and Alexander Semple had been married the previous Friday, and sailed for America the next day. After this certainty, father and son named the subject but once more. It was on one calm, spring evening, some ten years after, and David lay within an hour of the grave.

"Archie!" he said, suddenly, "I don't regret to-night what I did ten years ago. Virtuous actions sometimes fail, but virtuous lives—never! Perhaps I had a thought o' self in my good intent, and that spoiled all. If thou hast ever a chance, do better than I did."

"I will, father."

During these ten years there had been occasional news from the exiles. Mrs. Morrison stopped Archie at intervals as he passed her door, and said there had been a letter from Katie. At first they came frequently, and were tinged with brightest hopes. Alexander had a fine place, and their baby was the most beautiful in the world. The next news was that Alexander was in business for himself and making money rapidly. Handsome presents, that were the wonder of the village, then

came occasionally, and also remittances of money that made the poor mother hold her head proudly about "our Katie" and her "splendid house and carriage."

But suddenly all letters stopped, and the mother thought for long they must be coming to see her, but this hope and many another faded, and the fair morning of Katie's marriage anniversary was shrouded in impenetrable gloom and mystery.

Archie got bravely over his trouble, and awhile after his father's death married a good little woman, not quite without "the bit siller." Soon after he took his savings to Edinburgh and joined his wife's brother in business there. Things prospered with him, slowly but surely, and he became known for a steady, prosperous merchant, and a douce pious householder, the father of a fine lot of sons and daughters.

One night, twenty years after the beginning of my story, he was passing through the old town of Edinburgh, when a wild cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" arose on every side of him.

"Where?" he asked of the shrieking women pouring from all the filthy, narrow wynds around.

"In Gordon's Wynd."

He was there almost the first of any efficient aid, striving to make his way up the smoke-filled stairs, but this was impossible. The house was one of those ancient ones, piled story upon story, so old that it was almost tinder. But those on the opposite side were so close that not unfrequently a plank or two flung across from opposite windows made a

bridge for the benefit of those seeking to elude justice.

By means of such a bridge, all the inhabitants of the burning house were removed, and no one was more energetic in carrying the women and children across the dangerous planks than Archie Scott; for his mountain training had made such a feat one of no extraordinary danger to him. Satisfied at length that all life was out of risk, he was turning to go home, when a white, terrible face looked out of the topmost floor, showing itself amid the gusts of smoke like the dream of a corpse, and screaming for help in agonizing tones. Archie knew that face only too well. But he remembered, in the same instant, what his father had said in dying, and, swift as a mountain deer, he was quickly on the top floor of the opposite house again.

In a few moments, the planks bridged the distance between death and safety; but no entreaties could make the man risk the dangerous passage. Setting tight his lips, Archie went for the shrieking coward, and carried him into the opposite house. Then the saved man recognized his preserver.

"Oh, Mr. Scott!" he said, "for God's sake, my wife and my child! The last of seven!"

"You scoundrel! Do you mean to say you saved yourself before Katie and your child?"

Archie did not wait for the answer; again he was at the window of the burning room. Too late! The flames were already devouring what the smoke had smothered; their wretched pallet was a funeral

pyre. He had hardly time to save his own life. "They are dead, Semple!"

Then the poor creature burst into a paroxysm of grief, moaned and cried, and begged a few shillings and vowed he was the most miserable creature on earth.

After this, Archie Scott strove for two years to do without taint of selfishness, what his father had begun twenty years before. But there was not much now left to work upon—health, honor, self-respect were all gone. Poor Semple was content to eat the bread of dependence, and then make boastful speeches of his former wealth and position. To tell of his wonderful schemes, and to abuse his luck and his false friends, and everything and everybody but the real cause of his misfortune.

Archie gave him some trifling post, with a salary sufficient for every decent want, and never heeded, though he knew Semple constantly spoke ill of him behind his back.

However, the trial of Archie's patience and promise did not last very long. It was a cold, snowy night in mid-winter that Archie was called upon to exercise for the last time his charity and forbearance toward him; and the parting scene paid for all. For in the shadow of the grave, the poor, struggling soul dropped all pretenses, acknowledged all its shortcomings, thanked the forbearance and charity which had been extended so many years, and humbly repented it of its lost and wasted opportunities.

"Draw close to me, Archie Scott," he said, "and

tell your four brave boys what my dying words to them were: Never to yield to temptation for *only this once.* To be quite sure that all the gear and gold that *come with sin* will *go with sorrow.* And never to doubt that to every *evil doer* will certainly come his *evil day.*"

A SOUTHERN TEMPER.

Miss Belle Pascal was thinking about getting dressed for dinner. The "thinking" took her generally about one hundred and twenty minutes to complete. No wonder! Who would not bask and think lying in glorious sunshine, filtered through green leaves, and drowsy with warmth and perfume? Besides, she was watching the humming-birds flashing in and out among the purple flowers of the China trees, or hiding in the golden cups of the nasturtiums. The listless spell of such delicious do-nothing, such love-in-idleness, is not an easy one to break.

This was in *ante-bellum* times, and softly moving about the room was a woman of great though mature beauty; a mulatto, rather dusky than yellow, broad-browed and pensive-eyed, with great gold hoops in her ears and bright bands of the same metal around her arms. She looked wistfully, almost impatiently, at the dreaming girl as she laid out muslins, laces and ribbons; finally she broke the long silence with: "It's done struck five o'clock, Miss Belle."

"Hurry up, then, Queen. What time this evening did Jack say to expect him?"

"Seven, percisely, honey; and don't you go for to break dis 'p'intment. True lub nebber knock twice ober any gal's door."

Belle sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"True love, Queen, is always poor and condradictory; seems to me he might have learned a sensible thing or two after six thousand years' experience."

"True lub am always young, chile," said Queen, loftily; "an' you'd better be a-dressing."

Two hours later Belle stood under a hedge of myrtle trees, watching her lover approach. "The low sun makes the color," and he was just low enough to flood her golden hair, fair face and shimmering robes with all sorts of shifting splendor. Divinely fair, and most divinely tall, she stood like some ancient goddess in a sacred grove. Jack, so brave, so bold and self-asserting among men, absolutely feared to approach this girl of seventeen summers. To-night, especially so, for he knew the next few minutes must decide, in a great measure, the future current of his life.

It argued well for his hopes, that she came with smiles to meet him—it gave him all the courage he needed; he could take her hand, and read his happiness in the sweet, drooping eyes and tender mouth. Then he drew her to his heart, called her "Sweet Belle!" "My darling!" "My love!" "My own love!" It is indeed wonderful how soon a lover that is given an inch will take a mile!

In a few minutes Jack could even venture on reproaches: How could she encourage that hateful Stephen Latrobe?

"I do not, Jack," Belle answered.

"I saw you walking with him under the live oak in the lower lot, last night."

"Where were you?"

"I met Nellie Brand at the post-office, and I was walking home with her."

"Consistency, thy name is man! Sir, how can you encourage that hateful Nellie Brand? I don't think Satan reproving sin is a very edifying spectacle, Jack."

"A gentleman is obliged to be civil to every lady."

"A lady is obliged to be civil to every gentleman. Come, Jack, don't be jealous; it is a very poor compliment to pay any woman you love. I shall expect implicit confidence. I won't be doubted under any circumstances."

"All right, darling. Only Stephen Latrobe will have to stop mooning around your walks, or else—"

"Jack, I'll have no quarreling over me. The man who draws a knife or fires a pistol about Belle Pascal does her an unpardonable wrong. She is not the girl to think it an honor to be discussed over bad whiskey at corner stores, and have her name hawked about in the newspapers; and I wouldn't marry a man who so humbled me; no, not even if I loved him as well as I love—Jack Manners."

The effect of the simile on Jack will be understood by all lovers. There was, indeed, no audible reply,

but such exalted mortals have ways of expression supremely intelligible to themselves. Ah, me! that ever they should forget them! That ever love's sweet symbols should become a dead language!

They had come to a little clearing in the wood, round as a fairy ring, with a tiny sheet of water in the center. The moonlight lay like a broad silver ribbon of light across it, and in its soft glow the great white magnolias had such a spiritual look that it seemed a kind of sacrilege to Belle when Jack thoughtlessly broke one from its stem.

"Oh!" she said, pitifully. "Have you not heard Queen say they are the souls of little babies? I always want to kiss them, but it feels like murder to pull them. Don't give it to me, Jack; I am superstitious about them."

Jack looked uncomfortably at the glorious white cup with its golden chalice throwing up incense to heaven, and then gently laid it upon the mossy ground at the foot of the tree. The incident, simple as it was, completely changed the tone of their conversation. Serious plans for the future were discussed, and a new and thoughtful sense of the solemnity of their promise to each other filled both hearts with gravity.

"You will never desert or deceive me, Belle, darling!" said Jack, with almost a tremor of terror in his voice, "for if you should—"

"But I never shall."

"Don't think me unreasonable, pet, but just promise me now that you will never marry that detestable Stephen Latrobe."

"I promise you that, too, Jack. Now are you satisfied?"

"Not quite; if you would only promise never to marry *any one but me.* Am I selfish?"

"I think so—just a little; but that is the mistake of your sex. Never mind, I promise it with all my soul. I will love you Jack and only you—"

"Till death parts us."

"Ah, longer than that, dear! Love projects itself beyond the grave. I will love you, Jack, no matter what your faults, or your destiny, forever."

He had nothing to answer with but caresses. His eyes were full of happy tears. He tasted in that moment a joy that sweetened all his after-life. They parted there. Jack turned when he had gone a few paces, and saw her standing in the full moonlight watching him. He took in all her loveliness at a glance; but he could not see the strange dejection that had suddenly fallen upon her, although it unconsciously influenced her attitude. She had descended the piazza stairs a step or two again, her arms had fallen to her sides, her whole figure was listless and sorrowful.

Ere Jack made the turn which would shut her from his sight, he stood still a moment and lifted his hat. A strange impulse moved Belle; she stretched out her arms; she called him softly back. But he did not see the action, nor catch the recall. The last effort of his more propitious fate was past It had failed. He turned with joy and triumph into the road which was to lead him to long sorrow and disappointment.

Had he lingered by Belle's side a few minutes longer; had he taken one road instead of another, he might have missed his evil fate. But no one can be stronger or wiser than Destiny. Jack looked at his watch; it was only half-past nine. He would go and tell Will Cannon, for Jack had one of those natures whose happiness is doubled by being shared; and Will had always clung closer than a brother to him. He had to pass the hotel, but the lighted, crowded office did not tempt him to-night, even though he knew it was the scene of an exciting political discussion.

He had passed the door, when Stephen Latrobe hailed him. He turned mechanically; a little group was already on the sidewalk.

"Gentlemen," said Stephen, in a scoffing tone, "here is a Daniel come to judgment. When in doubt, address yourselves to young lawyers; they know everything."

Stephen had been drinking, and Jack saw in a moment that he was in danger of a quarrel. He made an instant resolve not to be provoked into one; he fortified himself with the positive words of Belle on this very subject. So he took up the taunt as a piece of pleasant raillery, and replied:

"Don't forget, though, that lawyers charge for their advice."

"By Jove! I know that to my cost," said a litigious planter. "The law is the only thing that ever dared to oppose me. It makes me both pay and obey. Hang lawyers!"

"With all my heart," said Stephen. "They are in everybody's way."

"Let me pass, Mr. Latrobe. I can afford to be generous to you to-night."

It was an unfortunate boast. Jack's radiant face gave Stephen the key to its meaning, and he flew at his rival as a hound flies at his victim.

"You! you little pettifogger! You can afford to be generous to Stephen Latrobe! Take that, sir!" And he struck him fiercely in the face.

Still Jack kept his reason. He flung his pistol outside the crowd.

"Bear witness, gentlemen," he cried, "that I am unarmed! This affair must be settled in colder blood. Stephen, give up your arms."

"I won't!"

"You shall!"

And the two men closed like wild beasts. There was an attempt to part them, but in the struggle both fell heavily together to the sidewalk, and Stephen's grasp relaxed as if by magic.

"He is stunned—carry him to the office."

"*He is dead—take him home!*"

Jack stood paralyzed, partly with his fall, but more with the suddenness of the calamity that had befallen him. "Oh, Belle! Belle!" were the first words that wrung his lips asunder. Some one touched him, an old friend of his father's—a white-headed man, wise in all the world's whys and wherefores.

"Better make yourself scarce, Jack," he said; "things will be a little unpleasant if Steve is dead.

He's got powerful friends in this section ; they won't remember anything in your favor. A year or two in the State's prison isn't the thing for a gentleman ; have you any gold on you ?"

"A little."

"Here's a little more ; and my mare is tied at Benson's corner ; take her, and welcome. Make for the Red River as quick as possible."

"One more favor, Colonel ; tell Miss Belle Pascal the truth ; I'm a dying man to you—I'm a dead man to her. Say what you can in my favor."

"So you love little Belle, Jack. God pity her, and you, too. I don't really see as you could help the contrary, way things have gone ; and I'll tell her so. But hurry away, my boy ; you have not a moment to lose."

Is it the same Jack Manners that stood an hour ago with pretty Belle Pascal under the magnolias—this man, flying from the sheriff and the prison, with a volcano of rage and sorrow in his heart? He has taken a life he never meant to take—he has crowned the woman he loved with grief and shame, instead of joy—he is a fugitive flying from all happiness—flying for life, for bare life, and stripped of all honor and joy. He was only twenty-five years old yesterday, and he has gone from out his former existence as completely as if he had gone into the grave.

* * * * * * *

Time, which cares for none of these things, went on as though there were no ruined lives or broken hearts. Days slipped into weeks, and months grew

into years; ten years passed, and from Jack Manners there came neither word nor token. His friend Will Cannon had cautiously advertised such events as he thought would influence him, but without effect. He did not find Jack until he had ceased to hope for it, for Destiny loves of all things to surprise us. In the tenth summer after the tragedy, Will went with an exploring party into the highlands of the Colorado River. One day the explorers lost their way, and found themselves at sunset far from any settlement. Suddenly, however, they came upon a little log-hut built upon the ledge of a rock, overlooking on one side many a mile of rolling prairie. It stood between two superb live oaks, and was literally covered with yellow jasmine. In the open door, leaning upon his rifle, stood a splendid-looking fellow, whom Will knew at once for his lost friend.

He met the party with a frank and generous hospitality, cooked with his own hands venison steaks and hoe-cakes, and added coffee which a Turkish Bey might have envied. In that latitude, it grows rapidly dark, and in the confusion of hobbling the horses and preparing for a night's stay, Jack had specially noticed no one. They eat supper by the blazing cedar logs, and after it, all lights were extinguished, Jack explaining that the Comanches were in the neighborhood, and that it would be folly to give them any advantage. One by one the party spread their blankets under the friendly roof or sheltering trees, and dropped asleep. At length Will only was left.

Then he could contain himself no longer. He flung his pipe on the ground, and seizing both his friend's hands, looked steadily in his eyes and uttered but one word: "Jack!"

The recognition was instant. They sat with clasped hands and fast-filling eyes, unable to speak. When bearded men weep, the deepest fountain of life is troubled; yet surely, in the tenderness of that moment, both souls touched a height and depth that well repaid the waiting and watching of ten years.

When they had somewhat conquered their emotion, they began to speak of the past.

"Poor Belle!" sobbed Jack, his firmness totally giving way again. "God knows how bitterly I have sorrowed for Stephen, but his fate was a tender mercy compared with her living death."

"'Living death!' What do you mean, Jack? There is no nobler or more useful woman in Louisiana than Belle Pascal. Do you call it a 'living death' to be mistress of a fine plantation and of three hundred human beings, whom she is gradually educating and emancipating, and who worship her as something between a mother and an angel?"

"Will! Will! What do you say? There must have been some great mistake. I wrote to Belle once and her uncle answered the letter, saying that she had been dreadfully ill, and was now hopelessly insane. The note was kind enough, but he told me plainly that I must consider myself dead to her and to the whole community."

"Belle was truly very ill, and I think it likely was a long time in a very melancholy condition; but the death of her uncle threw the whole estate on her care, and she rose at once to the obligation. There is not in the whole South a better managed plantation than hers."

"I wonder if she still loves me."

"Loves you! I have no doubt of it; and what is more, she is sure you will come back for her. Only a month ago, when I bade her good-bye, she said to me: 'Will, *if* you should come across Jack —for uncle told me he knew he was in Texas—tell him I have kept my promise.'"

Jack got up and paced the little plateau in an excited manner.

"Will," he said, "you would not believe it, but I am the richest man in ten counties. I own hundreds of acres, and thousands of horses and cattle. I never was glad of it before."

"How did you make it, Jack? You left home, I heard, with thirty dollars."

"I did not make it; not a dime of it. Fortune brings in some crafts that are not steered; she found mine drifting about and took charge of it; that's all."

"There is nothing to prevent your going back now, Jack; when will you be ready? The Latrobe affair was long since settled in your favor by public sentiment."

"To-morrow—to-day—this hour if you choose. I must save every moment of what is now left of Belle's and my own wrecked life."

But travel was but a slow affair in those days, and though Jack performed wonders, it was nearly three weeks after this conversation ere he stood again under the oaks of the Pascal plantation. "Stood," for he had to stand in order to meet the joy before him. For coming down the avenue was Belle, more beautiful in all her ripe loveliness and completed suffering than ever in his youthful dreams he had thought her.

At first he determined to wait where he stood—at the foot of the great tree that had been their old trysting-place—but the next moment he found it impossible. He had already waited too long. He put spurs to his horse, and the animal, divining his master's impatience, devoured the space that lay between the hearts so long parted.

The clatter of his hoofs aroused Belle's attention. She lifted her hands to shade her eyes, and the next moment a wild cry of "Jack! Jack! Home at last!" rang like some glad clarion triumph through the soft, still air.

Another moment, and they were in each other's arms. All the long yearning of years stilled and satisfied; for tears and fears and sorrow, an abundant forgiveness and a mighty recompense.

"Oh, Belle!" said Jack, as he looked lovingly into the face which time had only beautified and ennobled, "how did you know me in all this wild gear, bearded like a Turk, sunbrowned and savage-looking as the Comanches I have been living among? How did you recognize me, after these many years of cruel separation?"

Belle put up her little white hand and stroked lovingly the sun-browned face, and long, tangled hair:

"Darling," she answered, "what disguise could hide you from me?"

A Man and his Own Way.

On a lovely afternoon, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual stroll up-town, have a comfortable dinner at his hotel, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward, or to cross the river, and take a train to his brother's pretty place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the berries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air, etc., etc., etc.

But he knew a far better reason, if he would only have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it, too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's excess of fraternal affection; and little Nona Zabriski herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of berries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon, the country proved the most powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a

nicety, they were taken off again to clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of eyes could desire to see.

Everybody pretended to believe the story about the berries, and that, of course, gave him a chance to go with Nona to gather them.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the berries and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any berries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "peaches," now, when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the "peach" excuse did just as well as the "berries."

Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginian springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them. For, to tell the truth, he did wish she were a little more stylish, would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters acquire: a little present from the jeweler's, a modest check, "just for spending money," made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecile," he said; "all

she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you like, Philip, why did you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, loving heart."

"It seems to me—" but here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona understand his wishes and induce her to accept the invitation sent by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close that he had no fear of securing her attention if argument or persuasion was necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good," he said.

And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I am going to please you, Philip, for I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh, I don't mean about your health, you little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment and that kind of thing."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice:

"I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and, upon the whole, I am glad you have never understood, so far; but when we are

married, we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses and white apron; your frank ways, all so perfectly charming here, would cause unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as stylish and fashionable as—as—well, as Miss Jessie Mabin, for instance."

"Ah! She is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purport, mingled truly with compliments and kisses, was said; but it did not deceive the wounded woman's heart; for Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood both all Philip said and all that it inferred.

Philip thought he had managed cleverly, and when he next saw Nona, in a most perfectly appointed traveling suit, he congratulated himself on his tact and wisdom. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged he was to come at intervals for a few days, and be regularly refreshed and comforted by plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any word from Nona. Still he was not much troubled, for he relied with implicit confidence on the effect

which Philip Hays, in his own proper person, could not fail to make. This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs, and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain: first that her interest was "pretended;" and, second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly gave him the tips of her gloved fingers, with a pretty little assurance of being "glad to see Mr. Hays," and the information that Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you, too, Nona?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One honor at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his right position with his betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change. I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose *you* are the cause. Do you

know she is really *the belle?* Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know; very first families, and all that kind of thing; upon my word, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter, and mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all; very far from it indeed. That night at the hop, Nona looked grand enough for a queen; her golden hair done up in some picturesque style; yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and jewels flashing from her throat and wrists. But all in vain Philip pleaded for a dance; Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast; and she reminded him, rather maliciously, of the necessity of observing the usages of socity. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

But he was not the victor, and it hurt him sorely to be dragged at the chariot wheels, when he should have been holding the reins. Before the world, however, Nona's behavior was perfectly irreproachable. Not even his mother suspected any estrangement; for Nona was respectful, kind, always mindful of the proprieties—but she took marvelous care never to be left alone with him.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until he could do so in her country home. Perhaps there he could

regain his lost ground ; but even this determination was very humiliating to the proud young man, who only one month ago had himself dictated the very course which was making him so wretched.

He could not help blaming himself, and he did it very thoroughly and repentantly. Philip Hays was not the first man who has been sorry for not "letting well alone." However, he bade his mother and Cecile "good-bye," and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity, and gave him many kind wishes for his journey ; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, he did not expect to see the ladies again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned, and for a moment a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment, as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip ! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder.

He turned rapidly, all the great passion which had grown to a higher and deeper intensity in his suffering, burst out in one imploring whisper of—

"Nona !"

"Philip !"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all ; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl, whose worth he had not

realized until he thought her lost. Tangled curls, short dresses, ruffled apron never again looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona becoming fashionable; and Nona to this day, when Philip is in opposition, blandly reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way, even *if he got it.* And so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he could do.

A Romance of Labor.

The unwritten romance of real life far exceeds in beauty and instruction anything that simple fancy ever imagined; and I have had only to keep my eyes and ears open, as I went up and down in the world, to fill the storehouse of memory with many a strange drama. The following true incident was brought to my remembrance this morning while listening to the rebellious words of a young man, who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said, querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith, and have hands like a coal-heaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands make you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, you are now a very common man, indeed, to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome fellow—for he was handsome—and I thought involuntarily of young Steve Gaskill. Steve has made his mark now, but many a year ago I heard just such a talk between

him and old Josiah Gaskill, relative to the young man learning his father's trade of a wool stapler.

"It is a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in a full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil, and the sight of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad; whaten is thou fain to be?"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy, quarrelsome set, but thou sha' not say I iver stood i' thy gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Denham & Downes, to study law, and especially "conveyancing." He was an only son, but he had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence. Whatever Steve did, was right; whatever he said, was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah, with all his sound sense, was, in spite of himself, swayed by this undisputed acknowledgment of Steve's superiority. He would not have advised his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid of being one, he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost him a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive, and he fell naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. There were occasional awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape, and finally satisfied the family pride in

being regularly admitted upon the roll of her majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime, his father had been daily failing in health, and soon after this event he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the benefit of the helpless women of the Gaskill family; and Steve now found himself with a profession and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that just as long as his mother or sisters had a shilling, they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened his office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious; a young, good-natured, fashionably dressed lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look crafty and wise under any circumstances, and the first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless, he did not, in any way curtail expenses; and when the summer holidays arrived, he went as usual to a fashionable watering place. It happened that year saw the *début* of Miss Elizabeth Braithwaite, a great heiress, and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was certainly no drawback in his eyes. In a short time, he perceived Miss Braithwaite favored him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began seriously to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession hitherto had been a failure; his one thousand pounds were nearly spent; his three

sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might seriously modify their sisterly instincts; and his mother's whole annual income would not support him a month. Would it not be the best plan to accept the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined to favor him, and though she had the reputation of being both authoritative in temper and economical in money matters, he did not doubt but that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his own mother and sisters. So he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True, he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he liked; but he promised himself plenty of marital compensations. Elizabeth insisted on retaining her own house, and as Steve had really no house to offer her, he must need go to Braithwaite Hall, as the husband of its proprietress. She insisted upon his removing his office to Braithwaite, a small village, offering none of the advantages for killing time which a large city like Leeds did; and she had all her money scrupulously settled upon herself for her own use, and under her absolute control.

Steve felt very much as if his wife had bought him; but, for a little time, the *eclat* of having married a great heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of his freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite, life soon showed him a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's

economical disposition soon became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business, and did not scruple to make unpleasant witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritative disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition was taking place in Steve's mind, and times of transition are always times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had seen now all that good society could show him ; he had tasted of all pleasures money can buy, and he was not happy.

His wife had no *ennui* and no dissatisfaction with herself. There was her large house to oversee, her gardens and conservatories, her servants and charity-schools, her toilet, and a whole colony of pet animals. Her days were too short for all the small interests that filled them ; and these interests she would willingly have shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under some circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and investing of his wife's large estate ; but Elizabeth was far too cautious a woman to trust it in untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent ; her banker managed all her investments ; her park and farms and gardens were all under the care of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as " Missis's husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to

have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife, could she have thought it worth her while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long, moody hours when he paced the shrubbery, or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any honest thing that would take him out of the purposeless, dependent life which he had foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Elizabeth said to him :

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of my mother's, who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia, and wants me to buy her house. She says it is a great bargain ; and I wrote to Barrett to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning, saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go and attend to it ?"

Anything for a change. Steve showed a very proper business-like interest, and said :

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."

"Very well, I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing, and all that kind of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonian Line, with one hundred pounds in his pocket, and a veritable piece of business on hand. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with the abandon of a bird set free ; then he began to think again. At Crewe he missed a train, and wandering about the station, fell into talk with the engineer of the next one, who was cleaning and

examining his engine with all the love and pride a mother might give to a favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made the trip over the Caledonian line in the cuddy of the engineer, who was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," he said, "all machinists and engineers." The young mechanic was only serving his time, learning every branch of his business practically; he had brothers who made engines, and he hoped to do so some day.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes, Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education; and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's Hotel, he would not have been ashamed of his appearance, even in his most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands to him.

"I thought you would be, sir; it is not often I am mistaken in my likings. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of mind with matter, of intellect over the elements, was a revelation. He envied those Cyclops in their leathern masks and aprons; he longed to lift their mighty hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty works those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes

when Andrew Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled-in-yard.

"Thank you," he said; "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all, he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner which elicited Mr. Barrett's warm praise, and made Elizabeth wonder whether she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple Iron and Machine Works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs. Gaskill:

"My Dear Wife: I shall not be home again for at least two years, for I have begun an apprenticeship to Thomas Dalrymple here, as an ironmaster. I propose to learn the whole process practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem, as well as my own, and I do not say but what I have deserved the loss. Please God, I will redeem my wasted past, and with His help make a man of myself. When I am worthy to be your husband you will respect me, and, until then, think as kindly as possible of

Stephen Gaskill."

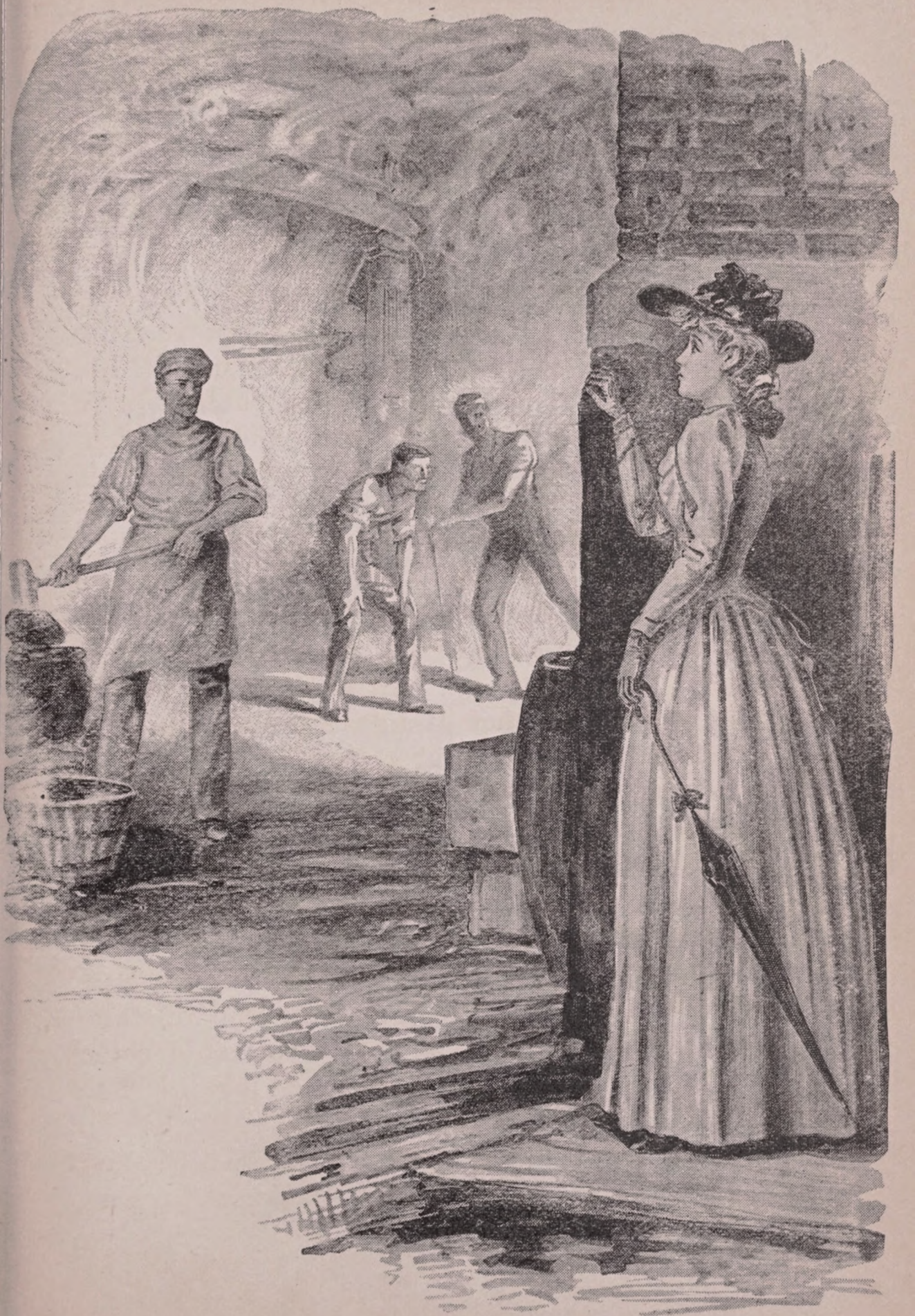
This letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour not even her favorite maid durst make her usual little compassionate sneer at "poor master."

Steve in leathern apron and coarse working

clothes, began laboriously happy days, which brought him nights of sweetest sleep; and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband which gradually grew more and more imbued with the tenderest interest and respect. In a few weeks, she visited him of her own free will, and purposely going to the works, saw her self-banished lord wielding a ponderous hammer upon a bar of white-hot iron. Swarthy, bare-armed, clothed in leather, he had never looked so handsome in Elizabeth's eyes; and her eyes revealed this fact to Ste ve, for in them was the tender light of a love founded upon genuine respect.

Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple Works, there was no more finished iron-master than he. He held his head frankly up now, and looked fortune boldly in the face; he could earn his own living anywhere, and, better than all, he had conquered his wife—won her esteem and compelled her to acknowledge a physical strength and a moral purpose greater than her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite Hall there have been for many years gigantic iron-works. The mills and railways of the West Riding know them well; their work is famous for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and oversees every detail. Their profits are enormous, and Stephen Gaskill, their proprietor, is also the well-beloved and thoroughly respected master of Braithwaite Hall and of Braithwaite Hall's mistress.



A ROMANCE OF LABOR.—*See Page* 150.

A FAITHFUL WOMAN.

Every one wondered when the pretty, sensible Lydia Wilson married Will Hammond, and yet no one exactly knew why he wondered. Will was handsome enough, had good prospects, and no positive vice. So much might be said for him in a general way; but yet no sense of security was felt, and his effeminate beauty and wavering principles seemed to all Lydia's friends poor foundation to build a home and two or more lives upon.

But there was nothing uncertain in Lydia's character; and therefore, having made up her mind to marry Will Hammond, she carried out her intention. And for a little while all went well. Will had that kind of popularity which comes from an easy, obliging disposition, always ready to tend or to help, and incapable of saying a positive, downright "No" even to the most unreasonable demand.

Lydia, however, was always ready to justify her ways, and was by no means quick to admit that she had been deceived. A bright, cheerful face the brave little woman kept, and would not admit, even to her own heart, the miserable fact that in this, the very first year of her marriage, their positions were

most unnaturally reversed, and that she was the guardian and advisor of him on whom she ought to have leaned and relied.

But so it was. It took all her tact and influence to keep him in the snug government office which her father's name had procured him; for, with a desire to please everybody, he was perpetually giving offense, and with a fitful ambition large enough for ten men, he hardly compassed the work of one.

A great deal of imprudence and a great deal of laziness were forgiven him for the sake of his wife; but the forbearance of even government grace has a limit, and one bright New Year, four years after his marriage, he found himself out of office, and literally out of pocket.

This was the beginning of many sorrows. By steps almost insensible to the world, but painfully evident to her who counted every one on her bleeding heart, Will took the downward road to social ruin and contempt; not, however, without fearful repentings and long days of passionate remorse. And against these paroxysms of despair, Lydia set the rock of her immovable love; and so, as the weary years went on, won him again and again to renewed efforts.

But little by little, the beauty and grace of their home passed away. Lydia had now four children, and strive as she would, poverty in its bitterest forms visited her. There is an old English proverb which says, "God bless the rich, the poor can beg;" and this, in a comparative sense, explains what I

mean. She was not poor enough to have thrown all outside pretenses away, to have ceased desiring and striving for decent clothing and a comfortable home ; she was not poor and hopeless enough to beg, and, therefore, if God did not help her, man hardly could, since he knew not of her extremity.

This was in the tenth year of her marriage, and her eldest boy, who inherited her own strong and hopeful character, was already, with baby hands, fighting the battle of life which his father had almost abandoned.

One night, after a day of such cold, dismal weather as comes with a spring thaw, little Willie returned home thoroughly wearied and dispirited with a vain effort to make his usual half-dollar. Lydia, too, was sick with a dull anxiety about her husband, who had not been near his home for nearly four days ; nevertheless, she made every effort in her power to cheer and comfort the child. He was naturally a brave, hopeful little fellow, and he soon gathered up his strength and hopes as he felt the warmth of the little stove and the refreshing of his bowl of tea.

Willie was his mother's only friend and confidant, and so, as he sat and warmed himself, she talked to him of his father's absence, and sought some comfort from his wide and sad experience of street life.

"Don't you fret, mother," said the little hero. "When I'm warmed a bit, I'll get Jim Donnelly, and he and I will either find father, or set the police to do the job."

As if the mention of their name had been a spell, two policemen at this moment opened the door

cautiously and looked in. Lydia rose to her feet, and strove in vain to form the words of inquiry she feared to make. The men were rough and peremptory at first, and searched the room and closet adjoining it with a care that filled both Lydia and Willie's heart with a sickening fear. But it was impossible to doubt the wife's real agony, and the ingenuous declaration of his father's unusual absence.

Kindly, and with a rough consideration, they then informed the miserable wife that her husband had been suspected as an utterer of counterfeit coin, and that they had been searching for him for three days.

To the officers she said no word; she knew protestations were all useless there, but in her heart and soul she refused to believe him guilty. Weak and foolish she knew him, idle and self-indulgent, and the bond-slave of that distilled devil that men call "whisky;" but even in his degradation, he had not lost all finer feelings. Will Hammond sober still hated Will Hammond drunk. Will Hammond sober loved his wife and children with a passionate, reproachful excess, which was misery enough to his really tender heart, and in the depths to which he had fallen, some of the honor of manhood, some of the sensitiveness of a gentleman, still clung to him.

To the son, she kept declaring her faith in the father as if there was comfort in the very iteration; and Willie, who looked at his father through the same glamour of love as his mother did, felt all his little heart fill with sorrow and indignation.

But both were helpless. What could they do but

suffer and hope? Only one thing more—but that was a deed of Omnipotence—they could pray; and up from the humble hearthstone rose that prayer of extremity which always moves the heart of Him who moves the universe

The next morning, a messenger brought her a note from the "Tombs." Yes, it had come to that; and for a moment her faith in God and her husband faltered. It was terrible to see those iron gates between her and the soul she loved as her own; it was terrible to have his faults measured by the square and rule of absolute justice, instead of the yielding lines of love. But it was all for the best, though she knew it not.

A long confinement, in which he was compelled to forget his usual stimulants—a solitude in which the ghosts of murdered years and opportunities haunted him continually, did for his reformation what neither the most solemn resolutions nor the most abounding love could effect.

He went to his trial finally a completely altered man. In his extremity some old friends gathered round him. Clothed and in his right mind, he stood before his judges a much less suspicious character than that the police had picked up, drunk, ragged and dirty. His drunkenness was acknowledged; his guilt, clearly denied, was found impossible to prove, and he left the room of justice a freed man in more senses than one.

Still it was impossible to remove all at once the odor of the place and circumstances which had surrounded him for so long; and in his efforts to re-

trieve the past, he felt this keenly. Yet he did not fall; for, though the world was doubtful and cold enough, he knew always of one little spot on it where every one loved him, where every one believed in him.

In the midst of his struggle, a stiil mightier one began. North and South rushed to that ultimate test in all human things—the power to hit the hardest blows—and the bugle note of warfare struck the proper key-note of William Hammond's character. Incapable of steady and long-continued action, he was a giant in any extraordinary emergency, and he had not been six months in the army before he made his mark.

In the excitement of continual change and adventure, he found all the stimulus his nature needed. A braver leader, a more fearless soldier on any desperate hope, no cause could desire, and he won his shoulder straps almost by acclamation.

No one, however, rejoiced more in the return of peace than Colonel Hammond; but for all that he has never left the army. He found there his place, and a life affording his nature opportunities both for satisfaction and development.

He is now somewhere in the great Southwest, and Lydia and the boys are with him. She has her reward in being idolized with all the strength and passion that a woman deserves who dares first to marry the man she loves, and then faithfully cling to him in all circumstances, trust him through good and evil report, and never lose faith in his restoration, no matter how low he may have fallen.

KATE DALRYMPLE,

There used to stand in the upper part of Glasgow a handsome mansion, with fine stone balconies and a very beautiful garden. It has been pulled down now, to make room for an ugly row of shops and flats, but in my youth it retained a sylvan appearance and many a pleasant memory of Provost Thomas Dalrymple who built it.

He governed "the good city" toward the close of that wretched period of English history which culminated in 1832, in the passing of the Reform Bill. But in spite of hard times lasting for nearly half a century, he had made money. His official position and his handsome dwelling showed that; and he had many more proofs of it in fine trading vessels, city property and bank stocks.

Of all his wealth his daughter Kate was sole heiress. A very pretty heiress indeed! Slightly willful and romantic, but, upon the whole, just as good as she was rich and pretty.

One evening, as far back as the winter of 1830, she sat chatting with her father over the walnuts

and sherry. She looked unusually handsome, for she was a girl who understood contrasts and effects, and her black satin and white lace and crimson slippers had been thoughtfully put on. The provost was pleased and happy, and had just returned from a rather mysterious journey, about which Kate was curious. But she was too wise to show her curiosity; her father would be certain to tell her in his own time and way.

So the young girl admired her feet, sipped her wine, and waited, and the provost sat looking into the fire, and thoughtfully stirring the grace-cup of toddy he had just mixed.

"Take a thimbleful, Kitty," he said; "I have a great toast for you to drink—one that hasna been drunk in this house sin' the foundations o' it were laid: *Here's to the Dalrymples o' Dairg!*"

Kitty did as she was requested, supplementing the new toast with her usual one:

"*Here's to you and me, father!* Who's like us?"

"The twa are ane, lassie. You'll hae heard o' the Dalrymples o' Dairg?"

"How should I? Has any one written a book about them?"

"There hae been many books written for less matter; but, howsome'er, I have just been at Dairg. The laird is dying, and we hae been ill frien's for twenty-sax years, but we are brithers for a' that's come and gane."

There were tears in the provost's eyes, and Kate drew close to him and took his hand between hers. This proof of sympathy was all he needed; indeed,

he had much to say to Kate, and was glad to have so early an opportunity to say it.

"Yes, Fergus and I quarreled twenty-sax years syne, anent Miss Grace Kirkconnell, and I left Dairg wi' £50 i' my pouch, thinking to just ga awa' to some o' the colonies. But I fell in wi' luck folks and met a bonnie English lassie, and just bided i' St. Mungo's city, where I hae been blessed i' basket and i' store—praise be where praise is due! Twa weeks syne Fergus sent for me; he is dying now, and there was much to settle anent the affairs o' the House o' Dalrymple, for he is poor, Kate, and I am rich. We made a solemn paction 'tween us twa, and you maun do your share, lassie; for, before a' ither things, the House o' Dalrymple must keep its head high."

"It has done nothing for you, father; why should you prop it?"

"You'll never let me hear you speak words like them again. You'll never forget the brave men and noble women who were your forbears, and gave you your gude name. We must pay our debt to them though they be dead. You are no true Dalrymple, Kate, if you wouldna gie your right hand for the honor 'o the auld house that crowns the Pentland crags."

"I would give my right hand to pleasure you, father; that is better."

"Weel, it's the same. Your uncle and I hae agreed that you are to marry your cousin Sholto, and I shall gie you a tocher down o' twenty thousand pounds. That will lift 'a the mortgages, and you'll

be Lady o' Dairg, Kate, and I'll be just the proudest man on the Trongate planestanes."

"Did you see Cousin Sholto?"

"He was awa' in the Shetlands on a seal hunt; but I heard naught at a' but gude o' the lad—an', at ony rate, he is a Dalrymple."

Not much more was said at this time. Kate was hardly ready yet either to oppose or circumvent the plan. She was not even sure whether she did not approve it, under conditions, for that intense pride of family which lies at the foundation of all Scotchmen's affections is not wanting in the women's hearts also, and if this young Dalrymple was worthy of her love and tocher, she was not disinclined to give it.

Many a long talk she had on the subject with Alice Pierson, a young English girl that Kate's mother had educated and brought up, and who served Kate partly as companion and partly as maid. But for some months her father said no more on the subject. The laird died, and he went forth to the funeral, and came back more clannish than ever, after mingling with the whole tribe in the solemn feudal ceremony of burying the dead chief.

It was the middle of the next summer before she heard any more of her intended bridegroom. Then a letter came, saying that he and his foster-brother Donald would be in Glasgow at the end of July. Kate had been sure that this news would come sooner or later, and was prepared for it. She received it with a smile, and said:

"Very well, father; I will try and like Sholto; only you must let me learn the lesson in my own

way, and I have a little plan which you must help us to carry out. We are going down to Rothesay for sea bathing. No one knows us there, and Alice is to be Kate Dalrymple, and I am to be Alice Pierson. Sholto will then be at ease with me, and I shall find out his real character. If I can love him, *I can win him.*"

"I'll play no Dalrymple false for any woman's scheme," said the provost, dourly; but at last, with infinite coaxing, he was persuaded to stay in Glasgow and remain passive.

Then the young ladies took up their quarters in the lovely village of Rothesay, and they were hardly settled before the Highland gentlemen paid them a visit.

Both were splendid-looking fellows, but Kate at once decided that Donald was the handsomer. Alice dressed and acted the petted heiress to perfection, and Kate put on the modest toilet and rather melancholy air of a dependant just as cleverly. They fished and rode and rambled, and spent six charming weeks; but, somehow, Sholto Dalrymple was always at the side of Alice the supposed heiress, and Donald with Kate the poor companion. Occasionally the two young men went to Glasgow for a week or two, but the wooing went merrily on, and all parties seemed determined to enjoy the present without thought of consequences.

"Consequences!" The word for the first time troubled Kate at the end of six weeks, and she resolved to run up and see her father, and find out

what these might be. So, one evening, as they sat again together after dinner, she said :

"Father, I am going back to Rothesay to-morrow, and our pleasant little visit there must soon end. But I want to tell you that Sholto has scarcely left Alice's side. He thinks, of course, she is his cousin. It is humiliating, but he has paid me very little attention, indeed. Now, father, what if Sholto refuses to marry me ?"

"Then he'll get his sword and a commission in the 42nd Highlanders. So much I maun do for him, onyway. But I shall buy the auld place mysel', and when you do marry, you maun either marry a Dalrymple, or we maun rebapteeze the lad.'

"And suppose I am the disobedient one, father ?"

"You'll no daur to be that, Kate. It wad break my heart. But I should then gie Sholto the twenty thousand pounds to lift the mortgages, an' you would hae to thole that loss, and, mayhap, mair besides ; for I'll never see Dairg Castle shelter stranger heads."

So Kate knew the worst now. She might be poor enough with Donald, but then, how generous and noble and unselfish he had constantly proved himself to be. And she loved him. Still, she felt that neither for this reason nor for any other could she so deeply disappoint and grieve her good father. No, no ; she had done a very foolish thing in deceiving her cousin, and the thing must be undone at once.

Full of this determination she was shy and cold to Donald on her return, and when their usual

evening ramble was proposed, refused to join it. Donald went out, but soon returned, and finding Kate alone, determined to know his fate. He told her how dearly he loved her, and he told his tale with such tenderness and earnestness, and was so handsome withal, that Kate was sorely tempted.

"If you knew how I loved you, Alice; if you knew what I must sacrifice to win you, you would surely give me some hope."

"Sacrifice!" The word nettled Kate in her present mood. "She could not see how the laird's foster-brother could sacrifice anything in marrying her."

"Ah! but, Alice, suppose *I am the laird!* Suppose that I changed places with my foster-brother, because I wanted to see in her true colors this cousin of mine to whom I was to be sold? Suppose that I love you so well that I would gladly give up Dairg and all its lands to win you?"

"Donald! Donald! If, indeed, I could suppose this, I should be the happiest girl in all the world."

But she would not yet reveal her true character. She wandered out with him on the moonlit sands, and listened with a happy heart to all his plans. He would give up Dairg to his uncle Thomas; it was mortgaged to its last acre; and for his part, he was glad so true a Dalrymple was able and willing to keep there the old ancestral state. His uncle was a born noble, and had promised him, at all events, a fine company; and with Alice to love, and a good sword to cut his way to fame and fortune, he was more than content.

Kate had never before been so bewitching; she set herself now to charm anew, and the young laird was proud beyond all counting of the woman he had won, although he really believed her to be poor enough, save in love and beauty.

Their radiant faces and the joyful confidence of their manners told their position at once to their companions, and Alice said, as soon as they were alone:

"We have done a very foolish thing, Kate. This young laird is really beginning to like me, and there was more in Donald's face and yours to-night than your father will sanction. We have played a foolish game, Kate."

"We have played wiser than we knew, Alice. Did it ever strike you that the Laird of Dalrymple may have played me back my own card?"

Then Kate told softly over again the laird's own tale, and the two girls laughed a little, and cried a little, and were very pleasantly and happily astonished.

"We must go home now, Alice. I must tell father at once, and I don't want, just yet, to tell Sholto. Let us see if his love will stand a week's reflection."

So the party broke up for a week. The young men were to go to Edinburgh until they received a summons from Glasgow, and then return and arrange everything pertaining to the transfer of Dairg, and the marriage of Alice with Mr. Thomas Dalrymple.

The provost was highly delighted when Kate told

him how completely she had been taken in her own net. "It was," he said, "Dalrymple again' Dalrymple, and baith have won;" and he kept laughing out merrily at intervals, for the whole next week, at "Mistress Kate playing sae cannilie into her ain hand."

The young laird was a little amazed at the cheerfulness of his uncle's greeting; but it was Dairg he was wanting, no doubt, he thought, "and he will care little enough for me now."

"So you have fallen in love wi' the wrang party, Sholto; but that's nane o' my doing, lad, an' you must not lay it to me."

"Not I, uncle. I get Alice, and you are welcome to Dairg. I am glad it is going into such worthy hands."

"Yes, yes; dootless I'll look weel to its prosperity, Sholto; but I wish—"

"Never mind that uncle—I am satisfied. If you will have the necessary papers made out, Dairg shall be yours whenever you wish."

"The papers are a' ready, Sholto. But send your traps up to my house. You maun stay wi' me until this commission an' marrying business is over."

So the young men removed to the provost mansion, and when he came down for dinner, in all the pomp of his velvet suit and lace ruffles and golden badge, he found them waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"All alone by yoursel's, young men?" he said cheerily;" the lasses will be here anon;" and he seemed in such extravagant spirits that Sholto

Dalrymple could hardly help doing his uncle's great heart a great injustice.

Presently the door opened, and Sholto rose eagerly to meet his affianced bride. Her magnificent dress and costly jewels startled him, and threw quite into the shade the plain black silk robe of her companion. Before, however, he could identify any single thought but that of admiration and amazement, the provost advanced to the ladies, and, taking one by each arm, led them toward the laird and his foster-brother.

"Gentlemen," he said, gleefully, "ye hae gotten your introductions a mixed up, so I'll just sort a' of your names right, afore we get our dinners. Sholto Dalrymple, Laird o' Dairg, this is Mistress Kate Dalrymple;" and Kate with a loving smile, looked into Sholto's face and slipped her hand into his.

"*Alice!*"

"'*Kate*,' if you please, Sholto."

"Yes, indeed, Sholto, and dinna ye think, young man, you can play pliskies wi' a Dalrymple for naught. Ha! ha! you got paid in your ain coin this time, my laddie! Come awa,' all o' you; I winna hae my fish cauld to suit your havering; and there I see Donald and bonnie Alice Pierson have been introducing themselves; but ye hae got things right this time."

It was a wonderful dinner, and when, at its close, the provost brewed his glass of toddy, and handed Kate and Alice their "thimbleful," they were quite ready to drink the new family toast: *Here's to the Dalrymples of Dairg. Who's like them?*"

WITH HER EYES OPEN.

I was standing on Rutherglen Bridge, looking down into the Clyde, and thinking of unhappy Mary Stuart, who on that very spot turned in her saddle and fired upon her rebellious, pursuing subjects. My mind was full of the dramatic situation, and its romantic antecedents, when I heard a voice passing me say :

"Weel, weel, lad ! If ye think money the one thing needful, tak' yer ain gate. Bessie is a bonnie lassie. She'll easy find them as think so, too."

I did not need to turn my head. I knew the speaker well enough, and though the words of his companion did not reach me, I knew, too, their quick, incisive tones. Here was old David Gillespie, who had saved a little money by hard work and hard ecomony, urging his only child to marry the penniless daughter of an old friend, and Dr. James Gillespie, the said only child, aged twenty-six, was arguing in favor of Jean Cathcart's "house and siller" versus Bessie Lang's pretty face.

Two years before, young Gillespie had found it very pleasant to love Bessie Lang; to-day he could not help comparing her homely dress with Jenny's rich attire, and her humble occupation with the heiress's position as mistress of an elegant home and thirty thousand pounds.

James needed money. He had tastes in wines, dress and every other luxury, far beyond his means, and cared more to be thought a fine gentleman and an elegant fellow than a clever physician and an honest man—facts of which Jean Cathcart was ignorant.

I might have spoken to Jean about these matters, for a few months previously we had been school-mates; but her advent into society had lifted her beyond my ordinary sympathies. Yet when spring came, and I knew she would return to her pretty country home, I went to bid her good-bye.

Dr. Gillespie was leaving the drawing-room as I entered it; and there was something in both his and Jean's face which led me to fear that I had made a very *mal apropos* visit.

Jean watched the doctor far down the street, and then throwing herself into a chair, with a smile and a sigh, said:

"I shall pay dearly for my whistle, little one; but then it is a very handsome whistle."

It seems she had heard all about James's faults, and I exclaimed:

"Do you believe these things, Jean?"

She walked to the window and tapped the glass decisively as she answered:

"Yes, I believe them."

"And you are going to marry him?"

"I am going to marry him. I love him, and he needs me. I love him with my whole life and my whole fortune. I love him with my eyes open to all his faults. I have no vocation for marrying a saint."

"But if these things are true of him, cannot you see, Jean, where they will lead you?"

"I see that they will probably lead me into sorrow, perhaps into poverty. I have counted the cost, and am willing to pay it."

And Jean persevered in her intention. People said she was foolish, infatuated, wickedly careless of the happiness a kind Providence had apparently secured her. Her uncle remonstrated, her friends advised; but in the beginning of June there was a fine wedding in St. Mary's, and Dr. and Mrs. Gillespie went to Paris for their wedding trip.

They returned for the winter, and kept, during it, the gayest house in Glasgow. Old Jonas Cathcart's money flowed in a manner which would have killed him if he had been alive. They gave extravagant dinners, they kept many servants, they drove a pair of fine horses, the doctor indulged his taste for fine dress to the uttermost, and Jean's Parisian wardrobe was an astonishment.

It was at this time that I spent several weeks with them, during which Jean afforded me a study of which I never wearied. Below all her recklessness I could perceive a deep purpose, an object which I was quite sure she rated higher than any

amount of social consideration or wealth. One thing was clearly evident—that however far James's love had been simulated at the time of their marriage, he was now honestly and passionately in love with the little dark woman he had won; and she grew really beautiful in this consciousness, though it was evident to me the gay life she was leading was very distasteful to her.

One night, just before the parlors were lit, I went up to her room. She was dressed for dinner, and was sitting before the low grate, half stooping toward the blaze, at which she warmed her jeweled hands. There was such a weary, pathetic look on her face, that I involuntarily said:

"Jean, are you sick?"

She sighed heavily, and answered slowly, dropping the words one by one:

"No, love, I am only tired. I wonder how long this is to last!"

"But why not give it up and go back to Cathcart? Live as you like to live."

"I am not living for myself, Edith. I want James to see the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of his ambition; he must carry into a new life no shadowy hopes and excuses. I think I am doing him the greatest possible kindness—some day, I hope, he will see it; do not speak more about him at present."

The next autumn I met the Gillespies at a watering-place, and then for the first time I noticed a vague, restless doubt about Jean, which gave a strange, eager, questioning character to her face and man-

ners. I did not understand it then, but toward Christmas, Jean had a little daughter, and then I could read what before was dark. Evidently with the dawn of motherhood had come a perception of duties that might conflict with her other plans and turn her sacrifice into a ruin. The little Grace had claims now, as well as James, and it was pitiful to watch the struggles and efforts of the mother to meet both.

Retrenchment was the first symptom. They retired to Cathcart, and Doctor James professed to begin practice in the village. But old habits and old obligations were too strong for him. He was oppressed with debts, of which Jean knew nothing, and which he could only hope to meet by continuing his operations on the turf. But poverty has its peculiar atmosphere. Men, in some occult but certain way, divined that James Gillespie was "hard up," and the instinct of humanity is to prey upon this condition.

Things rapidly became worse, and although Jean had been expecting this, it gave her a sickening shock when, for the first time, he wanted money to buy clothing and could not get it—wanted to pay bills and her purse was empty. So accustomed had she been for years to go to a certain drawer in her cabinet for cash, that she still kept going, unable to persuade herself that it could possibly be empty.

In these gradually darkening days she had, however, two great comforts. James began to be thoroughly weary of what he had hitherto called

"life"—began to see through the hollowness of friendships founded on interest, and to have dark, sorrowful hours of regret for his wasted years and abilities; and James's father, who had withdrawn in silent pride and indignation from their extravagant home, now began to come frequently to Cathcart to see Jean and his little granddaughter. True, he timed these visits so as to avoid James, but it was quite plain that James's wife had completely won his heart.

"She's a wonderful little woman, yon," he would say, with a pleasant smile, when any one spoke to him of her.

The end which all had foreseen, and which Jean had so calmly waited for, came at last. It was on one raw spring day, when the rain poured steadily down, and the skies looked as if the sun would never shine again. James had been away for a week, and Jean was walking up and down the silent parlor with her second baby in her arms. She heard the garden-gate shut with a clash, and then up the plashed, leafless avenue came James Gillespie, with his head bent before the storm that raged within and without him.

Jean watched him a moment, and then sat composedly down.

"Now, it is here," she said. "Good heart, be brave and kind!" She rang for the nurse, gave the child to her care, and waited.

In a few minutes James entered. She glanced timidly at him, and then rose to greet him with a smile, for there was something on his face she liked

right well—an air of decision, that influenced even his walk, which had changed from its usual elegant lounge to a firm, quick tread.

"Jean! Jean!" he said, impetuously. "I have been a fool, but I have come to my senses. Can you forgive me?"

"'Deed, Jamie, dear, there's naught a loving woman likes sae much!" for Jean was apt to fall into the expressive vernacular when much moved.

"We are utterly ruined."

"Not by a good deal, I think, Jamie."

"Even Cathcart is heavily mortgaged."

"Let it go."

"If we sell it and pay all I owe, you won't have fifty pounds."

"I have still a larger fortune than that which we have spent."

"Oh! Jean, wife, where?"

"In your brain and heart and hands. Do you remember, when we were first married, taking me to see your old teacher, Dr. Kinnaird of Edinburgh, and what he said?"

"I thought he was very impudent."

"He said these words, James; I have never forgotten them: 'You've made a fool and a fop o' yoursel', laddie, in marrying siller—you, that might ha'e been the first surgeon i' the whole land!' And, James, the words hurt me, so I went to see the good man, and he told me, plainly: 'Madam, your husband is a fool at present, but he is a born surgeon for a' that; but he'll do naught, he'll do naught while the siller lasts. When he hasn't a

bawbee, my woman, send him to me—send him to me.'"

"And so, Jean, you want me now to go to Dr. Kinnaird?"

"Yes, my husband; go, and do whatever he tells you. We shall have to be poor for a little while, Jamie, but we shall be happier than we have ever been."

Out of this conversation much grew. Jean was a practical little body; she made clear notes of every debt owing, and then gave orders to her lawyer to put Cathcart immediately in the market.

"I wonder," said James, when he saw the grim sum total, "I wonder if Cathcart will pay it."

"Not more, James; therefore the sooner you begin to work the better. Have you enough to take you to Edinburgh?"

"I have nearly a sovereign."

"You must make it do. We will ask no one, not even father, to help us. We will find ground for our feet, and stand upon it."

So, next evening, James Gillespie was sitting in Dr. Kinnaird's parlor, talking to him.

"Have you got rid o' the siller, man?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Every bawbee?"

"I have about five shillings."

"Well, you may keep that to buy your ait-meal wi' for a week. If you come as my assistant you'll begin at twenty shillings a week—paid when you've earned them—and I'll raise the wages as I see you come to it."

To be Dr. Kinnaird's assistant at any price was hope enough for any young surgeon, although the office was one of constant wear upon the physique and feelings. Very soon the dormant passion of the born surgeon became the master passion. In two months James Gillespie would have followed John Kinnaird for love through all the hospitals of Europe.

It was about this time that the old doctor said:

"James, when is your wife coming to you?"

"Next week, sir; she has sold Cathcart, paid every penny I owe, and has about sixty pounds to the fore."

"And you are gaun to live forever on that, like twa happy young fools, eh?"

"I have rented a small 'flat,' and we are going to furnish it with the sixty pounds, and live upon what you pay me."

"You need na have told me that, man—I feel obligated now to double your salary."

James smiled, and said: "Thank you, Doctor."

While Jean lived in her "small flat," I went to see her; and it was a very pleasant sight. She had grown into a positively handsome woman, and her clever husband fairly idolized her and the children.

Whether Dr. Kinnaird thought the discipline necessary or not, I cannot say, but he kept James in the same position for nearly two years. There was another son by this time; it was to be called "David," after its grandfather, and old David Gillespie was coming to the baptism, which was to be celebrated at the New Year's festival.

Jean was a little troubled how to arrange things in her small rooms, but even while she stood in one of her wise, considering moods, Dr. Kinnaird sent her a letter, saying that he had furnished a little house of his to suit himself, and would Mrs. Gillespie please accept the care of it for five years; the rent was to be a cup of tea whenever he chose to come for it.

The next day he stopped to watch James at the dissecting-table, and amid surgical directions and comments, blurted out:

"You're an extravagant couple, you and that dusky little wife of yours—look at that artery—carrying such a house over your twa simple heads—cut a little deeper—I'll ha'e to raise your wage again. Five hundred a year you'll need to keep it up—use your circular-saw, man—it'll be five hundred out o' my pocket."

"Thank you, Doctor!"

"Oh, it's easy said, is 'Thank you, Doctor;' but if you'll keep out o' debt and sin, I dinna care."

"I don't owe a penny, sir."

"Then, sir, you are on the highway to fortune; dinna put a drag upon your feet—debt is worse than a ball and chain to a working man."

The good doctor's words proved true; there is not to-day a more skillful surgeon than James Gillespie. A far larger and handsomer "Cathcart" is the home of Jean and her twelve fine sons and daughters, and her thirty thousand pounds have come back to her with noble increase and loving thanks.

JAMES MACHARGS'S TEMPER.——*See Page* 179.

JAMES MACHARG'S TEMPER.

"My James has sic a high temper, every thing that goes contrary gars him lose it."

"You speak, sister-in-law, as if a high temper was a kind o' merit; and as for 'losing it,' that's the thing James Macharg never does. As far as I can see, he aye exchanges it for whatever he hankers for at the time. He has just gi'en you a bit o' it for his ain way about yon Caird lassie."

"And what think you, brother, o' Isabel Caird for a wife for our Jamie?"

"She's handsome, and she comes o' a guid kind; forbye, if like cures like, there is sax o' ane and half-dozen o' t'ither, in the matter o' temper!"

"A man maun wed where his weird is, and I'm feard James has set his heart on Isabel."

Mrs. Macharg's fears justified themselves. When James came home that night, he told his mother that Isabel had accepted him, and that the marriage day was fixed. He looked so happy that his mother fell readily into his sanguine humor, and Isabel's

beauty and fortune were for half an hour the theme of unstinted praise. At length Mrs. Macharg ventured to say that she had heard Isabel had a high temper.

James admitted the fact rather proudly. He preferred a "reasonable service," like that Isabel would give him, to the matter-of-course obedience of some meek and mild woman.

"But Isabel has a way o' her ain, Jamie."

"*My will* will be *her way*."

"It has always been *her will* and *her way* in the Caird house."

"Duncan Caird is a weak body. I have always held my own so far, and it is not Isabel Caird that will turn my 'yes' into 'no,' by either wile or wisdom."

Isabel never attempted to disguise her arbitrary temper, or feared to exhibit it before her lover. In the monotonous life of that little country town, James began to feel a certain pleasant excitement in the battle for supremacy he saw before him. They disputed freely on most things, but came to their first open battle on the subject of the marriage ceremony. Isabel declared her own minister should perform the rite. James had such serious doubts about his "views" that it became a matter of conscience to oppose it. Isabel compromised by accepting an additional hundred pounds to her settlements. A moral victory is greater than a money victory; she had virtually lost the first battle.

During the first long winter and spring of Isabel's married life, none dreamed that in the handsome

home of the Machargs a real tragedy was enacting. None knew the nights of passionate weeping, the sullen, silent days, the hopeful concessions, the despairing resistances. For evil grows upon the wrong that feeds it, and it had become a kind of mania with James to force his wife to acts of absurd obedience.

She would not complain to her father, and was too proud to discover her misery to her servants. The birth of a son only put her more and more in her husband's power. When she was deaf and dumb, and impervious to all other tortures, he could always touch her through her boy; and such a madness is a wicked temper, that though he really loved the child, he did not scruple to make it suffer in order to arouse Isabel's wildest wrath; for long indulgence of temper had made an ordinary quarrel tame. He found his keenest pleasure in mastering a passion equal to his own.

This new feature of his vice brought his punishment. The child's nurse was Janet McRoy, a Highland woman of strong character and intense feelings.

One day she turned upon him with a passion far more extravagant than his own, and after lashing him with Celtic scorn and sarcasm, put him out of the room.

What passed between Isabel and Janet that night could only be conjectured. The woman had traveled far and much, and doubtless advised the step Isabel took. James had ordered her to leave the house at the end of her month's service, and the night before

it was over, Isabel and her child disappeared with her.

It was then discovered that, during the ten days previous, all business relating to her private fortune had been transferred to a Liverpool firm. Doubtless, Isabel had, at last, taken her father into her confidence, for he admitted that he suspected her flight, but denied all knowledge of her whereabouts.

James had now good cause for anger. His wife had not only run away with his heir, but declared to her father and her lawyer that his cruelty and bad temper were the reason. It was a revenge more keen than Isabel had any conception of. He idolized his own fair name—he loved his son, after his own way—even Isabel was necessary to his happiness in the stagnant, petty life he lived; beside which, he could not escape remorse, *ennui*, and the silent and the outspoken scorn of the whole community.

Every effort to discover the fugitives failed, and two years afterward Isabel's father disappeared in the same silent manner. His property had been turned into cash, and it was universally believed that he had gone to his daughter. The "high temper" of which James's mother had been so proud, now gave her sorrow enough, for he had quarreled with all his acquaintances, and spent his time in a wretched, remorseful accusation of every one but himself.

If he could have forgotten that he was a husband and father, it might have been better; but once every year Isabel's lawyer sent him this message: "Your wife and child are well and happy"—neither

more nor less, for eight wretched years. Then he was told, in the same manner, that Mr. Caird was dead. In the eleventh year of Isabel's absence, James's mother, worn out with the evil spirit she had encouraged, sank wearily into the grave. James had little sympathy; indeed, he professed to be averse to it, and was very generally let alone.

During that winter he was amazed to receive one day a letter from his wife. She said: "Dear James, I hear that you are now alone. I have forgotten everything but my love for you. Can you also forgive?" The message gave him a new life. He thought of the triumph it would give him in the town; he thought of his son, and even imagined how much brighter the house would be with Isabel. For the sake of these things he believed he could forgive and control himself in the future. He did not wish his reply to be too eager, and yet it must express some anxiety, or Isabel would not come. After many efforts, he decided on three words—"Dear wife, *come*."

Then he waited and watched, week after week, getting more fierce and angry as the time passed away. At the end of the fifth week, he gave up all hope. Six weeks after he had sent his gracious permission, Isabel, his son and Janet McRoy drove up to his door. As soon as he saw them all, the old domineering, contradictious spirit took possession of him. With a great effort he compelled himself to bid them welcome, but the cold, dreary house smote Isabel with a chill forboding of sorrow. In less than

a week she perceived she had come back to a tenfold struggle.

First, James insisted on Janet's dismissal, a demand Isabel constantly resisted. Then he undertook his son's education, and the lad lost all ability to learn, in the terror which the father's passions inspired. One day, when there was a very noisy scene, Isabel went into the study ; James was striking the child unmercifully, and the boy's tearful eyes, lifted to hers, kindled again in her heart the passion she believed twelve years of discipline had conquered. A terrible scene ensued. Janet again interfered, and twelve hours later Isabel was a corpse, with her baby dead in her arms. The doctor whispered the word "premature ;" the town said openly "murder," and the really wretched victim of an ungovernable temper wandered miserably about his self-cursed home.

Two days after the funeral, Janet and his son again disappeared. He followed them like a madman, and this time discovered that they had sailed for New York. Indeed, Isabel had wisely retained the home she had made there, and Janet knew they would be safer within its walls than anywhere else. James sought them long in vain, and finally drifted into the great current setting westward. Such men as James Macharg run to extremes. He began to seek relief from his own thoughts in a wild, reckless life, which, in a few years, drained him of his last shilling, and left him with a company of Arkansas gamblers, in every sense a ruined man. Then he wandered about the great Southwest, his violent

temper making him the dread of the cowardly villains with whom he consorted, until in a moment of frenzy, he did that deed which sent him flying like Cain from their companionship.

This was the end of a ten-year career of extravagance and sin. No one who remembered the proud, proper young Scotch laird of twenty-seven, could have believed this ragged, reckless, fierce man. drinking raw brandy and gambling with loaded pistols and drawn knife by his side, was the same human soul and body.

But even such demons find their equals; and one night, in a lonely log-hut, the resort of evil men of all kinds, James Macharg was worsted in a fight, and left lying on the earthen floor, bleeding from a dozen wounds. An old negro woman, who had had plenty of experience in such cases, laid him on a rude pallet, and took him in charge. Something in James attracted her, and in her brutal way she defended him, and cared for him.

He spent fourteen terrible months on that pallet, amid scenes which defy description. How they looked to the half-delirious or frightfully depressed man, no one can conceive. Long, hot days, and dark hot nights, and men gambling, cursing, drinking and fighting by his side. Many a time, too, his only friend was sullen or away or drunk, and for nights and days he suffered all the tortures of hunger, thirst and mortal terror. Moreover, he was *obliged* now to control his tongue and temper; his negro friend had him quite at her mercy, and for every outbreak took prompt and terrible revenge.

He was just beginning to crawl about again, when, one day, a large party of surveyors made a camp on the creek below the cabin. With a pitiful humility, he asked their assistance and protection, and was directed to the leader of the expedition, a young man of singularly handsome exterior.

"What is your name, my poor fellow?"

"James Macharg, sir."

"Of Larges, Scotland?"

"Yes, sir."

The young man appeared to be greatly affected, and leading him into his tent, said, gently and solemnly:

"*Father!*"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie!" was all the poor invalid could sob out, as he sank exhausted upon the ground.

In the long weeks and months of convalescence which followed, when the father hung often between life and death, the son acquired an influence over him which was never lost, and which was always wisely used. This influence, united with bitter experience, did, in some measure, for the elder Macharg, at fifty years of age, what ought to have been done at five. Not that the old vice was ever quite conquered; but it was so far controlled that James's wife and children learned to love "grandfather," and to make of his frequent visits to them little household festivals. Still the old man himself could never forget that he had wasted fifty years of his life, and sacrificed, to the ungovernable vice of ill temper, wife, fortune, friends and good name.

"I DON'T CARE."

"I don't care what people say, father; I suppose I am old enough to judge for myself."

"It's no' a bad thing, Gavin, to mind what ither folks say about you. When you really get to 'I don't care,' you are in a bad way. I hope, for all you have said, you dinna mean a word o' it."

"I just mean it all. I don't care! I am going to say what I like, and do what I like, in the future."

"Then it's nane o' my money I'll give you the day, Gavin. If 'don't care' is the road you are for taking, the sooner you come to the end o' your tether the better for you. But you'll cool. Doubtless you'll cool, an' come to yoursel', lad," and old Bailie Irwin took out his bandanna, and threw it over his face.

"Don't go to sleep, father, till you answer me a question or two. Do you mean me to stay in Forbes's office much longer?"

"You were entered there for three years; you ken weel if your time is out or no."

"But, father, he is such a bigoted, narrow, strict old fogy, and—"

"You've been lang finding it out, Gavin. I'm thinking you may thole it for a few months longer. Stick to your 'greement, lad, like an honest fellow."

"But, father, I have got my eyes opened lately, an'—"

"Hech! wha's opened them? Yon Crieff lassie eh?"

"Father, Jessie Crieff is an angel!"

"I wish she was. It's no' an ill wish, that, Gavin, for any lassie; but I'm thinking she's far awa' from it yet."

Gavin Irwin had been two years in Duncan Forbes's house and office, and not felt his strict rules and old-fashioned ways particularly unbearable. But a few weeks ago, a pretty villa belonging to the Baronry of Crieff had been occupied as a summer residence by the gay Miss Crieff and her aunt; and Miss Jessie had chosen to enliven the monotony of her retirement by paying a great deal of attention to the handsome Gavin Irwin. Jessie Crieff was one of a type of young ladies peculiar to the last half century, and unhappily increasing—a fast, superficial woman, who thought dissent, doubt and indifference were the symptoms of intellectual superiority. She shrugged her pretty shoulders at the most sacred subjects, and smiled away the faith of centuries with a pity so fascinating, and so full of interest, that it was small wonder a young self-admiring fellow like Gavin should be impressed and bewildered by her sophistries.

He went straight to Crieff Villa after his interview with Mr. Irwin, and found a much more sym-

pathetic listener. Jessie was so kind that Gavin went back to his little room at Duncan Forbes's with very high hopes, and very wide ideas indeed, as to the respective position of man and man, though, of course, the old lawyer, not having been taking a lesson from Miss Crieff, was ill-prepared to understand him.

"Gavin," said he, kindly, "the new minister has come. I hope you'll like him better than you have done Mr. Stirling, lately."

"I shall not hear him, sir, to-morrow. I have made up my mind to fish in the morning, and have promised to drive out with Miss Crieff in the afternoon."

"You'll no' mak' a scandal o' that kind on the Lord's Day, Gavin Irwin; forbye shaming the guid old man, your father."

"If people choose to be shamed and scandalized where they have no call to be, that's not my fault, sir. There is no law against fishing and driving that I know of."

"No' to speak o' the law o' God, Gavin, there's whiles a higher law than the statute book—there's public opinion."

"I don't care *that* for public opinion;" and Gavin snapped his thumb and finger contemptuously.

"Then you are a fool, or worse, an' I'm sorry for them that are kin to you."

Gavin kept his word, and rather ostentatiously so, for he strolled slowly up the main street of the village, with his rod and creel, just as the people were going to church. He certainly had the satis-

faction of perfectly horrifying them. His drive with Miss Crieff was a still greater offense.

"A pretty, painted, Frenchified infidel!" said Duncan Forbes, bitterly; "a lassie wha' scorns the kirk, an' measures e'en the word o' the Lord by her ain small understanding. Gavin Irwin is courting dool an' disgrace, an' nae guid lad will sort wi' him."

Everybody shared the lawyer's opinion; and the young men who sat at the same table with Gavin gave the offender but the scantiest courtesy, and quite excluded him from all their little social plans. While Jessie remained in Campsaile, he did not care much; he chose to call it "jealousy" and "envy," and paraded his friendship with the Baron of Crieff's sister very offensively to all his old acquaintances.

But Jessie left Campsaile with the summer-birds and flowers, and very soon after this event Gavin's time was out with Lawyer Forbes. He was very anxious to buy a share in the lawyer's business, and his father was now inclined to please him.

But Forbes declined all Mr. Irwin's offers, and plainly told the old man that his son's unpopularity would injure his custom.

"Our steady folk, ye ken, neighbor, like a man who walks i' the old ways; we are a' plain bodies, an' hae sma' skill o' these new philos'phies; the law o' God an' the law o' Scotland is just as much as we can manage."

Gavin was much hurt and disappointed. He was young, and wanted friends and company, and no one responded to his advances.

Winter came on, and it was so dreary that Gavin took the next wrong step. As good people would not notice him, he fell into bad company. Any one knows how rapidly a man may travel on this downward road. Gavin soon began to "take a glass," and then, not to care who knew it; "better men than he got before the wind occasionally." He had long ceased going to church, and pretty Maggie Lindsey, who had dared to smile in his face long after her mother and her sister cut him directly, had now ceased to notice him, and given her smiles to Alexander Forbes, his special aversion.

The winter passed, and in the spring the news of Miss Crieff's marriage to Lord Clyde came to Campsaile. It was a very bitter drop added to his cup, for Gavin had felt sure that Jessie would return with summer, and explain in some satisfactory manner her mysterious silence; and to the loss of this hope was added the spiteful condolences or the open sarcasms of all who knew him.

He thought his cup was quite full, but a greater sorrow awaited him. One evening, in the early summer, Bailie Irwin quietly died in his chair, of heart-disease, and the villagers did not scruple to say that Gavin's conduct had hastened his end. No one had a kind word for him except the new minister, a man whom Gavin had always avoided, partly because he was his father's chief friend and confidant, and partly because he disliked his admonitions. Now, however, they were compelled to come in contact, and Gavin at last did justice to the good man's kindly nature.

But he took the ten thousand pounds his father had left him, and left Campsaile, as he supposed, forever. The minister thought not.

"He can't sell the house and the twenty acres round it, wifie, and he'll come home again. I promised his father I would be watching for him."

It seemed a hopeless kind of watching. Year after year slipped away, and no one heard a word from Gavin Irwin. The rent of the house was remitted to a firm he had chosen in Liverpool, for five years; then the tenant left, and for three years more the Irwin place stood empty. In those three years the minister often wondered where the lost lad was. The rent of the homestead, while it was rented, was enough for life's necessities, but now—what was he doing?

He was seeing many extremes. He had been a supercargo to the tropics, and in a whaling ship to the Atlantic Ocean. He had been a successful speculator in New York, and he had been digging for gold in Australia. He had been gambling with princes in Baden-Baden, and fighting for his rights with the roughs of Nevada. But one night, ten years after his father's death, when he was just recovering from an attack of the terrible *vomito* in Metamoras, he suddenly bethought him of the pleasant old home among the breezy hills. He heard in his soul the chime of the church-bells, and the faint, sweet music of the people singing psalms, just as he heard them on that Sunday morning when he went fishing to please the fair and fickle Jessie Crieff; and an intense desire for those cool, old rooms and

scented garden ways, for the murmuring trout becks and broom-covered hills possessed him.

He feebly sought for his purse and counted his money. Yes, there was enough left to clothe him decently and carry him home; and he would be content henceforward to farm his father's acres, and live and worship as his father had done. He had to travel slowly, but one evening, ten weeks afterward, he got off a Clyde steamer, and stood once more on the little Campsaile pier. No one knew him.

He stopped a little girl to ask if Dr. Anderson still lived at the manse, and then took his way quietly toward it. As he opened the garden-gate, a lovely girl looked up from her carnations at him. He asked timidly for the minister, and she led him into the well-known parlor, with its low roof and old-fashioned furniture. Dr. Anderson came thoughtfully in, looked at Gavin curiously, held out his hand, and the moment he spoke, said:

"I thought so! Welcome home! Welcome home! I promised your father to say this much for him when this glad day came round! I'm a proud man to do it, sir! Lucy! Lucy! bring some cakes and a glass of cream. You ll be glad, Gavin, I know you will, to taste the wholesome oatmeal again."

And so he ran on while he took off Gavin's hat and coat, and gave a score of hospitable orders.

So Gavin stayed at the manse for some weeks, and what passed between the minister and him no one ever knew; but I think Gavin told him most of those ten years' sins and failures. But he had

come home now, he said, to repair his father's house and live in it; perhaps in time he might win again the respect of his father's friends.

Dr. Anderson heard and rejoiced. He gave Gavin one hundred pounds, which he said was rent due him and advised him to begin at once putting the place in order. It would employ him while he looked around, and it was best not to be in a hurry with any plan. So Gavin stayed all summer with the minister, and by the end of it—as any one might have foreseen—he had but one thought in life—Lucy Anderson. He was almost sure Lucy loved him, too, but he had never dared to speak to her. But one night, as he sat full of dreary thoughts about his wasted past, Lucy came and touched him.

"Mr. Irwin," she said, "you are sad, and you make me miserable. What is the matter?"

"I love—and I am unworthy to love."

"Did *she* say so?"

"Lucy! Oh, Lucy!"

Love has manifold ways of explaining itself. These two looked in each other's eyes, and saw all they wanted. But the father was not so sanguine. He remembered the past ten years, and trembled for his Lucy's happiness.

"I'll tell you, Gavin, what I will do. You shall perform a thing I ask of you, and then I will say 'amen' to Lucy's 'yes.'"

"I will do anything within the power of man to do."

"My request may seem eccentric and purposeless, but I have good reasons for making it. It is now

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the end of August, you shall go every night to your father's house at ten o'clock, and sit in his chair until midnight strikes—every night, mind—and I will give you an answer at the New Year."

"Your wish is a singular one, but I will fulfill it."

"You are to take no company—no stimulant—and no light of any kind; and you are to keep your tryst in spite of wind and weather."

"I will strictly fulfill your orders."

No one spoke more of the strange compact, but it was silently fulfilled to the letter. Only on Christmas Eve, the old man pressed his hand as he left, and said: "Be content; your trial is nearly over."

So Gavin went out of the cozy, lighted parlor into the dark, cold, lonely house with a happy heart. He had sat about an hour when he heard footsteps, and saw the glimmer of a light. The door opened and the minister and Lucy entered; but it was Lucy that kissed him, and said:

"Come home, Gavin! Come home. Papa says so, and I am yours, darling, forever from this hour."

"Yes, Gavin," said the doctor, as they talked together afterward, "I thought to-night is Christmas Eve; no better time to forgive and forget, to trust and love; and when I asked Lucy, she said it was God put the thought into my heart, and so we both came for you."

"And now, my dear second father, tell me why you put me through such an ordeal."

"Because I wanted first that you should think well over your past, and I knew that the lonely walk in all weathers and the lonely house, so full of tender

memories, was the best place for thought. Secondly, I knew if you had the resolution and the love to keep a promise extending over four months, you might be trusted with a graver promise. And now I have a double reward for you. Here is the order for ten thousand pounds and interest for ten years. Your father left them with me for you. We both knew you would waste the first ten thousand pounds, and very likely, also, would wander into the 'very far countries,' and feed upon husks before you would come home again ; but we also knew you *would come*, sooner or later, for you were well brought up in the way you should go ; and this was to be the portion of your second state, Gavin."

"And Lucy, father?"

"Lucy gave herself to you, and I'm well enough content. I am proud of the way you kept your bargain, and everybody has the good word for you now, Gavin."

"And I am glad enough of their good word and kind greetings, father. I'll do all a man may do to deserve both."

"That's right, Gavin Irwin! If a man 'doesn't care' for the respect of his fellow-creatures, he will very soon lose respect for himself ; and when self-respect is once gone, the devil has a good lien on everything else."

THE KENNEDYS' GOOD FORTUNE.

There have been rich Kennedys and poor Kennedys ever since the Kennedy clan first settled among the glens and straths of Dee. One of the rich ones—McIvor Kennedy—founded in Marischal College, Aberdeen, four perpetual bursaries for poor lads of the Kennedy name. Thus, for more than two hundred years, this "good McIvor" has been constantly educating poor Kennedys for the battle of life.

At the beginning of this century there was an orphan lad, called Kenneth Kennedy, who was herding sheep and studying hard for one of these bursaries. He was fourteen years old when he won it. That was nothing remarkable; the majority of the Marischal students are ready for their course at that age. It is no fancy college; few of the boys spend more than their bursaries, and all of them expect to come out "pith o' men" at eighteen.

Kenneth's bursary was worth twenty-five pounds a year, and he had eight pounds out of this to pay for fees. The balance (about $85 a year) would not seem to an American youth a possible living; but

in Scotland a great deal can be done with oatmeal, and fish. At eighteen, Kenneth had won his honors and was eager for the fray of life, though sorry, too, to leave the grand old halls where he had been prepared for it.

"You will have to depend on yourself, Kenneth, now," said Dr. McAllister; "*keep your eyes open, and your ears open, and be wide-awake to your finger ends.* Come, little Gracie, and bid Kenneth 'good-by.' She will be a grown lassie, I dare say, ere you see her again."

Gracie was only a little dame of six years old, but no one guessed how dearly Kenneth Kennedy loved the child. There was some slight tie of kinship between him and her father, and the doctor had been very kind to the orphan lad, and asked him every Sabbath-day to his house. In four years the baby and Kenneth had become fast friends, and to bid her farewell was the hardest trial that had ever come to him.

But he was going to Glasgow to make his fortune, the beginning of it being a position as a traveling-salesman to the house of Scott and Laird, sewed muslin manufacturers. The parting advice of Doctor McAllister stuck like a burr to his memory; if he forgot all else, he felt sure he would remember that, and he began to follow it from the very outset of his career.

Nothing came of it for a long time. Wise actions do not always bear rapid fruit; they often wait long for their opportunity. Kenneth traveled seven years for Scott & Laird, selling their goods in all

the towns between Glasgow and Manchester. But upon the whole it was a prosperous seven years; he formed habits of keen observation, and won slowly but surely the confidence of his employers. His salary had been gradually raised, and when he passed the Clydesdale Bank now, he looked at it with a great deal of regard, for he had five hundred pounds at interest there.

Perhaps some young men will say five hundred pounds was not a great result for several years' labor; but nominal value is not always indicative of real value, and what that five hundred pounds might yet be worth not even Kenneth then knew.

The next year it was necessary to send some one to London about an important sale, and Mr. Laird proposed Kenneth.

"He is a gude judge o' men, as weel as patterns, and he hasna made but twa bad debts i' sax years. I could ha'e dune little better mysel'."

"Yes, he's a pawkie lad, and he kens baith when to hold his tongue an' when to speak. We can do nane better than send Maister Kennedy."

So Kenneth went to London. It was a difficult piece of business, and was made more so by the hospitality of the person he was to do it with. Kenneth had to judge of the man's solvency under very delusive aspects; but his old habit of keeping his eyes and ears open not only served the firm well, but in this case laid the foundation of his own fortune on a broader basis.

He was walking one morning with his host in the splendid garden attached to his house, when he

noticed a very beautiful vine. Its heart-shaped leaves, and pale golden cones were trembling to every breeze, and a peculiar balmy, bitter odor instantly attracted him.

"What is it?" he eagerly asked.

"Oh, that is a hop-vine. My wife greatly admires them, and we usually grow a few as an ornament. 'The Barley Bride,' we call it down here."

Something about this vine strangely attracted Kenneth; and at night he visited it again—it was all withered, and as black as if burned by fire.

He could not avoid an exclamation of amazement and sorrow. His host looked at it ruefully and shrugged his shoulders.

"The green-fly has been here," he said; "if they choose to go eastward, they will sit down to a banquet which will cost our Kentishmen two million pounds."

Both passed on, and Kenneth's entertainer was soon absorbed in a new plan he had for growing grapes; but Kenneth's mind had suddenly caught an idea so important to him that he wanted to be alone and think it out.

He slept little all night, and by dawn of day was ready to start for Glasgow. The business for the firm had been completed, and it was naturally supposed that he wished to return northward at once. But he did not; he wrote to Glasgow, saying that he wished to remain in London a couple of days on his own affairs, and enclosed a check for five hundred pounds, as he intended using five hundred pounds of the moneys in his hand.

These five hundred pounds he laid out, to the last shilling, in hops, and then anxiously waited the result. In thirty hours there began to be rumors of blight and destruction, and before two days were over he felt his venture secure.

Scott & Laird were quite satisfied with his conduct of their business, and did him the honor to express some interest as to what investment could have seduced his five hundred pounds out of such safe-keeping as the Clydesdale bank. Mr. Laird was inclined to joke a little over it, and Mr. Scott gravely shook his head.

But the thing was not named again, and the months passed quietly away. At New Year's, Kenneth was ready to explain his investment and show the results. His five hundred pounds had become fifteen hundred pounds, and these he wished to invest in the firm of Scott & Laird. Both gentlemen were well inclined to consider the proposal. The money was not much, but to give eyes so keen an interest in the concern might be a great deal; and not very long afterward a "Co." was added to the name of the firm.

Kenneth's next great move was ten years after this event, and the house was now Scott & Kennedy. He still, however, traveled a great deal himself, and never failed to do so whenever there was likely to be a heavy or a long-continued business risk. He was sitting one night in the Skipton coach, and had fallen into that thoughtful state in which it is the pleasantest to close the eyes.

There were two other passengers inside with him,

but he judged them to be asleep. However, after a while they commenced a desultory conversation, which finally drifted into a very warm dispute about the value of shares on a certain canal route.

"I tell you," said one, "there is more gold in them than you can count, if they only had a different management. The traffic will be enormous, and the returns rapid."

The end of it was that Kenneth went back to the chief terminus of that canal route, cautiously made inquiries, and invested very largely in the stock. It seemed for some time as if he had made a great mistake. The shares went down and down and down. Instead of the looked-for dividend there was a "call" on the holders, and Mr. Scott was seriously provoked at his holding on to them.

But he had watched the people who sold, and the people who bought, and a test trial to buy more shares revealed the fact that there were none in the market. Very soon he began to have letters offering to buy his shares, and in all cases the buyers professed to have some peculiar reasons for wishing to buy, quite apart from the value of the shares.

Kenneth refused all such offers promptly, and when the five or six holders found they had really got all it was possible to secure, the shares went up rapidly to par; rose above it; declared a handsome dividend; and the canal was the best paying scheme of the day.

Out of the first proceeds of this investment Kenneth determined to buy an estate somewhere within sight of "bonnie Aberdeen." It was his first holi

day in nearly eighteen years; but it proved to be a very long one. He left Glasgow in the spring, and he did not return until the autumn, but he had been busy enough in the interval; for he had wooed and married Gracie McAllister, and seen the foundations laid of that beautiful residence which to-day crowns one of the most picturesque summits of the banks of the Dee.

Since then, the Kennedys, father and sons, have added acre to acre, and made their thousands, and tens of thousands. The canal shares have become vast railway interests, and a second Kenneth Kennedy has built a still more beautiful residence among the romantic dales of Glen Tanner.

There are no extraordinary windfalls, and no lucky accidents in this true story of the founding of a great house. The capital used is within the control of every intelligent young man—"Keep your eyes and ears open, and be awake to your finger ends."

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

Archy Galbraith sat in his office, docketing his last file of papers. It had been a persistently wet day, and through the muddy streets the miserable people, encumbered with umbrellas and overcoats plodded along in a kind of hopeless resignation.

"I wish Mark Elliott would come," he thought, as he arranged his desk for the morning's work; "I wish Mark would come." And with the wish Mark entered, his handsome person and impetuous manners forming the strongest contrast to his plain, calm, methodical friend. Yet the two loved each other sincerely and unselfishly.

One glance into Mark's face, however, told Archy that, in some way or other, there was to be a change in the evening's programme, and before it could be announced, he said:

"You have got a new sensation, I see. What is it?"

"No, really. I have received orders to dine at home; that is all. Aunt Margaret has company, and wants me to be entertaining; some young lady from Maryland that she has been expecting for

some time, and in whom she takes a great interest. The girl is pretty and rich, but I dare say I shall be in some danger; but I am willing to take the risk." And Mark, with a little affectation of dandyism, twirled his mustache, and straightened up his six feet of masculine beauty.

"Self-denying! Why am I not invited, too, I wonder?"

"The ways of women are past finding out. Auntie has some private reason. I think you ought to be more grateful for the 'breach than for the observance.' You know what a dinner in Twenty-eighth street is—no spices, no wines, and a deluge of coffee and sweetmeats—a regular woman's dinner, without even the consolation of a smoke."

"Pshaw! You know you like a flirtation better than a dinner, Mark. More fool you! However, in this case the woman may be worth it; very few are, though. Call in the morning and report, will you?"

With a nod of acquiescence and adieu, Mark was gone.

After all, his indifference was very much assumed, for the young lady from Maryland had long been an indefinite source of annoyance to him. He knew that he was expected to fall in love with her, and he knew better still that he had already anticipated that expectation in a different direction. All the way up Broadway, he was thinking of a pair of brown eyes, tender and bright, which had long held him a secret captive, and vowing that nothing nor anybody should make him false to the promise already given.

"Poor little Floy!" he thought, benignly. "It would break her heart, and I should hope I am not quite brute enough to do that."

His spirits rose as he neared home, and when his aunt spoke to him of Mary, and of her love for her, he asked:

"Is she a pretty girl, Aunt Margaret?"

"Always a man's first question about a woman. Well, I cannot tell you. I only saw her a moment or two as she came in. She preferred going to her room and resting before seeing any one."

"Then she is clever. Resting, of course, meant dressing."

"I do not see it in that light. Whom was there to dress for? Not you. I doubt if she knows of your existence."

"Dear aunt, then let her remain in ignorance. I am willing."

"What affectation, Mark!"

There was no time to say more. A servant opened the door, and quietly announced:

"Miss Peyton."

For a moment she stood at the open door, taking in with a rapid glance both the room and its occupants.

"Lovely as youthful poet's dream,
On summer eve, by haunted stream;'

her dusky beauty and star-like eyes enhanced by every device of dress and ornament. It was no wonder that Mark at once succumbed to her spell.

The evening was an enchanted one. Music and conversation added new charms to her eloquent face, and interpreted the soul sitting in her eyes.

"Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

And Mark no sooner looked than he loved. He passed a very restless night, and came down to the breakfast-table in what his aunt called a "touch-me-not" temper—neither rude nor cross; on the contrary, so excruciatingly polite, that she only felt oppressed and resentful. But when Mary entered, she brought with her a different atmosphere. Her smile cleared the room as a flash of electricity does the air. The radiance of her beauty was a real power against which there was no enchantment able to prevail. Mark would fain have remained, but had no excuse for doing so; and he had the mortification to see that his departure scarcely affected Mary at all.

On reaching Chambers street, he went at once to Archy's office. For a few minutes the young men sat and smoked without conversation. Archy, with characteristic caution, waiting for Mark to introduce the subject which he knew he had come to discuss. As usual, the weather was the opening wedge. Mark declared it to be suicidal.

"I behaved shamefully this morning at breakfast, and it was all the fault of the weather; it is enough to make a man forswear his country."

"Nonsense!" replied Archy. "I've been under those 'eternal skies of blue,' and a little of the gray

is quite the thing, in my opinion. Will not this young lady at home make a little independent sunshine for you ?"

"I am afraid of that kind of sunshine ; it is dangerous."

"Not to you who are acclimated. But describe it to me."

"I can't do it, Archy. She is just so bright that she dazzles you. Last night it was a soft, gray, silvery light, mingled with heavenly blue. This morning it was rosy, bright and sparkling. I can't analyze. I only know it made the room cheerful, in spite of fog and rain."

"And your bad temper ?"

"Ah ! that had to depart, as all evil spirits do before the light."

"I hope, Mark, you are not in love with this young lady."

"Why so ?"

"Because, Mark, it won't do. There is little Flora Kelvin ; it would break her heart if you should desert her now."

"There is no engagement between us."

"But there ought to be."

"That is hardly fair, Archy. You don't know the facts."

"I know you have taken considerable trouble for the past year to teach her to love you, and I do hope you are not going to make it an unfortunate lesson for her."

"Of course, I shall do nothing wrong to Flora.

You are not sympathetic this morning, Archy, so I am going."

All through the long day, Mark fretted and wearied over his accustomed work, but "time and the hour run through the longest day," and six o'clock came, although Mark thought it never would. Then through the light and bustle of Broadway he made his way to the stately quiet of Twenty-eighth street. He made a hasty toilet, for dress was not to Mark a necessary foible, and went to the dining-parlor.

Mary was sitting before the fire, thoughtfully rocking herself. An atmosphere of repose and calm pervaded her. To Mark, with his heart full of unrest and longing, going into her presence was like going into a sanctuary.

Instead of going to Flora, Mark sent a hurried apology; and in that selfish spirit which flavors even the best love of a man, stayed where inclination and not duty called him. And this was only the beginning of such selfish indulgence. Flora received more and more apologies and fewer calls, until even the apologies ceased to be necessary. Mark did not ask himself whether Mary loved him; he did not dare to think of his unmanly treatment of the dear little girl who had been so precious to him. He was absorbed in the delicious present, and blind to all future consequences. He went less and less, also, to Archy's, for Archy's evident disinclination to discuss the subject nearest Mark's heart irritated him like a reproach.

One night, coming home from business a little

later than usual, he met Mary coming down stairs. She was dressed for an entertainment, in some misty transparent, white material, which seemed to float about her. Her neck and arms were uncovered, and were beautifully white, yet having just enough rose tint to suggest that perfect health which is the crown of beauty. Her magnificent hair rippled and waved across her forehead, and was kept in place by a wreath of bright green leaves and gleaming white mistletoe berries, and a little spray of the same fastened the rich lace which formed her berthe. Mark stood still to watch her approach. Indeed, he was so fascinated that he could not have moved, unless it had been to throw himself at her feet. As she passed, she put out her hand with a smile, and then all his stormy, passionate love found a momentary voice.

"Mary! Mary!" he ejaculated, and put out his hand to detain her. But in her coldest tone, and stepping slightly backward, she answered:

"What did you say, sir?"

"*I* said nothing, Miss Peyton. *My heart* spoke to you. I was foolish enough to imagine you would hear it."

Then turning fiercely round, he shut himself in his own room in a storm of love and rage. His sufferings were so keen that he actually remembered "poor little Floy," and half resolved to return to his allegiance and forget the tantalizing woman who had allured him for the last few weeks from lover and friend and business. But love only mocked at such resolves; nothing would memory or even

reason reproduce but the one bewitching image, in its floating white drapery, looking down on him from the dim, wide staircase.

The next morning he was so disturbed, that he determined to go and talk the whole affair over with Archy, and if his advice was practicable—that is, agreeable—to take it. He was amazed, when Archy said :

"Flora Kelvin is engaged to a handsome young cavalry officer ; he was quite splendid in his uniform, I assure you. I understood it was an old attachment. She is not to be married until next month, as Captain Home is obliged to return to duty at present."

"Ah ! I'm glad of that. I shall go to see Flora to-night, and tell the little lady what I think of her."

Then he opened his heart about his other trouble and Archy listened very patiently while he described the scene of the previous night. He could offer him no consolation, however, except the assurance of Shakespeare, that—

"A woman often scorns what best contents her."

It would certainly have been both the wisest and the kindest course for Mark to have been grateful for the oblivion granted by the Kelvins, and quietly accept the same ; but this was utterly repugnant to the young man's feelings and pride. To be dropped, without regret and without reproach, wounded both his self-esteem and his affection. He felt nearer in love with Flora than he had been for many weeks, and a sense of wrong and injustice

which, under the circumstances, was ridiculous, haunted him, blending irresistibly with the miserable hope that Flora was as unhappy as himself. That night found him waiting again in the little drawing-room where he had so often waited for her. But she was longer in coming this time, and when she did come it was hard to believe that it was the same Flora. The little timid, shrinking girl who had been wont to nestle to his side and droop her large, brown eyes beneath his ardent gaze, met him to-night with a *sang-froid* and a polite indifference infinitely more galling than reproach. She drew her chair under the gaslight, and sat and crocheted with such cold serenity, that all the eloquence in his heart was frozen on his lips.

At length a little clock on the mantel chimed the well-known hour for tea, and Flora, in a tone which perfectly ignored the psat, asked him to come into the parlor and take a cup. As she made the request, she moved toward the door, but Mark reached it first, and standing so as to intercept her exit, said:

"Look up at me once more, Flora, and let us speak honestly together. You know you *love me*, and yet you are going to marry that Captain Home."

"*I do not love you*, Mark Elliott," she replied, raising her large dark eyes, and looking him steadily in the face.

"Since when have you ceased to do so, Flora?"

"Since I ceased to know you worthy of my love, Mark. If you will be selfish and rude, and compel me to speak, it is best for you then to hear the truth. I *did* love you; loved you in spite of your many

faults, and in spite of my friends' advice and of my mother's entreaties. But *I do not love you now.* If you taught me how to love, you taught me, too—O Mark! how shall I say the word?—to despise you; to find my idol clay was a miserable lesson. But I am not one of those who, after such a discovery, can still offer up, with tears and regrets, so costly a sacrifice as my own youth and hopes, and, with them, those of a mother equally precious to me. When you were fallen prostrate, I banished you from my heart forever."

"You soon found a new idol," said Mark, with a bitter sneer on his face.

"Mr. Elliott might have spared the sneer. Satan rebuking sin is not a very consistent spectacle."

"And are we to part thus, Flora?"

"We ought never to meet again. Why did you come? I will tell you why," she said, her eyes blazing with suppressed anger. "You came hoping that you would be able to make me suffer a miserable regret, to insult me with apologies which are in themselves insults. Do you not understand, sir, that there are wrongs a woman never has a memory tender enough to forgive? Allow me to pass, Mr. Elliott."

"No, hear me, Flora. I cannot part with you in anger. Is there no thought of the past sufficiently powerful to compel one kind word before I go?" And there were tears in his eyes and passionate entreaty in his voice.

"No, not in all the past, Mark. Not one. But there is much in the vast, untried future. I would

not dare to carry into my new life any bitter thoughts or angry feelings; for this reason, and because I pray to be forgiven 'as I forgive,' we must part friends." And she put both her little hands into his, and with a sad look passed quickly out of the room.

He had no right, he had no power to stay her. To him she must be henceforth only a memory and a name. He hardly knew yet whether he was glad or sorry. He felt only blind and stunned and angry. He found his way to the hall-door, and let himself out. As he did so he remembered how often Flora had stood there with him, loth to say "Good night." How often under the summer stars and the winter moonlight he had drawn her little hood and cloak about her, and coaxed her to walk with him round and round the silent square. He put these and a host of such memories away with a resolute will. He was intensely mortified, too. Neither Mary Peyton last night, nor Flora Kelvin to-night, had shown a proper appreciation of his devotion. Just then Mark Elliott was not inclined to appraise women generally, or those ladies particularly, very highly. Nevertheless there is always some little bit of comfort in every trial, if it is only looked for, and Mark soon began to manufacture his, not finding it in suitable phase. "After all, Flora was just a little *passee*." And that kind of strong-minded love which only gave as it received, and played a fellow back his own card so promptly was not his *beau-ideal* of womanly tenderness; besides, she did not love him. And with a shrug and a sneer he remembered that

old English love-song which is at once so sublimely selfish and so charmingly natural :

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

When he reached home, there was a sound of mirth and music strangely at variance with his feelings. Mary was in one of her most radiant moods, and seemed to have quite forgotten the little disagreement of yesterday. She asked him to sing with her, confided to him her private opinions of the company present, and, in short, took him into the most flattering degree of intimacy.

For the next two or three weeks all went prosperously. Aunt Margaret was happy with hope. Mark's hope was almost confidence. Mary was bewitchingly coy and tender, and over the whole house was a happy expectancy which almost intoxicated the happy lover. Day after day, Mark had resolved to put his fate to the touch, "and win or lose it all;" but still he hesitated, hoping by so doing to make it a blest certainty. He could not bear to renew the mortification of a previous evening.

A night or two before Flora's marriage, Archy came home with Mark to dinner, and the subject was brought incidentally under discussion.

"It is strange you have no invitation, Mark," said Mrs. Elliott. "I thought you were rather intimate there."

"Not so much," answered Mark, dropping his eyes, and becoming suddenly embarrassed as he

saw Mary flash a rapid, inquiring look at him. "Miss Kelvin was a nice little girl and a splendid partner for a dance."

"Well," said Mrs. Elliott, triumphantly, "I am glad to hear you say that, Mark. I have been much annoyed with reports and condolences intimating that the young lady had treated you very badly; in fact, jilted you."

"Really, aunt, I do not see how a man can be jilted when he has never been accepted; nor how he can be accepted when he has never proposed."

A grave look on Archy's face and one quite undefinable on Mary's were the only answer to this remark; and, after an uncomfortable silence, the subject was allowed to drop.

A few evenings after, the opportunity Mark had been eagerly looking for arrived. His aunt left the dinner-table early, to have an interview with her lawyer in the library, and Mary and Mark were left alone. When coffee came, she took her favorite rocking-chair before the fire, and sat gazing into the cup as if she would read her fortune there. Thus sitting, she was very lovely, the luminous blaze making all sorts of glancing lights in her silken robe, gleaming bands of gold whitening her arms and throat, and rose-tinted ribbons brightening the darker splendor of her dress.

Mark stood gazing at her until her beauty inspired him with a desperate courage. Then he told her how precious she was in his eyes—how dear to his heart. Love taught him a new language, and he became really eloquent as he pleaded his own cause

But on Mary's face was only an incredulous smile, which gradually changed into a look of sorrow and regret.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Miss Peyton—not one word of hope?"

"You will hardly expect it, Mr. Elliott, when I tell you that Flora Kelvin and I have long been the dearest and closest of friends. I knew you by her letters—so fond and so enthusiastic regarding you—long before I saw you; and I accepted your aunt's invitation partly in the hope of being the means of introducing Flora to her, and assisting a happy *denouement* of her love to you. Since then, I have been the confidant of all her grief and disappointment. I heard you degrade the woman who ought to have been your wife into 'a nice little girl—a very pleasant partner for a dance!' And after all this, Mr. Elliott, can you hope for a moment that I am desirous of occupying a similar position? I am very sorry for you; but all things find their equivalents in this world, and you are only paid in your own coin."

Mark is still unmarried, and declares he will always remain so. I think it very likely; for of just such material as this are old bachelors composed.

ROY OF AIRLIE,

"Janet, may I come beside you? I am tired of reading."

"'Deed, Laird, ye may. Nae wonder you are tired o' reading thae daft-like heathen books. I am busy enough wi' the haver bread-making, but you're aye welcome in hall or kitchen, to Janet."

Haver bread-baking is one of the hardest duties of the Cumberland housewife, and Janet lifted a flushed face, and straightened herself with an air of relief, to give the laird his welcome. He was a handsome young fellow, not a year home from college, and his own master. He still wore mourning for the old laird, but it became him well, as did also his merry way of throwing off his air of "still delightful studies."

"Don't abuse my heathen books, Janet; wonderful men wrote them, and they are full of grand thoughts."

"Then what for didna they write them in decent English? I'm aye doubtful o' books in thae dead languages. When ony tongue has put off flesh and blood, it is too ghaist-like to meddle wi', unless

mayhap, for the Black Art;" and Janet looked half doubtingly at her young master.

"Oh, my books are all right, Janet. The minister borrowed some of them yesterday."

"I dinna ken, sir. Whatna for do ye read some o' them backward, then? Didna I see him and you begin at the end o' ane o' them and read it backward?"

"That was Hebrew, Janet."

"O!" But the "O!" was a very suspicious ejaculation, and Janet thumped her cake with great emphasis to a very peculiar shake of her head.

Young Roy laughed, and continued his leisurely walk through the white-flagged house-place. It was a charming apartment, though only a flagged one, and especially so this morning. The sweet, savory smell of the fine oatmeal delicacy, the sight of the motherly Janet in her spotless cap and apron, the snowy, pipe-clayed floor, the shimmer of pewter and tins and brasses, ranged upon the deal shelves of the "dresser," all made an idyllic picture, which not even Theocritus could match, and Roy felt it.

"Janet, you are half right; your kitchen and your occupation and you yourself are a better piece of poetry than any I have read this morning."

"There's naught but what is sensible and world-like about Janet, Master Roy; an' naebody ever spoke o' po'try an' me in the same breath before; ye maun talk your nonsense to sillier folk than Janet Armstrong, Laird."

"There is lovely Alice Elderslie—is she not a poem, Janet?"

"'Deed, she's a vera guid bonnie lassie, an' far too much respecktit to be making po'try about. Naebody should say aught to Alice Elderslie but the honest truth."

Roy walked thoughtfully up and down, and Janet furtively watched him, as he went between her table and the heated marble slab where her cakes were baking.

"You are very fond of Alice, Janet."

"There's reason for a' things, Master Roy, an' I ha'e guid ones, mair than ane, for loving the house of Elderslie, root an' branch."

"When I was at college, Alice came every day here—Adam says so."

"Adam Strong has mair tongue than guid sense; but he spake the truth that time."

"Why does she not come every day, now?"

"Guid reasons, Master Roy; your fayther—God rest him!—an' you are totally different pairsons. It would ill-sort Miss Elderslie to be coming every day to Airlie, an' you sitting i' your fayther's chair. Dear me! dear me! I think I see the old laird an' Miss Alice walking by his side." And Janet stopped and looked thoughtfully through the lattice.

"Janet, I am going over to Mr. Elderslie's. I want to ask his opinion about something."

"Ye needna ask Squire Elderslie's opinion about anything but stanes an' roots an' sic havers. If it's about gowd or land or business, you gang to Lawyer

Bell, Master Roy—he comes of a wise generation, an' he'll lead you nae foolish gaits."

Roy laughed and disappeared, and Janet went on with her work, muttering as she clapped the wafer-like cakes :

"Much o' the squire's opinion he wanted ; he kens weel he's awa' to the hills this fine day with his bag an' his hammer—it's Miss Alice, of course. I wish she had a bit tocher. Airlie is worn out, half crops, an' no' a third o' the wool we used to shear. Alice has naught ava but her peat lands an' her sma' house-farm ; beauty an' birth havna ony cash value nowadays—never had, as far as I ken. Alice and Airlie would be just naething added to naething."

In the meantime, Roy had found Alice, and asked her opinion about a great many questions. He found these kinds of consultations so charming that he continued them daily. He really hardly considered the responsibility and danger of these pleasant meetings and rambles. Alice's sweet, rose-like beauty, her guileless innocence and frank delight in his company had led him to respond in a manner that rather startled him when Janet took him plainly to task about it.

"You'll ha'e spoke to the squire for Miss Alice, I suppose, Master Roy," she said, bluntly, one morning.

"Why, what do you mean, Janet?"

"I thought a gentleman aye asked the fayther before the daughter ; it's an auld fashion, but a guid one, I'm thinking."

"What made you think I had asked either?"

"Because, to my ken, dishonor an' your fayther's blood are no kin to each ither."

"Janet, do you know what you are saying?"

"Finely, Master Roy; an' I ken what the country-side is saying, too; an' if the squire is sae wrapped up i' his foolishness as to see naught an' hear naught, I ken well nae honorable gentleman will take ony advantage o' that."

"Janet, do you think it will be a good thing for me to marry Alice Elderslie?"

"I dinna say it will be a guid thing—counting siller like, but I say it will be the right thing."

"The 'right thing' ought to be the same as the 'good thing.'"

"That is as ye read it. If ye have passed a promise, Airlie, be lord o' your word an' keep it."

Roy Airlie went out a very thoughtful man. He had not, indeed, in so many words, asked Alice to be his wife; but in many ways of sweet persuasion he had asked her that question. He loved her, too, and he believed that she loved him; but what of that? Was marriage the only honorable close to such a sweet summer pastime? To marry Alice was only to add one poor, impoverished estate to another; and he had just begun to realize that poverty was a very uncomfortable drawback to proprietorship, and to listen to the proposals of Lawyer Bell for raising money to improve and drain his lands. Life seemed yet so rich in possibilities.

Full of such thoughts, he rambled on. It was a cool, brisk morning in October, and several hunting

parties crossed the moors at different points—the joyous view-hallo, the sound of the horns, and the music of the dogs, came noisily or faintly up the breeze. He thought of the pleasures of the chase, of owning fine hunters and dogs, of keeping open house, and being a member of the county hunt, of fine old Airlie Hall and its capabilities, and how twenty thousand pounds would make it the handsomest and most productive estate in East Cumberland.

He hardly knew how time passed, but looking suddenly up, he saw a lady on horseback, standing about half a mile to his right, and waving her veil as if for help. He knew in a moment what for. She had lost her way and got into Scaffel Moss. A step or two on any side might engulf both the horse and rider.

He galloped rapidly toward her as near as was safe, and then cautiously advancing, told her to dismount, and guided her on to firm ground. The horse, left to its own instinct, picked its way out with much cleaner feet than either Roy or the lady, rubbed up an acquaintance with Roy's horse, and then patiently waited for its mistress.

Roy did not wonder; it seemed to him as if no more exquisite piece of womanhood had ever been formed. Great, black eyes moving lazily in a kind of soft, tender light. A rich, glowing complexion, delicate features, and red, pouting lips. She had pretty little womanish ways, and rode with a daring recklessness—a creature half faun and half centaur, with blood of fire. Roy was dazzled, enchanted,

enthralled, and the more so when he knew that she was the only child of a rich Calcutta merchant.

They were visiting at London Park, and she had got separated from her party in the ardor of the hunt, lost her way, wandered into danger, and into Roy's horizon. She made sad commotion in that horizon during the next few weeks; now splendidly gracious, now haughtily indifferent, now meeting Roy's advances with more than equal passion, now treating him with a coldness that almost drove him wild.

Her mother had been a Mahratta chieftainess, and she was going back, she said, with her father to Calcutta in a few weeks. Janet prayed for her departure. Her dress, manner, style of beauty, her very name, were an offense.

"*Mahal*, indeed!" she said when told Mahal was her name. "Such a heathenish name just fits her; she's more like a splendid leopard than a woman."

And just as a leopard might play with its victim she played with Roy; now suffering him to escape her toils, now luring him back with some fresh witchery that he was powerless to resist. But, at length, one night she encouraged him to pour out his whole heart; she suffered him to hold her childlike hands —to feel the perfume of her drooping curls—to touch her glowing cheeks. She dismissed him with a kiss that intoxicated him with joy, and the next morning left for Calcutta without one word of kindness or farewell.

He did not know she had gone for twenty-four hours. The news smote him like a sword. He went

back to Airlie House like a man stricken with death. The disappointment was the climax to six weeks of worry and anxiety; typhoid fever was the most natural of results, and Roy went down to the very gates of the grave with it. It is said that most love affairs can be cured by a smart attack of fever; we can only judge Roy's by the results.

Whatever thoughts occupied the long hours of his recovery, the first visit he made was to Alice Elderslie. He frankly confessed his infatuation for the splendid Mahal, and begged her, if she could trust an affection whose roots lay deeper than it, to forgive and accept him.

But a woman's instinct in such matters is very fine. Alice saw good reasons to distrust his cure. She was quite sure that Mahal yet had a very powerful influence over him. Perhaps she was right, for upon Alice's refusal, Roy placed his estate in Lawyer Bell's care, left the house with Janet, and suddenly disappeared.

Of course, he went to Calcutta, and upon the principal that "like cures like," he could have done no wiser thing. He saw there a superfluity of beauties like the magnificent Mahal. Hundreds of women, with soft, black, lustrous eyes, and carnation cheeks, and forms of voluptuous loveliness. The semi-barbaric splendor of dress and jewels which had so dazzled him by its contrast with the simplicity of English costume, became a common and familiar sight. Mahal lost by the side of still lovelier half-breeds; and as she had touched no

moral or intellectual point of Roy's character, she soon lost him altogether.

There very soon came a time when he could have paid her back in her own coin; but Roy came of a race of gentlemen, and Mahal's weapons were not in his armory.

From Calcutta he came to Australia, and there turned his knowledge of sheep-raising to very great advantage. He took a partner and renewed, in a kind of Arabian Nights fashion, his experience of sheep-shearing on the Cumberland Hills. He was among countrymen, was making money rapidly, and was not unhappy. He fully intended to remain in Australian sheep-walks until he had made sufficient to realize his dreams for Airlie House.

But one day his partner went down to Sidney and returned with a sweet, fair young English girl who, trusting to his love, had come to the ends of the earth to marry him. She was not like Alice, only in kind, but somehow she brought Alice, and Alice's sweet, tender, womanly love and loveliness so near to Roy that he could not bear his separation from her any longer.

He had not a memory of Alice which did not link itself with purity, religion, love of home, and love of country. His wild infatuation for Mahal had not touched so holy a feeling, and absence had only fed and strengthened it. He found that he possessed about ten thousand pounds, and he gave up the chances of the next shearing without a care, and set his face England-ward.

Janet was clapping her haver-bread one morning

ROY OF AIRLIE AND ALICE ELDERSLIE.——*See Page* 223.

in spring when Roy opened the door and suddenly stood before her.

"Guid sakes, Master Roy, is it you or your ghaist?"

"It is I, Janet.'

"Then you're vera welcome, an' no' before you're needed. There's auld Elderslie an' Lawyer Bell gaun clean daft aboot ye—for me, I telt them you'd turn up again when ye get ret ready to."

"Janet, you are real glad to see me, you know you are. Why, there are tears in your eyes, woman!"

"Mair shame for ye to bring them there, Master Roy—maist breaking my heart these three years."

"Janet, we will not part again, I hope. Where is Alice Elderslie?"

"'Deed, she was here a minute since; she'll ha'e gane to the garden belike."

Roy lost no time in going to look for her; and Janet, watching him through the open lattice, nodded her head with great satisfaction at the sight of the young laird under the apple-blossoms, and sweet Alice Elderslie walking lovingly beside him.

"He ought to ha'e said the words he's saying the now, three years ago," murmured Janet, regretfully, "but they're better late than never."

"Janet, Janet, Alice has promised to be my wife!"

"In time she comes whom God sends, Master Roy; but whiles men are fain to kill themselves for the ither ane. Do ye ken what has come o' your

Mahal? She ran awa' with a clerk i' her fayther's employ, an' they took sae much o' the old man's gowd wi' them, that they maist ruined him. I hope we shall ne'er hear the end o' that marriage; it canna be a guid ane."

In the meantime, Janet had sent for Squire Elderslie and Lawyer Bell, and Roy was eating dinner with Alice when the two gentlemen arrived.

"My letter, Airlie! Did you get my letter? But that is impossible; it only left ten days ago."

"I got no letter from you, Bell."

"Then you don't know what Elderslie and I wrote to you about?"

"As I got no letter—impossible I should."

"Tell him, Elderslie."

"He won't believe me, Bell. My wisdom is all foolishness to him, and most other people; but Lawyer Bell's word is as good for cash as the Bank of England."

"Then, Airlie, we wrote to tell you that Elderslie has found an immense bed of coal, half of it on his land and half on yours. It is so rich, that I am sure if you want to buy back the old earldom of Airlie, you may do it in half a score of years."

"Let the earldom go. I have now Alice of Elderslie—that is enough joy for any man to bear in one day. Come, now, and rejoice with us, and then to-morrow I will talk with you about seams and shares and profits."

"Janet," said Roy, as he bade her good-night; "Janet, I have won the best and loveliest wife in all the world."

"And a weel-tochered one, too, Master Roy. I'm no saying that Miss Alice needed a fortune, but one does no harm."

"And I am in the right road this time, Janet?"

"Weel, weel, the right road is aye, some gait or ither, a profitable road. A guid wife is from the Lord, an' she's aye kin to Good Fortune!"

THE UDALER'S DAUGHTER.

Gray with the storms of centuries is the old Norse town of Kirkwall, the capital of a group of islands cut off from the rest of the world by the stormy Pentland Firth.

The French War was going on, and the Orkneys were favorite objects of the French privateers, for the people were rich in gold, and very fond of rich clothing and valuable ornaments. So the English government kept a garrison in Kirkwall, and a man-of-war that hunted the seas around; and what with the French prisoners and the Dutch skippers and the English soldiers and the native Orcadians, the streets were full of stir, and queer, interesting life.

In those days, the greatest man around Kirkwall was Udaler, or Freeholder, Paul Thorso, forty years of age—kindly, but heart-full of his island prejudices. One morning in October, A. D. 1805, he might have been seen coming down the main street, his gigantic form jogging along on a rough Shetland pony, his feet raking the ground, and his prehistoric hat tied on the back of his head.

He stopped at the usual rendezvous—Peter Fae's warehouse—and had a kindly word and a firm grip

for every one there, except a slim, dark, handsome Frenchman, who was leaning on a great cask of brandy, and chattering away in his imperfect English in an amusing way. Paul Thorso did not like Frenchmen, hence he offered him no handshake, still he could not resist the fascination of the foreigner's company. Besides, though a prisoner, it was well understood that Monsieur Victor Loubarreé was a gentleman and a great favorite of the commanding officer, Colonel Lucies.

This morning, too, Paul was in unusually good spirits; his son Hacon had just returned safely from a prosperous voyage to Iceland, and he intended giving a four days' feast in consequence. He especially invited every one present except the Frenchman, and to him he said, frankly:

"Thou must excuse me, stranger, I do not wish thee to come."

"Pardon, Monsieur Udaler, but I wish very much to come."

It was impossible to resist the good-natured tone and smile, and Monsieur Loubarreé won his way, although the udaler grumbled to himself about it as he rode home. To tell the truth, he had a very good reason for disliking Monsieur Loubarreé's visits. He feared that his daughter Elga like him too well; but he resolved to make her brother Hacon a partner in his fears, and the girl would not dare, he thought, to oppose a twofold authority.

When he got home he forgot his anxiety; the house was already full of young girls, who were sitting in groups and chatting and knitting, or

busily braiding straw ; and Elga was passing from room to room looking after the spreading of the numerous tables and the preparation necessary for a large number of guests. Then, as the short day began to darken, the officers and other guests from Kirkwall arrived, and his duties as host made him forget his fatherly doubts.

He had seen Elga at the head of one table, and had been watching her fair, stately figure in every dance, and not once detected the obnoxious Frenchman near her. But toward the close of the evening, as the hilarity became more free, and the guests scattered through the hall and parlors, he missed both of them together. He found them in the front court, walking slowly up and down under the united glory of a great white moon and brilliant aurora that shot spears of rosy light from every quarter toward the zenith.

As they turned and faced him, he was struck with the rarely diverse beauty of the two. Elga was fair and stately as a lily, and her bright, golden hair, falling over her white-down wrapping, had in that strange light a magical beauty. Victor's bronze skin, black eyes, and lithe, graceful figure, he acknowledged to be equally fascinating, but it was a charm to which he was unused and distrusted. He was very angry, and the passionate, pleading attitude of the dark, uplifted face, and the tender drooping of Elga toward it, was a wrong and an insult that he could hardly endure.

But all his traditions of hospitality forbade him, while Victor was his guest, to interfere ; for this

rough Northern gentleman had an instinct of chivalry for his guests almost oriental in its plenitude.

But when the feast was over, and the guests sent away with a "loving cup" and the "peace word," he summoned Elga at once into his presence. She came in laughing merrily, her brother at her side. That was well, also; it was time that Hacon knew the disgrace his sister contemplated for the ancient house of Thorso.

But Hacon sympathized with his sister, who avowed her love for Victor. The old Norseman was kind but firm, and closed the interview by saying to Elga:

"There is only one way for thee and me—only one way; see thou walk in it."

The long winter passed; Elga made no appointments to meet her lover, but still they did meet occasionally. The udaler was busy all winter with his duties as host to some one or other, but Elga readily obtained permission to join parties of young people who were going to some other udaler's house for a week or two of merrymaking, and Victor nearly always dropped in among them the second day. There was no understanding to this effect—Elga would have scorned an intrigue—and her intercourse with Victor was perfectly open and honest. If the udaler was ignorant of it, it was because he never asked and because all his friends naturally avoided a voluntary communication on what was known to be an unpleasant topic.

If, indeed, Paul Thorso had made any inquiries, he might have heard other news which would have

been nearly as displeasing to him. Hacon's affection for the "handsome foreigner," had become a passion, and all Kirkwall knew that the young Norse gentleman spent most of his days in the garrison with the Frenchman.

Elga watched this friendship with pleasure; she knew Victor would hear everything about her from Hacon, and without many leading questions, the simple, good-hearted Hacon revealed all he knew about Victor. She was happy and hopeful, for she believed that the course of true love would run smoothly eventually if people had patience with the little bit of crooked way found in every road; and she was not wrong.

One morning in early spring, there was a very happy, good-natured crowd in Peter Fae's shop. The sky was calm and blue; the sea was calm and blue; and the lark and thrush were thrilling the warm, delicious air. Suddenly, a little lad ran breathlessly into the shop, and, touching Hacon, said:

"I'm bidden to tell thee, Thorso, there's an unco shoal o' ca'ing whales near the East Bay."

Of all information, this to the Orcadians is the most welcome and exciting. Men who had dozed all winter, and seemed hopelessly lazy and inert, leaped up like warriors; the dull, heavy faces were aglow with fire; and in a moment, one knew these were the genuine descendants of Thor and Odin and the old sea-kings. Armed with spears, pikes, bayonets, swords, knives, anything they could reach, they were soon surrounding the shoal with wild

shouts, and driving them before them into the shallow bay. Many of the officers had joined the exciting chase, and Victor was among them.

Aided by the advancing tide, in a couple of hours the whole shoal was floundering in shallow water, and a tremendous slaughter going on. The Frenchman was a transformed being; the contest with these unwieldy brutes stimulated to a frenzy the natural love of fight in him, and many a Norse seal-hunter paused in wonder at the rapidity and dexerity of his blows. Hacon kept close beside him. Hour after hour the fight continued; the sea was a crimson sea, and the shouts of the men in the water, and of the women and children on the shore, blended terribly with the shrill cries of the wounded whales and the strange snorting and humming of the dying ones.

The Udaler Thorso had been as active as any, but not too busy to notice how the fight had transformed the Frenchman, and how his enthusiasm had kindled Hacon to deeds that amazed his father. Paul did not know how to lie, even to his own heart, and he said, frankly:

"Yon man, be he French or the de'il, is worthy to sit beside the best viking that ever sailed; indeed he is."

Toward evening, when nearly two hundred whales had been slain, and the people were busy drawing them to land, there was a sudden shout of terror mingled with the name of Hacon Thorso. The udaler leaped into a boat, and four men pulled him rapidly toward the spot. Then it was dis-

covered that Hacon had leaped out of the boat give the *coup de grâce* to a large whale, and had sunk, reappearing at some distance in an apparently drowning condition. Victor had immediately dived after him, and as the udaler approached, the Frenchman was striving against the tide and some undercurrent to keep Hacon's head above water till help reached them.

But the young men were exhausted with their eight hours' fight, and were almost at the mercy of the waves when the udaler's boat reached them. Hacon was insensible, and Victor became so immediately after being rescued. Thorso's house was only a quarter of a mile's pull, and thither the half-drowned men were carried. Hacon soon recovered, and in thirty hours was quite able to go and help in the cutting up and the division of the spoils. Victor remained many days upon the great lounge, bedded deep with seal-skins ; but he was quite contented there ; from it he could watch Elga in all her lovely household ways.

The udaler, with his great heart on fire with gratitude, acknowledged, as he watched the handsome face, its strange charm ; and he was anxious also to acknowledge the great debt that he owed the savior of the last descendant of the Thorsos. Victor might have asked half his estate and got it, but he asked far more ; he asked the hand of the daughter for the life of the son, and he placed his case so plausibly that Paul was half convinced of its justice, and sorely beset to know how to grant something equivalent.

He began first to demur, on the ground of their unequal birth. "Elga was of the noblest blood, the last daughter of a long line of Norse heroes." The Frenchman claimed a still higher nobility, and declaring that the marriage would make Elga a countess of the French empire, referred the udaler to Colonel Lucies. That gentleman confirmed Victor's statement, adding the significant fact that Loubarreé had been free to return to France for many months, and had endured the rigors of an Orcadian winter for the sole pleasure of being near Elga Thorso.

Colonel Lucies spoke warmly in favor of his friend; to tell the truth, he was amazed at Victor's admiration for a style of beauty, which, however dazzling to the dark Provençal, was not so remarkable to an Englishman accustomed to every shade of blonde loveliness. Neither could he understand the family pride of Thorso; he certainly thought a French count a splendid match for an Orkney udaler's daughter. Hacon also warmly supported Victor's wishes, and before summer was over Elga's calm patience and cheerful obedience had their full reward. In the famous old cathedral of St. Magnus Elga Thorso was married, amid a goodly company of Kirkwall magnates to Victor, Count of Loubarreé, in Provence, France.

The udaler gave her a portion of £10,000, but it was remarked that she left it in Kirkwall Bank. Indeed, Elga had queer little prejudices, in spite of her virtue and good sense, and she said to Hacon: "It is Orkney gold; there is no call to carry it into

an enemy's camp." Whereat the infatuated husband only smiled and answered that "madame, the countess, must always do what pleased her best."

So Elga went from ice-bound Orkney to grape-garlanded Provence, and her beauty there was a marvel, and Victor's admiration for his northern goddess increased yearly. She bore him two sons and two daughters. The boys inherited her beauty, and one of them her race's passion for the sea, but both died young—one fighting in Algeria, the other in the stormy Bay of Biscay. One daughter married a Provençal noble, the other married an English gentleman called Martin Creffell, who lived on the coast of Cumberland. With Mary Creffell (the only child of this couple) I went to school through many pleasant days.

It was in the year 1846 that Mary told me a young Orkney gentleman, a connection of her mother's family, was coming to see them. He was a fine young fellow called Biron Velzain, and he staid so long in the old Cumberland mansion that I was not at all surprised to hear of their engagement. It gave universal satisfaction, and to no one so much as to Grandmamma Elga, Countess of Loubarreé, who determined, though in her sixtieth year, to visit once more her daughter and her native land.

Biron and Mary were married in her presence, and after the ceremony she gave Mary as a wedding gift £10,000 and its interest, which had been lying over forty years in Kirkwall Bank.

"It is Orkney gold, my dear," she said, "and you

are going back to spend it in Orkney ; that is right, you know."

Then she began talking with such enthusiasm of the land of her birth and her youth, that Biron impulsively said :

"Mamma, why not go back with us for a little visit? Thy good father still lives, hale and happy ; and Hacon's children and grandchildren will rejoice to see thee."

The idea pleased her and grew rapidly. A steamer was chartered at Whitehaven, and after a pleasant sail old Paul Thorso welcomed on Kirkwall pier his daughter Elga and his son-in-law Victor, his granddaughters, the Marchioness of Chélong and and Mrs. Creffel, and his great-granddaughter and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Biron Velzain.

The old men of these islands have a green old age, and Paul had preserved, though eighty years old, a large measure of all his faculties. No one enjoyed this six weeks' reunion more than he did. It was the Indian summer of his life, and after it was over he seemed satisfied with earth. At any rate, without suffering and without decay, he very soon afterward attained to look upon the beginning of eternal peace.

HOW I SAID "YES,"

My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism called me "Olive," and they lived to be heartily ashamed of themselves for it, for never was there a child with a more mistaken name. A belligerent state was my normal condition. I do not remember my nurses, but I have grace enough to pity them. The mildest of my teachers considered me "unruly," and you can ask Geoffrey what he thought of me a year ago. Now it is different. I have found my master, and I believe I rather like it. This is how it came about:

Geoffrey had asked me three times to marry him, and three times I had said "No," in the most decided manner. But that never made the least difference to him. He only laughed, and said I would know my own mind better next time.

"I suppose," I said, "you mean to ask me once a quarter?"

"Is that enough?"

"Too often, a great deal, sir."

"Well, then we will say once in six months, Miss Olive."

And then he walked smilingly away, and began some nonsensical talk with father about Doctor Koch and his bewildering theories.

This last asking was just at the beginning of warm weather, and father, who thought Geoffrey's opinion infallible, asked him where he would advise us to go for the summer.

I had made up my mind to go to Long Branch, and I said so, very distinctly; but Geoffrey proposed some out-of-the-way place in the Virginia mountains. Then he painted it in such glowing colors that nothing would satisfy father but a personal investigation. It was all Geoffrey's doing, and I told him so at the railway station.

"It is your doing, sir," I said, "and I shall remember you for it."

"Thanks, Olive," he replied; "there is nothing I fear but forgetfulness."

I wanted to speak unmistakably to him, but the train moved, and I felt that it would be only waste material.

At the end of the second day we got to our destination. It was a pretty place; I must acknowledge that. Nature had done all she could for it, but art and civilization had passed it by. The men were simply "frights," and the women were—well, none too good for the men. The houses were log-cabins, through which daylight peeped and the wind blew as it listed. But there was, of course, a big white hotel—there always is. I have no doubt if we had gone to Stanley Falls or Guthrie we should have found a hotel and a proprietor—the institution is

ubiquitary. We procured rooms, and my trunks were, with some difficulty, got up the hill and the flight of wooden steps into the hall.

"I supppse," I said, with a resigned look at father, "there is no use in taking them up-stairs. I can have no use for my dresses here?"

"As you like, Olive," he replied, in one of his meek and mild ways; "as you like, dear; that gray thing you have on looks pretty well, and it does not show the dirt."

After this remark, of course, I had every trunk, bonnet-box and satchel taken up-stairs; and the noise and confusion, and even the occasional bad word their size and weight called forth, were quite grateful to me.

"It is not my fault," I explained. "If people will build stairs like corkscrews, I am not responsible."

In this amiable mood we took possession, and I think if Geoffrey had known what I was thinking about it, as I did up my hair and put on my white evening dress, he would have lost a trifle of his self-complacency—that is, if men ever do make a loss of that kind. The first thing that pleased me was the supper. It really was good, particularly the berries and cream, which are a specialty with me.

"But, sir," I inquired, "are there any Christians here besides ourselves?"

"It is to be hoped so, Olive. I saw a little church in the valley."

"Pshaw, father! I did not mean church Christians; I mean society Christians."

"Ah, they are different, are they? Well, what do you think of Augusta Pennington for a Christian?"

"Augusta Pennington! Is she here?" I asked amazed.

"No, she is not, but her brother lives within two miles, and he has a daughter about the same age as yourself. Mrs. Pennington wrote them we should be here to-day; they will doubtless call in the morning."

Well, I did not care if they did. The dresses in my trunks were sufficient to inspire any woman with comfortable assurance. The next morning I made a beautiful toilet, but neither Mr. nor Miss Lacelles called. Just after supper I heard a little stir and bustle on the stairs, a rippling laugh, the rustle of silken robes, and, leaning on her father's arm, Miss Lacelles entered. She was beautiful; I saw that at a glance; tall and pale and lady-like, reminding you of a fair white lily. We soon struck up a friendship—a girls' friendship, I mean. Some one has said that there is no friendship between the sexes, and some one is mistaken, I think, for the world holds no safer friend for a woman than an honorable man. A woman's friendship is very likely to be the result of convenience, contiguity, or of being, as my father rather sneeringly remarked, "the only Christians within hail of each other." Mary showed me all her dresses and told me her secrets, and I returned the compliment, mindful of Burns's advice to still "*keep something to mysel'* I wadna tell to ony."

Life settled down into an unexciting but endurable routine. Mary and I visited each other and

arranged our next winter's campaign, for I had invited her to pass the cold weather with me in New York. One day, in the middle of one of these pleasant chats, a servant came in and handed me a card. The name on it roused at once all the antagonism in my nature. It was—

GEOFFREY GARDINER.

Now it so happened that the existence of this gentleman was the one thing I had kept back in my confidences with Mary. So I had now to explain who and what he was. I wanted her to come into the parlor with me; but no, she would go home first and dress; but she promised to be back to tea.

I disliked Geoffrey, yet I was glad to see him. My mental faculties were rusting for want of attrition. Father would not quarrel with me, and Mary was my only face card. I could not throw her away. Besides, I rather liked to see his great, handsome figure in the room. He was so full of life that he seemed to vitalize even the chairs and stools; they tumbled about and got out of the way in the strangest manner. I told him about Mary Lacelles, and warned him that he would lose his heart. He gravely told me he had none to lose.

Imagine six feet two inches of manhood without a heart.

We waited tea for Mary, but she did not come till quite dark, and we had begun tea. She said she had been detained by company, but I knew better than that. She was dressed with reference to candle-light effect, and would not lose its influence on her first appearance. I never saw her look so lovely; her rose-colored dress, with its broad shimmering bands of white silk, wonderfully enhanced her charms. Geoffrey looked delighted, and she gave him the full benefit of both her upward and downward glances.

When tea was over, I left the room a few minutes, and when I came back, found Geoffrey and Mary sitting opposite each other, with the chess-board between them as an excuse for flirtation. The move had been so rapid that I was astonished, and a little angry, too; and father did not improve matters by whispering, as I passed his chair:

"Checkmated, Olive!"

It was not a pleasant evening to me, and it was the beginning of many unpleasant ones.

"How it came let doctors tell," but I began to like Geoffrey just as soon as he began to like Mary. I called up pride to the rescue, but it did not help me much, and I suffered a good deal in watching Geoffrey's attentions to Mary, and listening to her prattle about him. I thought her supremely silly and I told her so. She was astonished at my petulance, but I don't think she suspected the truth. Only father did that, and he looked so, "Serve you right, miss," that I longed for him to be a woman for an hour or so, that I might talk back to him.

One day, after Geoffrey had been a month with with us, a riding party was proposed to the top of the mountain. Father and I, Geoffrey and Mary—that would be the order, of course; and I was prepared for that; but there is a last straw in every burden, and my last straw was this incident. They were mounted and waiting for me, when Mary dropped her glove. From my window I saw Geoffrey pick it up, put it on the hand laid so confidingly in his, and then kiss it. After that I was not going to ride for king nor *kaiser*. I sent a positive refusal to all entreaties, and as soon as they were out of sight indulged in a good, refreshing cry. I cried myself to sleep, and woke about dusk with a newborn purpose in my heart which comforted me wonderfully, the key-note of which was: "She stoops to conquer." Yet I did not dress again. I knew they were to take tea at Mr. Lacelles's; so I threw my dressing-gown around me, and taking a novel in my hand, I ordered a cup of strong tea and went into the sitting-room. As I walked in at one door, Geoffrey walked in at the other.

"I came to take you to Mr. Lacelles's, Olive," he said.

"How do you propose doing it, sir? For unless you bind me hand and foot, and get a couple of darkies to tote me there, I really don't think you will succeed."

"I could carry you myself."

"Could you? I don't think you would enjoy the journey."

"Will you dare me to do it?"

"Not to-night. I should like to insure my life first."

"Olive, you have been crying."

"I have not, sir," indignantly. "And if I have what is that to you?" reproachfully.

"A great deal. Oh, Olive, you teasing, provoking, bewitching little mortal! How often must I tell you I love you? How often must I ask you to marry me?"

"It is not six months since the last time, Geoffrey."

"I don't care; it seems like six years. And, oh, Olive, you know that you love me."

"I do not."

"You have loved me ever since you were eight years old."

"I have not."

"Now you must take me forever or leave me forever to-night. I have asked you three times before."

"Four times, sir."

"Well, four times, then. Odd numbers are lucky; here is the fifth time. You know what I want, Olive—your promise to be mine. Is it to be? Now or never!"

I suppose every one has a good angel. Mine must have been at its post just then, for a strange feeling of humility and gentleness came over me. I glanced up at the handsome face all aglow with love's divine light; at the eyes full of gracious entreaty; at the arms half-stretched out to embrace me. Yet pride struggled hard with love. I stood up silent and

trembling, quite unable to acknowledge myself vanquished, until I saw him turn away grieved and sorrowful. Then I said :

"Geoffrey, come back ; it is *now*."

That is the way I said "Yes," and I have never been sorry for it. If I live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never be a meek woman ; but still I suit Geoffrey, and I take more kindly to his authority than ever I did to paternal rule. Father laughs with sly triumph at Geoffrey's victory, and he sent me as a wedding present a handsome copy of "The Taming of the Shrew."

SMITTEN WITH REMORSE,

"I tell you 'No,' sir! The poor are bad in the main." Judge Jeffcott picked out another walnut and helped himself to a fresh glass of wine, with the air of a man who dismisses a disagreeable subject.

"In your capacity, judge, you see only the worst of them. This Ralph Hurst, for instance, whom you only know as—"

"A thief and a would-be murderer."

"Is nevertheless a most devoted husband and son and the soberest fisherman on the coast."

"Parson, I am astonished at you! Why, I have had four gamekeepers flogged in less than three years; and I have hardly dared, for three times three, to call a feather or a foot of game on the Jeffcott estate my own. Transportation is too good for such rascals, and if I had the making of the laws I would—"

"Don't say it, Judge; you know you would not. I acknowledge Ralph has given you great provocation; but what about Luke Dayton? It is his first known offense, and he declares he never lifted a gun against a fellow-creature."

"And pray what does he call my hares and pheasants? And what right have such men as he with guns at all? And what do those great lazy hounds mean sleeping all day long under his kitchen settle?"

"Luke has had a hard time this winter, Judge. His mother is blind and feeble, his wife and his child have known both cold and hunger."

"Well, sir, you have done your duty now. We will consider the subject closed, if you please. Fill your glass."

"No, thank you, Judge. Luke had some hopes, and I must now tell him that they are false. Besides, I must see Elizabeth, who is almost beside herself with grief and anger."

"Anger? Well, I like that. Why, I ought to have given him fourteen years, and I made it seven for her sake."

"Seven years mean forever to Elizabeth Dayton. She will break her heart before they are over."

"Pshaw! She has too much sense to have so much sentiment. However, I am sorry enough for her; and if you can help her, use my means freely;" and the judge took out his purse and offered the clergyman a sovereign for her.

A piece of gold for a broken heart! However, her friend took it, and then went to seek her in the little seaside town. A dreary rain was dropping on the cottage, which had a lonely, sorrowful look. Something more than solitude brooded over it; for sacred is the place, however humble, in which a mighty grief sits down.

Elizabeth read with love's quick instinct the verdict in his hesitating step and silent face. She was walking rapidly up and down the earthen floor, but she stopped suddenly, and gave him one, searching, imploring look. He shook his head, and then put out his hand to take hers, but she flung it passionately away.

"Don't speak!" she cried. "I know all you are going to say about patience and submission and God's will. I will never believe it, sir. I would not think so hard of my Maker. I know He is as angry as I am to-night. And if He can't comfort me, it is far beyond your power. Oh, Luke! Luke! My husband! My husband!"

And she wrung her hands and swayed her body backward and forward in a very agony of uncontrollable grief.

It was such sorrow as lifted her beyond the pastor's understanding and beyond his office. She listened to no word he said, and when her child, a pretty girl three years old, began to cry in sympathy, she struck it angrily and bade it cease.

All the long night the good clergyman thought of and prayed for this poor woman, and the next day he renewed his efforts for her husband's pardon. But all failed, and in three weeks Luke Dayton sailed away in a convict ship.

Punishment does not prevent crime; the world was just as bad after the flood as before it, and Judge Jeffcott's game was no safer after Ralph and Luke had been transported. This fact reconciled the judge to what he had done, for while Elizabeth

lay at death's door with brain fever, he had felt something very near akin to remorse.

But Elizabeth did not die, though she came back to life but the shadow of her former self. All her, fresh, sweet comeliness was gone ; she walked as if tired with a hard journey, and her eyes were the very homes of some dumb accusing sorrow.

For a little while every one helped and pitied her but friendship is made for great sacrifices—chronic benefits kill it—and the poor woman found out this truth soon enough.

Three years after Luke's departure, a letter from him came to the clergyman who had stood his friend in all his disgrace and trouble. It was raining heavily at the time, but he hastened at once to Elizabeth's cottage. She had not been seen there for several months ; so he sought her at her sister's, who lived at a little fishing village three miles distant.

He never regretted the journey. Elizabeth was very ill ; but when she saw the weary, wet messenger, with the letter in his hand, she turned her face to her pillow and wept such sweet, soft tears as she had not shed since her trouble touched her.

It was not a letter of much hope or comfort, but little she minded that.

"For you see, sir," she said, solemnly, "I *know* Luke is dead, and all these things are nothing to him *now*. But I am very glad that you thought enough of a poor, broken-hearted woman to come three miles through the rain to comfort me. I feel

as if I knew better now what God's pity for me must be like."

And for my part, I think it was the best sermon he ever preached.

It might have been a year or more after Elizabeth's death, when, one winter evening, Judge Jeffcott's housekeeper went into a small garden to bring in some fine linen and laces bleaching there. A little girl was just getting over the stone wall, with the bundle in her arms. Something in the wretched little face touched the woman's heart, and she made no alarm.

"Do you know that you are stealing, and that I can send you to prison?"

"I am so hungry!" That was all the child said. Then putting out her arms in a blind, uncertain way she reeled and fell.

The good woman put down the linen and lifted the child. She carried her into her own clean, white room and nursed her until she was strong and well. In the interval, she had discovered that her name was "Lizzie," and that she was the child of Luke and Elizabeth Dayton. Then some good angel put it into Harriet Mason's heart to keep and train the child in the way she should go.

"If I tell the judge," she argued, "he will send her to some reformatory prison; and if I turn her loose, she will soon be fit for nothing else. I will e'en try and make a good woman of her."

No particular effort was made to hide Lizzie. The master saw her weeding in the garden or busy about the house, and, perhaps, sometimes thought that

Mrs. Mason had been fortunate in her little handmaiden.

It is true that Lizzie's good qualities had needed patient cultivation. Sometimes her protector had almost regretted the charge she had assumed; sometimes she had got weary of the girl's lying and pilfering, and felt inclined to wonder if the poor were really "sinners above all others." But the reward promised to those who do "not weary in well-doing" came. First, a compensating love sprang up between the old woman and the young one. Good actions brought what they always do—both thanks and usage; and when Lizzie was sixteen there was no daintier cook and no neater housemaid in the parish.

Soon after Mrs. Mason fell sick with typhoid fever, and before she was out of danger the judge took it. To the two invalids Lizzie was everything, and I think she fully repaid, during those hard three months, the kindness that had sheltered her.

One evening, when the judge was beginning to notice with a child's eagerness all the incidents of his daily life again, he asked Lizzie her name, and learning it, he continued the catechism until she wondered. After a short silence, during which she was busy drawing the curtains and lighting the lamps, he said, abruptly and yet sadly:

"Lizzie, do you know that it was I who sent your father over the sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you think of me?"

"Nothing hard, now, sir. Perhaps I did once, but

Mrs. Mason has made me see that if you had not done it, both father and mother might have been alive, sinning, suffering and working hard in the village yet. Now they are happy in heaven, and I don't think, sir, they bear you any ill feeling, and so I am sure I do not, sir. You have been very good to me."

"I did not know you an hour ago, Lizzie, but I shall be none the worse to you for this talk."

If I were writing a romance, I should say that Judge Jeffcott, smitten with remorse, educated and adopted Lizzie. But I believe he never once thought of such a thing. He felt kindly toward her, and ordered Mrs. Mason to pay her for all her past services and give her good wages for the future. He prized her admirable cooking, and the light and comfort that followed her up and down the house, and this the more because he never recovered from his attack of fever, but gradually sank from the lean and slippered invalid into the slowly dying man.

In a very few months afterward, there was a darkened chamber in the Jeffcott mansion, and within it the shadow of white death.

A small cottage and about three hundred dollars a year were left to Lizzie, and the same to Mrs. Mason. The two women made their home together; and for many years, Lizzie lived a life so full of sweet and helpful deeds that I have no hesitation in calling it a great life.

After I came to America, I never supposed I should hear of her again; but one day, in the log-cabin of a stock-raiser near San Antonio, I lifted a

newspaper, and saw her name. It was during the Crimean War, and she was among that noble army of women whose names the angels shall call out before assembled worlds, saying: "Come up higher."

Suppose that the good woman who found her stealing had treated her as a *criminal*, instead of as a *little child!* Suppose she had made her amenable to the law of the country, instead of to that higher law of love! Suppose she had sent her to prison, instead of giving her a home! Let those who dare follow out this supposition. For me, I weep and wonder when I consider how many little children bearing in their arms divinest gifts fall and perish by the way, because there is no one to believe in them and no one to help them.

IKE BRENNAN'S WATCH.

"If you think your cousin is a scoundrel, young man, why, say the word, if it's necessary to say anything. It's mean to shake a man's good name away with a shake of your head—that's what I think."

Ike Brennan pushed back his Panama, and looked with anything but approval at Lyman Sneed leaning, in spotless flannels, against the China tree.

In spite of his dapper appearance he was not a pleasant young man to look at. He had that uncertain, nervous way, so irritating to the honest and purposeful, and it stood written on his face that he had not loved a living soul. No, not even the pretty Nona Duval, whom he quit Ike to go and meet. He thought he loved her, but no feeling that possessed him was a more thoroughly selfish one.

His cousin, Dick Burleson, loved Nona—that was quite sufficient to make Lyman Sneed sure that she was necessary to his happiness. So he went eagerly now to meet her. Ike watched him up the street, muttering:

"Of two evils, choose the least; but I've allers noticed that women, of two men, choose the worst;

wonder if little Nona'll do that same thing? Her father rode through many a darned fight by my side—calculate I'll take sides here—yes, sir."

He rose slowly, lifted his rifle, and went trailing up the hot avenue. He was on the look-out for Dick, and very soon found him among a lot of rough teamsters who were loafing in one of the principal stores. Dick was reading to them a New York paper, and backing up his own side of some political question with a good deal of fervor. The men were pulling their beards and listening with that true Texas phlegm which might at any moment turn into ungovernable passion.

Ike waited until the end of one of Dick's flowing periods, and then said:

"Thar, Dick, that'll do for the business of the *U*-nited States; supposing you come now with me and look after your own a spell."

It was so unusual for Ike Brennan to meddle in any one's affairs that Dick gave instant heed to his invitation; and with a final broadside of splendid adjectives for his own party, he joined Ike, and they sat down together in the first quiet, shady seat.

"Lyman Sneed is playing the mischief with your good name, Dick. It's against my habit to look after anybody's but my own; but I've reasons contrary this time."

"Lyman Sneed! He is, is he?" And Dick instinctively put his hand on the leathern sheath that held his knife.

"No tools, Dick, of that kind. It's me that's

HOW I SAID "YES!"—*See Page* 246.

making this quarrel, you know, and I let nobody do my fighting."

"What did he say?"

"That is it; he says nothing you can get hold of. Pities his uncle—pities Nona Duval—and is *so sorry* you will—"

"What?"

"He don't say—shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head, and the shrug and shake stand for drinking, gambling, anything you like to make it."

"I'll tell Lyman Sneed—"

"You'll say neither good nor bad, Dick. Lyman is like a pine coal—if he don't burn, he blackens. Only don't throw your chances away for Lyman to pick up—that is just what he wants you to do; give in a bit to the old man; he thinks all creation of you, and if you won't try to please him, why, Lyman will, that's all."

"I'm not going to take my politics and my opinions from Uncle Jack Burleson, no, not for all his hog-wallow prairie, and his cattle and gold thrown in."

"He is an old man, Dick. Life is a country Jack Burleson has gone pretty thoroughly over; stands to reason he knows more'n you."

"He contradicts me half the time for the very sake of a fight. He does not go into court now, and he hasn't any lawyers or juries to bully. But he won't make Dick Burleson say black is white to please him; you bet he won't."

"Dick, you are right; darned if you aren't! But old Jack is wise and good, and knows a sight more'n is writ in books. Say 'yes' when you can."

"Sure."

"And don't you meddle in my fights, Dick. If Lyman Sneed needs a hiding, I know just how much will be good for him."

Dick saw the conversation was over, and, looking at his watch, saw, also, that he was behind office hours. As it happened, a number of trifles had already irritated the old lawyer, and Lyman's lifted eyebrows and ostentatious diligence irritated Dick. He flung his books upon his desk, dashed his hat in a corner, and lifted his feet to a comfortable altitude. His big boots and loose flannel hunting shirt gave his uncle great offence, and he said so.

Dick replied that "he had been talking with the Lavacca teamsters, and had forgot to dress."

"Lavacca teamsters, indeed! I don't see what on earth makes you run after every drove that comes to town."

"I was getting their votes for my side, uncle, and making friends against the day I want their votes for myself."

A flash of keen pleasure shot into the old man's eyes, but he was far too full of fight to abandon the dispute. He first attacked Dick's politics, then his personal appearance and abilities, without being conscious how provoking he was.

One bitter word followed another till all three men were on their feet, and Lyman, with a little scream, had rushed between his uncle and his cousin. Dick laughed uproariously at the intervention, and kicking it out of his way, said:

"Good-bye, uncle; I'm not going to quarrel any

more with you. The world is big enough, I reckon, for both of us—and for our opinions."

He went straight to Ike, who was sitting just where he left him, and said:

"Ike, tell uncle, in a couple of days, that I have gone West, and that there's no ill blood between us; and, Ike, watch Nona for me until I can come after her."

"You are bound to go, then?"

"Yes; the old man is fire and I am gunpowder. We are better apart—that is all."

"Go 'long, then; I'll watch what you leave behind."

Dick felt unhappy enough at leaving Nona. She lived alone with her father, and he was not always the best of protectors. Dick spent the rest of the day by her side, and left town in the cool of the evening in no very despondent mood. Nona had promised everything he asked of her, and all the rest seemed possible.

He had some land and cattle on the San Marcos, and he purposed putting up a pretty house there gradually, mainly with his own hands. In two years he would sell some of his increase, furnish it, marry Nona, turn grazier, and run for the legislature. When he went back, he would "make it all right" with his uncle, and being so far apart, they could keep right; and if not, and he lost his share of Jack Burleson's estate, *made money* was better than given money, anyway.

For a week after Dick's departure the old man hoped against hope; but one day, when Ike Bren-

nan carelessly asked: "When is Dick coming back from the West?" then he knew the lad had gone to shift for himself, and lonely as it left him, he thoroughly liked Dick for doing it. After this Ike and the judge spent much time together. They kept up a perpetual quarrel, but they were well matched, and after a year's disputing, the victory on every single point was a disputed one. Sometimes, at the end of a long argument, and a long silence, the judge would say: "Have you heard anything?" and then Ike, shaking his head, and shaking the ashes from his pipe, would rise and go away.

Early in the second year the judge had an accident that completely invalided him; and after some months' decline, he quietly passed away. Singularly enough, there was no will found, and Lyman Sneed took possession of everything. No Dick appeared to dispute his claim. Ike smoked away in his old, shady corner, and smiled queerly to himself when he saw how diligently Lyman began to improve the city lots, and how cleverly he collected and invested the outstanding accounts of the estate.

In all things but one Lyman's fortune prospered—Nona still refused all his attentions. But as soon as the judge was dead he began to use stronger means of persuasion. Nona's father owed him a large sum, and their home was mortgaged for its payment. Lyman soon let father and daughter see on what terms only the Duval place could be saved; and the father cared too much for his own indulgence not to press with all his power so desirable a method of clearing off his liabilities.

Nothing of this plan, however, came to Ike's knowledge until one night old Duval, in a fit of maudlin intoxication, revealed it. Then he went home full of anxiety. He had no money that would touch Nona's needs, and he had not yet heard anything from Dick.

"I'd give twenty of my best cows to know if the fellow is dead or alive," he said, as he pushed open the latchless door of his log-cabin. A man was sitting in his own chair fast asleep.

"*Dick at last!*"

One soul wakes another, and Dick opened his eyes wide and answered:

"*Here I am, Ike!*"

"You tormenting youngster, where have you been?"

"Everywhere, Ike, and precious little luck either. At last I went to Yuba and Nevada, and tried hard to make my pile. Two months ago Jim Harrison strayed up there and told me Uncle was dead, and Nona going to marry Lyman Sneed. I couldn't stand that, and so I came along with what I had."

"How much?"

"Only eight thousand dollars."

"That's enough. I guess you'll find yourself richer than you think."

The next morning, Nona Duval completely amazed Lyman Sneed by entering his office accompanied by Ike Brennan and paying in full every claim he had on the Duval place. But he was still more amazed by an official notice to meet, next day, the heirs of Jack Burleson and hear his will read.

He found at the place appointed Dick Burleson, Nona Duval, Ike Brennan, and three of the principal citizens of the place. The will, leaving nearly everything to Dick, was without a flaw, Lyman simply received one hundred dollars for every month during which he had taken care of the estate.

"He took very good care of it, gentlemen," said Ike, "just as good care as if he thought Dick would never come back. He has earned his money, you bet. But I'm glad my watch is over—very. I have been kept too wide awake for anything, between a pretty woman and a clever lawyer."

"SOLD FOR NAUGHT."

Under the shadow of the Westmoreland laburnum-trees, crowned with their golden wealth of blossoms, Eleanor Raby waited for her lover. Yet few would have guessed it, for on her face was the shadow of doubt and perplexity, instead of the light of love; and her irresolute movements betrayed a heart ill at ease.

"I am going to be a fool again," she murmured. "And the worst of it is, I like the folly."

And there were few girls who would not have liked "the folly" represented by the handsome Antony Vaughan. Over the heathery hills she watched him coming now, his great black horse devouring the distance between them in long swinging strides, stopping neither "for break nor for stone," and taking the low garden wall in a well distanced leap, which brought him almost to her side. Stately and handsome, brave and gentle, read in all the learning of the schools, what more did Eleanor want? All these "availed him nothing," while his poverty sat like a Mordecai in the gate. And so she had determined that, sweet as these meetings were,

this should be the last; for this woman had the nature of Dian in the form of Venus, and not for love was she going to sacrifice the more tangible benefits of gold and position. Still, with his arms around her, and whispered words of endearment trembling from his lips to hers, it was hard to tell him so. The intoxication of his presence made her, for a little while, obedient to the divinity within her; but when he began to speak of a definite engagement and a certain marriage-day, however distant, she broke at once the spell which had held her passive in his embrace.

"The thing is impossible, Antony," she said sadly, but decidedly. "We might starve, but we could not live decently on fifteen hundred a year. My father has more than double that, and he never is able to make both ends of the year agree comfortably. Fortune forbids our bans."

"Oh, Nelly! Nelly! I begin to believe what Frank Foster told me—that you were going to marry that old lawyer who has bought poor Snowdon's estates. Nelly, are you not going to deny it? Speak quick! It is not possible—it is not possible! You cannot be so wicked and so cruel!" He held her hands tightly and looked fiercely into the fair, treacherous face. Little comfort there; only a cold defiance that, like polished steel, flung him back to the passionate love and amazement that almost stabbed her like a wound. Once convinced of her falseness it was not in his nature to sue. This beautiful Judas had sold his and her own youth and hopes, and he would not again touch the hand

which had taken so foul a price. She was amazed and confounded. Of such love as this she had not dreamed. All her intentions of soothing the parting with kisses and promises of eternal friendship melted like snow in fire. He would none of them—would not take the proffered kiss, nor see the white, beseeching face, nor touch the outstretched hand He was gone, in a storm of outraged and indignant love, and Eleanor Raby knew very well that in that noble heart her image was evermore a fallen and a desecrated idol.

How wretchedly now the long, hot summer days went by! And in the midst of them Antony Vaughan disappeared from all his old haunts. Some said he had gone to India others to America; but all soon forgot him, except the cold, proud woman in whose memory he wandered like an uneasy ghost continually.

Then, when the short, bright days of September came, the rich man who had bought Eleanor claimed his bargain and took it home to the little palace on Snowdon Heights. A bishop in lawn and silk ratified the transaction; her parents made a great feast; the world gave that assurance of approval which is powerful as the nod of Jove; but her own heart whispered all the time, "Thou fool!"

And when the *éclat* and excitement were all over, when life's dull, common way and dreary intercourse—brightened by no stray sunbeam of love—lay stretched in wearying distance before her, how bitterly she recalled the golden spring-time under the laburnums, when love glorified the meanest flower,

and really "painted the lily and gave an added perfume to the violet."

For her husband she had no love, and with his pursuits no sympathy. He had been attracted to her by her great beauty, and had loved her at first with a strength of passion which she might by a little tact have made a firm and lasting affection; but she had taken no pains to please him, made no efforts to retain his admiration, so she had no right to complain when time and possession robbed her of even this semblance of devotion, and she understood herself as held "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

And of Antony Vaughan no word or token came. The lands and home which had been his fathers' for five hundred years were sold to strangers, and Eleanor's heart lost its last hope—that of seeing him again. Time, which cares for none of these things, went on as if there were no breaking hearts, no ruined lives, and change and chance made and marred the happiness of millions whom he swept before him to their long home. I had only been a spectator in this little drama, and had simply watched it in that complaisant way in which we do watch sorrows that in no way affect us. But, strangely enough, the last act of it was played out in my presence, and I was compelled by circumstances and sympathy to become one of the *dramatis personæ*. And thus it happened.

I was up among the mountains of the Colorado River in Texas, and our party, charmed by the exquisite scenery and strange and beautiful *flora*, wan-

dered out of the proper trail. Sunset found us far from any human habitation, except a little log-cabin in the crevice of the hill half a mile below us. We supposed it to be the home of some freed negro, and descended to seek temporary rest and refreshment, purposing, as soon as the moon arose, to continue our way to the little village, not over ten miles distant. The door was opened to receive us before we reached it, and the splendid-looking fellow leaning on his gun within its shadow was Antony Vaughan. I knew him at once ; every change was only an added grace ; he was ten times handsomer than when I saw him last, laughing and hallooing, head and shoulders higher than any squire who rode to cover in all the glens and glades of Snowdon. He gave us broiled venison, strong coffee and hot hoe-cakes, and a welcome which added no little zest to his hospitable provision. After supper, when a couple of pipes had soothed and quieted our noisy mirth, I intentionally called him by his name. He dropped his pipe in amazement, and looked the question he could not ask. Then I told him who I was, and spoke of the dear old town among the Westmoreland mountains. When bearded men weep, they need the ministry of angels ; no human sympathy can reach such sorrow, and so I was silent until he had conquered his emotion. He asked of every one's welfare before he mentioned Eleanor, and then his voice was cold and indifferent ; but his eyes contradicted his tongue, and his tongue belied his heart. I told him of all her cold, empty, neglected life, her faded beauty, and her

listless, unhappy ways. And after a moment's silence, during which he literally trembled with feeling, he muttered: "Only just! A life for a life! Only just! And yet, poor thing!" And then he rose hastily and calling his dogs—of which at least a dozen were lying around—he left the hut ostensibly to look after our horses.

During the next year we spent much time together, and I soon felt for him an affection "passing the love of woman." He was, indeed, the idol of a large section of country, and the leader in all hunting and Indian expeditions; for to these Ishmaelites of the frontier his very name had become a terror. Far as the eye could reach the land was all his own; immense herds of cattle and *cavallards* of horses roamed over the hills, and the rich bottom-lands yielded him fabulous harvests of corn and cotton.

"How did you make all this wealth, Vaughan?" I asked him one day.

"I didn't make a dime of it, Jack. Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered, and she found mine drifting about and took charge of it, that's all."

Then there was a pause. We were both thinking of Eleanor's mistake. He was the first to speak.

"I am going to-morrow to hunt up the trail of some thieving Comanches who have run off twenty of my best mares; like enough I may never come back again. If I am missing more than two days, hunt me up, old fellow, and bury me like a Christian."

He spoke half in jest and half in earnest, but an unaccountable presentiment of evil seized me, and I urged him to let me go with him. This he positively declined, saying that I "was not up to Indians yet, and would only increase the danger."

So early the next morning he went over the hills, accompanied by a couple of fine hounds, and carrying his rifle, leaving me in the cabin alone. I was singularly nervous and restless; and when, toward sunset, I saw a stranger climbing the road to our door, I was quite sure he was bringing bad news. What worse? Poor Vaughan had been surprised and surrounded by Indians; and though he had fought his way to the next house, he had arrived there in a dying condition. I found him lying on a mattress under some mulberry trees which shaded the house, bleeding from a dozen wounds. A negro woman and two or three rough but tender-hearted men were doing what they could to prolong his quickly ebbing life; but no hope nor rescue could now avail. The seal of death was on every feature.

"Don't fret, Jack," he said, almost cheerfully. "There is really nothing, either in life or death, that's worth a tear."

I did not need to speak to him of his affairs; they had been arranged and explained to me long ago, for he was well aware in what constant danger he lived. Indeed, all care for or interest in his present life seemed to have vanished. He talked in a rapid, feverish manner of the past; of his home and his dead mother; of his friends and the pursuits of his

youth; but he never once named Eleanor, and I could not bring myself to introduce the subject at this hour. As the last tints of sunset faded in "ashen skies," he died, ejaculating almost with his last breath, and with a voice of glad surprise, the word "Mother!" I had known his mother well; a lovely little lady, who had idolized her son and been so tenderly beloved by him that many had not hesitated to attribute his exile and the sale of the old Vaughan Manor House to grief for her death.

I assisted the negro woman to perform the last offices for him, and at sunrise a little gathering of rough men, whom he had led in many a wild and dangerous exploit, helped to lay him in his grave.

He had left all that he possessed—gold, cattle and lands—to Eleanor, wife of Richard Crosby, of Snowdon Heights, Westmoreland; and as soon as possible I returned to England to inform her of the bequest.

I found her in a little breakfast parlor of the fine house for which she had sold herself. Her beauty was much faded, her dress slovenly and ungraceful. I introduced myself to her, and named a mutual friend at whose house we had often met. She condescended to remember, and then looked at me for further information.

"I have just returned from Texas," I continued, and then I paused to see if her heart would connect the country with her lover.

"Indeed!" she answered, quite calmly. "A very unpleasant country, is it not?"

"I hope you do not think so, for I am come to tell

you that a friend has left you an immense estate there."

Into the white, passionless face a great tide of feeling rushed; her eyes brightened with their old beauty. She stood up, and with parted lips waited for me to speak again. I remained silent, however, for a moment, and in that moment her heart awoke and whispered to her by what loss her gain was made. Then she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, cried out: "Oh, my love! my love! After all these weary years—" I tried to comfort her by telling of all his noble life—how he had succored the sorrowful, and fought for the weak, and defended helpless women and children with his own life.

"And what matters it?" she cried, in a wild passion of regret. "He has left me, who loved him so dearly, to suffer all these years, without a word of comfort or of hope."

"But he has proved that he has never forgotten you."

"Yes! Never forgot my most miserable folly and childish pride. See what he has done! Given me gold, and denied me even a look, or a word of love or forgiveness! His remembrance of me is the most profound cruelty. I will not touch a farthing of his wealth. I have bought it with years of misery and tears of blood. No, no! I have gold enough, and to spare; and what has it done for me? Look at that helpless, paralyzed old man sitting in the sunshine; he never says a kind word to me, and yet for him and his gold I surrendered the noble

heart and glorious beauty of Antony Vaughan. And you tell me he is dead! What, then, remains for me? Endless weeping. Leave me now. I will not speak another word to any one."

It was impossible to take this for answer, so the next day I called again; but she was very ill, and could see no one. The following day I received the same answer, and her physician, to whom I spoke, thought it might be some time before she would be able to attend to any business. So I took a run "over the border" to Edinburgh, and remained there several days. On my return I went immediately to Snowdon Heights, and I met her funeral coming down the great avenue. Poor Eleanor! The title deeds of her estate had proved to be her death-warrant.

A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappen's offices could produce the arranged-for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russia, instead of calf ; fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth avenue boarding houses—these, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that it was scarcely worth counting as a means towards these desired results.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—"Marry!" At first he had met the suggestion with a negative shrug, and a muttered "Nonsense!" but it had come back every

time with a more persuasive appearance. Finally, one cold, windy night in March, he determined to devote an hour or two to a consideration of his chances in the matrimonial market.

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair. He was quite sure both of these lovely creatures adored him ; the only point to settle was which he liked better ; or rather, which it would be best for him personally and commercially to choose ; and—

"First he thought this,
Then he thought that,
Next he thought
He didn't know what."

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was no tenderly nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome ; she visited in the most aristocratic circles ; she was charming

in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the "four-fourths of the house," and that his personality would sink simply into "Mrs. May's husband."

So Bessie won the decision, and he determined if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow; and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawing-room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then, Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly, the tonsorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachman to drive to the wharf.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming pretty manner, and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to

discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such occasions?

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Professor Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal-party—he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying about; why, all our set know about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky Mountains and California. Mamma said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and I am quite sure I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May;" and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter."

"Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there matrimonial speculations? That would indeed be dreadful!"

She loved the professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all her other gentlemen friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little

aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward, except that he received a cool, courteous "Good-night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison Square in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; to-morrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. "And yet," he murmured, "women are such uncertain creatures." Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and, moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. He noted with a fresh admiration the refined and cultured aspect of the room—the luxurious copies of her favorite authors—the artists' proofs of rare engravings—the blooming ferneries and flowers—the cosy student's chair—the sofa, warm rugs and carpet—the dancing firelight—the rich silk and lace that robed the lithe, graceful figure of Nora—all these things had a fresh and delightful charm in them. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?

"Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-one."

"Is it not rather a *mesalliance?*"

Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright.

"Certainly not. Professor Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul."

"Ah, indeed! I had not thought of it in that light. People usually spoke of a *mesalliance* with regard to money affairs."

"Yes, I know," replied Nora, "and just there they are frightfully wrong—there are worse *mesalliances* than disparities in fortune—but, however, here there is none of any kind; the professor has found chemistry a sufficiently rich alembic with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt."

"Will you be glad when she marries?"

"Very."

"Yet you will lose your friend?"

"By no means. She will remain at home, and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl."

"Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell."

"I may do so. I have no specific against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I sha'l not do so immediately."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a *mesalli-*

ance—in *money matters*—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband."

"I should like to know what it is."

"A long European tour, with perhaps a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem."

"Oh, dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation?"

"None at all," she said, positively; and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then, alluding to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius "how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your *genius*," he said, admiringly.

"*Not so, sir;* but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face,

"go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically. "When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands—"*Then you may come again.*" Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance before he offered himself again.

Next evening, Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after-dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly:

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said nothing.

"That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody *really*, it is you, Nora."

"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of Work when you're in trouble. When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of."

"All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do

very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise."

"Not *much-ly*," laughed Bessie.

"Remember how England's 'curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two; I think he'll do."

"We shall see."

"Yes, we shall see. Time proves all things.

Time proved in this case what has often been asserted, "*that every woman influences every man she comes in contact with either for good or bad.*" Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lawyers as a hard-reading, clear-headed, steady young man, and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence: "Yes."

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

"Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?"

"Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."

"That is 'all right,' I suppose."

"Yes. I am quite sure it couldn't be better."

Both girls sat silent a while, and then Nora said, sadly:

"I have been wondering how many bad husbands

might have been good ones, did women always use their influence for noble ends. There ought to be a saving power in love—if it is true love—and there is, for I have proved it ; and what I have done other women can do also."

God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may consider how vast a power is her influence, and use it only for gracious ends !

"ANYTHING FOR PEACE."

Stephen Thirske was a genuine Yorkshireman, long-headed, shrewd and sturdy, serving Mammon with all his might in the great brick factory where he worked six hundred "hands." There everything went on so promptly and regularly that it was evident one dominant will ruled.

But no man is absolute; and if Stephen ruled his six hundred "hands" like an autocrat, he shrunk at home into the obedient slave of one little, petted woman. Mrs. Thirske had been a great beauty, delicate and gentle. Stephen had begun his married life by a tender submission to the frailty that was such a contrast to his own rude health, and now the little woman he could carry like a baby ruled him like a czarina.

It was impossible to retrace the gradual steps by which this influence had been gained. Thirske was man enough to know that it was fatal to his home-happiness and his family's welfare, and to make occasional determinations to reform things; but as yet they had come to nothing. He could not bear his pretty Lydia's tears; and the man who would not tolerate the slightest opposition from the world,

sacrificed anything and everything in his home for peace.

They had two children, a son and a daughter, and as they reached manhood and womanhood, the evils of a household under such unnatural control manifested themselves; for if Mrs. Thirske ruled her husband, Antony and Ada ruled her. Ada was a beauty, and had not watched her mother's tactics in vain.

"I shall rule George Aske as mother rules father," she said, one night, to her brother, in reply to his assertion that George Aske would make her know her own mind better.

"Don't you be too sure of that, Ada; there are men, and men. I know no woman could manage me that way."

"How does Mary Hutton manage you? Antony, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! A poor governess!"

"I am not, though. Why should I not have my way as well as you and mother? You are going to marry for position; my way is to marry the girl I love."

"Father will never consent, nor I either."

"I don't propose to ask your consent. I shall get mother on my side, and then father's got to yield. As for you, Ada, I should not wonder if your own affairs will very soon keep your hands full enough."

"It is not very brotherly to be looking for trouble to keep your sister's hands full."

"You are preparing it for yourself, Ada; any one

is who determines to rule George Aske by petting and sulking. I saw his look the other night."

"Let him look—*he yielded!*"

"He yielded then, but one hundred to one he does not yield two weeks longer."

"Keep your opinion, Antony, but don't bother mother with Mary Hutton until I am married. I don't want her to be sick till my affairs are settled."

"I am going to ask her to-night if you don't want her to be sick, you had better say a good word for Mary."

Ada was wise in her generation, and went right to Mrs. Thirske.

"Mother," she said, "Antony is coming to speak to you to-night about Mary Hutton. Don't worry yourself—it is only one of his fancies. Just promise him all he wants until my wedding is comfortably over, then you can tell father and have a stop put to his nonsense."

"Oh, dear me, Ada! It does seem as if no one minded my feelings. You both know I must have peace, and yet I suppose I am to be worried into a fever about this Miss Hutton."

"Well, mother, don't make Antony angry to-night; say enough to keep things smooth until next week is over. I don't want him to be sulky at my wedding."

So, Antony found his mother in one of her gentlest moods. She listened patiently to his confession of love for his sister's late governess, and answered:

"Have I not always wished to make you happy

in your own way, Antony? If Miss Hutton is necessary to your happiness, why, I will speak to father about her after Ada's wedding. It won't do before it; indeed, it won't."

Antony was very grateful. Love is always hopeful, and he went to see Mary that night, quite confident in his mother's final success. A few days afterward Ada was married to the richest commoner in Airedale, and the presumptive heir of Towton baronetcy. Aske was deeply enamored of her beauty, but by no means the man to be its slave. Many things rivaled Ada in his heart, even in the earliest days of her married life; his estate, his hunters, county matters and politics.

He was an English gentleman of the old school, and had no very exalted ideas of women, except as the mistresses of households and the mothers of children. Ada's efforts to establish a female autocracy in Aske Hall soon came to disastrous failure. At first George "pooh-poohed!" her orders and tried to laugh away her petting and tears. But he was not the man to put himself out of the way for an unreasonable woman, and even this concession was soon given up.

In three months it had come to a simple announcement of his intentions and a perfect indifference as to how she accepted them. Thus he would say:

"Ada, I am going to meet the Towton hounds in the morning; you had better go with me—a gallop will do you good."

But if Ada met the request with a negative of any kind, he accepted it without demur; and if this pro-

duced tears or complaints, he generally began to whistle and left the room. This "rudeness" brought on passionate attacks of hysteria, and George went to the hunt and sent the family physician to watch her through them.

Very soon poor Stephen had a double burden of household trouble to bear. Ada began to bring her wrongs and humiliations home, and Mrs. Thirske warmly espoused her cause. A complaining daughter and a weeping wife were enough to make the most splendid house miserable, and they were but the elements out of which far greater troubles were to come.

In the meantime Antony's affairs were equally unsatisfactory. Mrs. Thirske had spoken to Stephen about Mary Hutton, and for the first time in her married life admitted a failure. Antony would not believe that she had done her best, and he forgot in this one denial the ninety-and-nine unreasonable favors she had before procured him.

Stephen's opposition to Miss Hutton was sulky and positive. He dared not, in the first place, disobey his wife's orders to forbid the match. In the second, he was angry at the authors of this new element of discomfort in his home. In the third, he was not prepared financially to support another household. Ada's settlement had been a great drain upon his business; he had had other losses, and another wedding and house-furnishing, with the increased allowance necessary to maintain it, were really beyond his present means.

He was quite sensible of this last reason, but he

did not want to admit it even to his wife and his son; he sullenly and authoritatively forbade Antony to marry any one at present; and for some months there was a growing feeling of anger between father and son. Then one day Antony left his home without a word of farewell, and Stephen, too proud and angry to seek after him, had to bear, in addition to his own sorrow and disappointment, the mother's fretful reproaches and anxiety.

The very day on which Antony left his home Ada returned to it. There had been between her and George Aske a wearisome succession of fierce disputes, and at length, in a moment of intense passion George had struck his wife. Mrs. Thirske was dumb before two such sorrows, and was really ill and Stephen was dangerously angry.

Aske suffered three days to pass, and then sent for Ada. Ada refused to return, and Mrs. Thirske supported her in the refusal. In a week Aske's messages became so insolent that Stephen was compelled to reply to them, and the poor father, against his sense of what was best for his child and himself, was forced into supporting the refractory wife. Intolerable words passed between the husband and the father, and when they next met they instantly gave each other the Yorkshireman's warning—a word and a blow, and the blow first.

After that it was open enmity, and Stephen was well aware that he was ill armed to fight so rich and so bitter an enemy. Aske's revenge was a subtle one. He began within a week to build on the same stream as Stephen's a much larger mill. Stephen

winced at the coming competition, but had not at first any idea of Aske's real motive. When the mill was finished he "loched" the stream, and thus, as his mill stood higher up than Stephen's, deprived him of water whenever he felt disposed to do so.

"He had no right to do this." Of course he had not. He knew that very well, and quite anticipated the lawsuit which would follow. But in the meantime the Aske mill kept Stephen's virtually idle, and Aske was making money enough to defray the expenses of the weary lawsuit which was fast crippling Stephen in all of his resources.

Every one knew that Stephen was right, and at first he found many supporters. But it was Aske's policy to wear out Thirske, and as month after month and year after year went on, and Stephen grew poorer and poorer, and more desperate and unreasonable, even his friends gladly seized the pretext of his imprudence to desert him.

At the end of four years he was ruined, and the presence of the man's wife who had ruined him, in his house, was no peculiar comfort. One night a strange longing for his son came over him; he was in so much trouble that he could not put away his anxieties even to soothe Lydia, and leaving her and Ada to find what comfort they could in each other, he went to seek Mary Hutton.

She still lived in a quiet street of small houses in the lower part of the town, and when she answered his request to speak to her, he was not astonished at Antony's love. But it angered him nevertheless;

and though it was always hard for Stephen to be cross to a beautiful woman, he said, sharply:

"Where is my son, lass?"

"In New York, sir."

"What is he doing there?"

"Making a home for me and my father, sir."

"Write and bid him come to his own father. You may tell him I'm a ruined man—a ruined man, lass. You'll make naught by marrying Antony Thirske now, Mary."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Thirske. You may believe me or not; and I will write and tell Antony what you say."

But before Antony could return things had come to a crisis with Stephen Thirske. He had won his case—and been ruined in the winning of it. He was a complete bankrupt, and mill and home went under the sheriff's hammer. There may be places where "three failures and a fire make a man's fortune," but it is not in Yorkshire. Even the personal property of the unfortunate bankrupt was sold, and the ruined family were thankful to accept in the meantime the shelter of the governess's little home.

Now, however, that Stephen had met the worst and faced it, all his pluck returned. He easily got a position in a friend's factory, and began to slowly gather around him again, the comforts of a much humbler home. A much happier one, though; for these terrible changes had at length reversed the unnatural order of things. When Stephen was utterly bowed down, suddenly Lydia Thirske rose

up, and took her true and natural position as comforter and helpmate. It almost consoled the weary husband for all his losses to have found at last his true wife.

Antony also had written loving and hopeful letters, and it was likely that he would be able to come for Mary the next summer. They were all sorry now to think of parting with her, for she had been so helpful and cheerful in these dark days that it was hard to imagine the cottage without her.

Adversity has many learned disciples, and Ada had not been to its school without benefit. It was impossible for her not to reproach herself with her father's ruin ; and though no one else had done it, the voice of society universally condemned her. She remembered, too, that however revengeful and hateful Aske had been, she herself had done her best to call forth those qualities—he had at first tried to be very patient and kind with her.

One morning, as she was sitting sewing to some such bitter thoughts as these, she lifted a paper and read this paragraph :

"On Monday last, Aske, of Aske Hall, while hunting with the Towton hounds, was thrown, and, it is feared, fatally injured."

She sat still thinking a few minutes, and then, without a word to any one but Mary Hutton, left the house. Two hours afterward she was in Aske Hall, helping to soothe the ravings of its delirious master. Calmly but resolutely she took her place, and in the long, dreary weeks of watching and darkness that followed learned many a wholesome lesson.

Her great fear now was that the injury to the brain was permanent, and that her husband would never know her long enough to pardon her. But one night, as she stood looking tenderly at the pale, shrunken face, he slowly opened his eyes, and said, in a whisper :

"Ada!"

"George! Dear George!"

And the kiss that sealed her forgiveness was the re-marriage of their hearts and lives.

But Aske was many months a helpless invalid; and it was almost a year afterward that Ada was going gently about the room, packing things for a journey with him to the sunny skies of Italy. He watched her some time, and then said :

"Ada, I may never come back. I feel very weak. I wonder if your father would see me before I go."

The next morning Stephen Thirske stood by his enemy's side, and his eyes were full of tears.

"You are much changed, George."

"Yes, Thirske, you have won at last. Let us shake hands. The mill we fought about I have given to Ada, and she gives it to you. The papers are here; I want to see them signed."

"But, Aske—"

"Don't deny me this grace, Thirske; if I have to die, I shall die the easier for it. If I live to come back, I want to come back among friends. It is your own. No blessing has come to me since I built it."

So when Antony came to Mary he did not go back again. He joined his father in the Aske Mill, and in

ten years the firm of "Thirske & Son" were the leading manufacturers of Airedale again.

There are evils that happen for good. Stephen and Ada found in poverty and anxiety the true relation of man and wife. Stephen never again said: "Anything for peace;" and Ada learned that it is better to win a husband than to conquer him; better to rule with him than to rule over him.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"Richard's main fault is that he's just good-for-nothing;" and Josiah Broadbent tapped the ashes out of his pipe in a very desponding way.

"I don't believe that, Josiah. Nature does not put such a grand dome over a fine face for 'nothing.' Richard has not had a fair trial; that is all about it."

The subject of this conversation sat at an open window at the other end of the long parlors, and as the two older men looked toward him, he raised his eyes from the book in his hand, to follow the upward flight of a white-winged flock of pigeons. Rational, full, deep-set eyes, and a bright, keen face, surrounded by soft, light curly hair. Most people would have looked at such a face in a man with dim doubts and forebodings. His father did. Richard was a stray soul in a stray body in that plain, matter-of-fact family. None of the Broadbents had ever been the least like him. Yeomen, wool-staplers, spinners and weavers, great hard-headed, hard-fisted Yorkshiremen, what kin to them was this bright, clever youth, who looked like a knight just stepped out of a fairy book?

At first, Richard's love of learning had rather

amused his household. Old Josiah was not averse to seeing his son carry off all the honors of his school, and when people spoke of the lad's attainments and of the promising career before him, he thought, of course, they meant that Richard would greatly increase the business of Broadbent & Sons, and, perhaps, in the end, get into Parliament.

But Richard showed no disposition for business, and after a year of fruitless and aggravating efforts to find something he *could do* in the works, the trial had been abandoned. His elder brothers, Stephen and Mark, were very fond of this lad, who was ten years younger than either of them, and whose beauty and bright ways had been their pride for twenty years. Indeed, Richard's mother dying at his birth, these "big brothers" had adopted "little Dick" with all their hearts, and when he complained that the smell and noise of the works made him ill, Stephen had spoken very decidedly to his father about forcing the trial further.

"There's plenty o' brass i' Leed's Bank to keep him, father, an' Mark an' I can well fend for oursel's. Let the lad be. He's none like us."

And Josiah, having also a tender spot in his heart for his youngest son, had sighed, and then left Richard very much to his own devices. But every now and then he wanted his grumble about the lad's shiftless, good-for-nothing ways, and this night he had had it to his chief friend, the Reverend Samuel Sorley, rector of his parish.

Mr. Sorley knew Richard better than either his

father or brothers, and he was glad the subject had been opened.

"Josiah," he said, gravely, "tell Stephen and Mark that I want Richard for four years. You can give him a thousand pounds, or not, just as you trust me, but at the end of that time I think I'll prove Richard Broadbent no fool."

"What wilt thou do wi' him, Samuel? Send him to Oxford?"

"Thou must ask no questions, Josiah. I'll have the lad entirely at my own disposal."

Then the two men looked toward Richard again, but he had left his seat and was strolling off toward Saurham Park. They walked to the window and watched him, and his father lifted the book he had laid down, and with a mixture of contempt and indignation threw it aside.

At this moment Stephen Broadbent entered the room, and said, angrily:

"Father, Dick is off to Saurham Wood again. I'm willing enou' to let Dick play the fool i' our house, but dang me if he shall meddle i' t' squire's."

"What does thou mean, Stephen?"

"I mean that our Dick an' Miss Saurham have gotten some love-nonsense together. I know it. I 'll tell thee how: Jim Harkness, going home from t' works, has seen them meet ivery night. Now, I ween't have it."

Father and son were both equally angry and distressed, but this circumstance so favored the rector's proposition, that it was eagerly seconded by Stephen, and was regarded as settled. Then the rector put

himself in Richard's way and met him just at dark outside Saurham Park. He was a man accustomed to look well after his parishioners and their children, both temporally and spiritually, and therefore Richard was neither astonished nor offended when he said:

"Who have you been walking with, Dick? Tell me the truth, my son."

"With Agnes Saurham, sir."

The light of love was still in the young fellow's face, and the rector could not help noticing how handsome he was. He did not say to him: "You have no right, Richard—the young lady is far beyond your station. You are going to make a deal of trouble," and so on. On the contrary, he praised Agnes's beauty and worth, and then showed him how lawfully the squire might refuse her hand to any man until he had done something to prove himself worthy of it.

"What can I do, sir?"

"I will tell you, Richard."

And then the old man took the young one's arm and talked so solemnly and so earnestly, that Richard caught his enthusiasm, and whatever Mr. Sorley's plans were, he entered heartily into them.

"You shall have every help that money can give you, Richard; only, mind, I will have no love-making, and your proceedings shall be kept a secret from all your friends. I don't want Stephen and Mark running up to see you and meddling in my plans."

One thing Richard, however, insisted on: he must

see Agnes once more and tell her he was going away; and Mr. Sorley agreed to this, on condition that he saw the squire also. The first interview was easy and satisfactory enough; Agnes praised his ambition and genius, prophesied all sorts of honors to him and promised to wait faithfully for his return. Her father was a different person to manage, and Richard's heart quaked as he entered the squire's own peculiar parlor. It was a sunny room, littered with odds and ends of hunting and fishing matters; and the squire was sitting on a big, old-fashioned sofa, playing with a couple of thoroughbred black English terriers.

He said, frankly enough:

"Good-day, Richard Broadbent;" but he did not trouble himself to rise, for the Broadbents had been tenants of Saurham from the days of King Stephen. That in these cotton-spinning days they had grown rich did not alter their position at all in Squire Saurham's eyes. Fifty years ago the great landed proprietor did not consider money as an equivalent for good birth; so the squire treated Richard pretty much as he would have done a favorite servant.

"Miss Saurham says thou art going away, Richard. What for, lad?"

"To study, sir."

"Yes, yes, 'When lands and money all are spent, then learning is most excellent.' I have always heard that; but, lad, thy father has money—why need thou go study?"

"Because, sir, I wish to make a great name, to become famous; then, sir, perhaps, squire—then—"

"The dickens! Speak out, lad—then what?"

"Then, sir, perhaps you will permit me to tell you how dearly I love Miss Saurham."

"No, Richard, I shall never allow anything of the kind. If 'twere not for old Josiah, I would say worse than this to thee. Come, Giddy! Come, Rattle! We will go to the hay-field. I hope thy study, Richard, may teach thee to be more modest and sensible."

Richard watched the sturdy figure in its green coat, white corduroys and buff top-boots across the lawn, and then, with a very angry feeling in his heart, left the hall. He disappeared soon afterward, and after a few desultory inquiries from various acquaintances he seemed to be forgotten. The Broadbent mills went on as usual. Josiah and Stephen and Mark passed to and from them as regularly as if their life were ordered by machinery, and once a week the rector went up to their house, smoked a pipe with Josiah, and generally said, as he left:

"All is well with Richard, Josiah—very well indeed."

In the fourth year of his absence there was much trouble between the mill-owners and the operatives. The masters were everywhere threatened, and many mills were set on fire, and the excitement and terror were hardly allayed even when the prominent offenders had been imprisoned. Their trial was one that affected the interests of all manufacturing districts, and the spacious court-house was crowded. Josiah, of course, was present; so were Mark and Stephen.

Now, if there was anything these men had an almost idolatrous respect for, it was the paraphernalia of the law. Those advocates in their black gowns, those grave men in their imposing wigs, those wise-looking, calf-bound volumes, the pomp and ceremony of the sheriffs, constables and criers were to them the most obvious representatives of the majesty of English law and power.

Conceive, then, their amazement, when, prominent among these gowned advocates, giving directions to other lawyers, and demeaning himself as one having authority, was Richard Broadbent. Old Josiah flushed and trembled, and touched Stephen and Mark, who were also too much affected to do anything but gravely nod their heads. But when the arguments were over, and Richard Broadbent rose as special pleader in the matter, curiosity changed to amazement and amazement to enthusiasm. Such a speech had never been heard in West Riding before. It was cheered and cheered, till even Yorkshiremen's lungs were weary.

The good rector had his reward when he stood beside his *protege* and saw the squire and the city magnates crowd round the brilliant young lawyer with their congratulations. But far greater was his joy when old Josiah and Stephen and Mark pressed forward with radiant faces and full hearts. They were not men given to speech, and the happy father could say nothing but: "God bless thee, lad!" while Stephen's and Mark's pride and love found its full expression in: "Well, Dick! Dick!" But no words could have been more satisfactory.

The good-for-nothing had found his vocation. Two years after his departure from Leeds, he had been called to the bar at Gray's Inn, and since then, by his tact and eloquence, had made himself one of the acknowledged leaders of the Oxford circuit.

There was nothing now that his father and brothers would not have done for him, but he asked just the one thing Josiah was loth to move in : he wished him to speak to the squire about his daughter. Josiah promised, but he was thinking of deputing the business to the rector, when the way opened unexpectedly. Coming out of Leed's Bank, he met the squire, who had a troubled, preoccupied look. He passed Josiah with a nod, then suddenly turned and, touching him, said :

"Josiah Broadbent, your house and mine have been long friends, eh ?"

"Say that, squire. Broadbents served Saurhams when King Stephen was fighting for the crown of England ; they are just as ready to serve them *now*."'

"I believe it, Josiah. I want four thousand pounds. My boy Roger has got into trouble. I would rather owe it to you than mortgage Saurham."

"Thou can' have ten thousand pounds, twenty thousand, if thou need it, squire, an' Josiah Broadbent wants no security but Squire Saurham's word —he wor a bad un if he did."

Then Josiah, standing there on Market street, laid his bank-book on a bale of wool, and signing a blank check, put it into the squire's hand.

The fewest words in such cases are best. With

the tact of a true gentleman, he turned the conversation to Josiah's son, and finally, hesitating a little, said:

"There was some bit of youthful love-making between Richard and my Agnes; thou didst not know it, belike, Josiah?"

"Yes, that for he were sent away mainly; but he's as fond as iver about her. Thou mustn't strive wi' him, squire—love is beyond our ordering."

"I had no thought of it now. Richard has proved his metal. You may tell him if Agnes says 'Yes' still, I'll never be the one to say 'No.'"

"Thank you, squire; it is a great honor; an' if so be you'd niver name the money to the young uns, I'd tak' it kind. That's between us, squire; I can't draw a sword for you, as Rufus Broadbent did for the first squire of Saurham, but I can draw a check for you, and I'm proud and glad to do it."

As Richard had secured Agnes's "Yes," the future arrangements were easily settled, and within a year lovely Agnes Saurham became Richard Broadbent's wife, and the squire has had good cause to be proud of the alliance. Old Josiah also lived to see his son not only one of her majesty's counsel, but also member of Parliament for his native city and a baron of the Court of Exchequer.

Thus the good-for-nothing in a spinning-mill was good for an honorable and noble career in a court-room. *Young men, act out your genius; nothing else avails.*

THE PARENTS' MISTAKE.

Nature intended the face of Donald Houston for a handsome face ; but when I saw it, it was racked by fierce passions, and I thought it a very evil countenance. We were traveling from the Rio Grande back to the eastern settlements of Texas, and stopped one noon at a small village.

Only a few cabins were in sight, but around one of them I noticed a very unusual number of horses tied. It was not altogether curiosity that led me to it ; I thought it probable that either sickness or an accident occasioned the gathering, and that the medicine-chest in our camp might be of service.

But as soon as I entered the log-building, I knew no medicine could avail the still, covered figure lying upon the rude pine table. There was the sound of women crying in an inner room, and about a dozen men were standing around. One among them was Houston. He was taller, handsomer, stronger than any one present. Whatever an Indian knew of wood-craft or prairie-craft, he knew better ; whatever a white man knew about stock, horses and firearms, he knew with an added shrewdness that

made the superstitious frontiersman call him "Donald the Terror."

Before I knew his history, I could see that some very unusual motive restrained these outspoken, reckless men both as to their actions and expressions; and if among the ignorant dwellers in lonely settlements there be any lingering belief in the influence of "the evil eye" I scarcely wondered. Never before, or since, have I seen such eyes as Houston's and such magnetizing and compelling glances. The bravest men there avoided them; it was strange to see them one by one succumb to their power, grow nervous and restless, and under the pretext of "looking for the judge," wander out into the open air to free themselves from their influence.

Donald's arms were tied behind him with a piece of raw-hide, and he stood at the end of the table looking up at his living companions, and down at his dead one, with a mocking sneer, and a defiant bearing I have no words to express.

The judge delayed his coming; they had been waiting his arrival three hours. The sympathetic excitement, which had called them together to hunt up and secure this red-handed murderer, was very fast evaporating.

Donald watched the group outside gradually augmenting, and probably he understood from their expressions and movements the tenor popular feeling was taking; for he looked steadily at me, and fairly compelled me by a slight movement of his head to approach him.

I stood in a moment by his side, leaning upon the table, and shuddering at the bloody, still heap upon it. He looked down into my face with a sort of suppressed scorn for my fear of him, and said, in a low but singularly persuasive voice :

" My knife is still in its sheath, over my right hip —draw it, it is sharp as death, cut my bonds and give me a chance for life. You are a woman, eh ?"

I looked at the sheath. It was bloody ; the handle of the knife was thick with blood ; not for gold uncountable could I have touched it. I turned sick; he thought I was going to faint, and whispered fiercely :

" Don't be a fool and a coward. Go into the next room and tell Ada to come here—quick !"

This request I could obey. There were four women present—two of them in such grief that they were indifferent to my entrance : the others evinced no curiosity and but scant courtesy.

" Ada !" I said.

A woman on a low pallet lifted a child-like, innocent little face, all swollen and discolored with weeping.

" Ada, some one wants you."

She rose immediately, and when I had again reached the outer room I saw her face almost touching Donald's, and the next moment she had drawn the knife and cut the rope.

Donald had not judged wrongly. Not one man among the dozen was willing to take upon himself in cold cautious blood the responsibility of crossing him. With a triumphant laugh, he strode toward

some piled rifles, took one, put his knife between his teeth, untied a horse and deliberately mounted him.

"Good morning, comrades," he said, replacing his knife in his belt; "when you have tried my case you can let me know your sentence. Ada, little woman, go home, and take *his widow* with you. I had naught against her—do you hear?"

"I hear, Donald."

No one stopped him; one or two even began to make an apology for interfering, which Donald cut short with a withering look of scorn; and in half an hour the self-appointed jury were riding in twos and threes over the prairie in different directions.

In the meantime Ada put on her sun-bonnet, and, after a whispered conversation with the widow of the murdered man, the woman mounted a mule and rode quickly away. Then two men moved the table with its dreadful burden into an outer shed, and a woman began to slice bacon and put some yams into the ashes to bake.

The incident, though evidently not allowed to interfere greatly with the regular routine of daily life, had left with every one an unpleasant, unhappy feeling. There was no civility to spare for strangers; the little community wished to be left alone with its tragedy. Therefore, in spite of the increasing cold, we determined to push on to the next settlement. It proved to be a large farm, or ranch, with far more than usual attempts at comfort and even elegance; and our little party joyfully accepted the pleasant welcome, with its abundant

supper-table and cheery, blazing fire of fragrant cedar boughs.

Sitting around it after a refreshing meal, I related the incident of Donald Houston's escape. Our host started violently and heard me through with an anxious interest. When assured of his certain freedom he gave a sigh of relief and said:

"Oblige me by not mentioning this circumstance before my wife." And then, after a painful pause: "The poor misguided fellow married my little girl."

"Is it possible? How could you let her?"

"I could not help it; she loves him."

"But you will not now take her home again?"

"You may think it strange, ma'am, but I say no. I would not ask her to leave him for the world; it would be to shut the kingdom of Heaven forever against him. There's good even in Donald Houston, and if there is a woman in the world can touch that good, it is my little Ada. The fault with Donald Houston is, *he had too much of his mother's blessing*."

I looked incredulously at the speaker and touched tenderly the silky curls of the baby on my own knee.

"I mean what I say; let me tell you how: Twenty-seven years ago there was a colony of Scotch shepherds settled in this county, and among them one called John Houston. Hitherto his wife and he had known only the hardest and barest existences among the eternal mists and mountains of the Mull of Kintire. The rich land, the plenty and sunshine, the great herds and rapid increase of wealth

were like a fairy tale to them. They grew rapidly rich, and to crown their good fortune, they had a son. Six children they had had before, but all of them lay in the kirkyard of Macintyre; this one, however, was a fine boy, 'warlike an' lifelike,' as the old man proudly said.

"He grew up to be a very handsome little lad, and the father and mother fairly worshiped him. All that their own youths had wanted they crowded into his; he never had a wish ungratified. This was not the worst part of his training; he was allowed to rule the whole place, father, mother and servants, and having naturally a love for authority, he soon became a petty tyrant of the very worst description.

"As he grew up he chose his own companions, and they were just the ones he should not have chosen—wild, bad men, who courted him for his abundant pocket-money, and taught the beardless boy the most abandoned habits. Yet his wild name, his tyranny, his superiority in all deeds of sinful daring, rather delighted than alarmed the foolish couple. All their own youth had been passed in servile bondage to 'the laird and the gentry;' their Donald's insubordination to all restraint was a visible assurance that he at least was free from the social slavery of his ancestors.

"But the spirit of license, once let loose, is not easily bound. Donald having ruled at home, would not submit at school. He defied all his teachers, and absolutely refused to compass his father's highest ambition and study for one of the learned professions. Then at length John Houston, a dour,

stiff-necked Highlandman, undertook to undo the long course of indulgence and disobedience. But the boy whom at six years of age he could have easily controlled, at sixteen defied him.

"Then there were quarrels which shocked every one, and almost broke the poor old mother's heart, and the Houston family were at once the most prosperous and the most miserable in the couuty. Finally, when General Walker went to Nicaragua, Donald insisted on raising a company and going too. In vain the old people scolded and lamented. Donald *took* what money he needed out of his father's desk, left a note acknowledging the theft, and was gone.

"You could now imagine nothing more miserable than this lonely old couple. They blamed one another continually. Dame Houston said: 'The auld man's fliting and gibing had driven the puir laddie awa 'mong the savages;' and the old man said: 'The dame had spoiled him sae, that he was fit for nae ither company.'

"Months and months rolled away, and they heard nothing from their runaway. It might be two years afterward that the house we lived in either took fire, or was set on fire. It was but a light structure—for we were slowly building this one when hands were idle—and I knew at once there was no hope of saving it. The light, however, attracted a party camping on the creek below, and they came up in a body to offer their help. Suddenly some one noticed that Ada, my eldest child, was not present, and I knew she must be in the blazing house. I failed to reach

her, but a young man among the strangers brought both me and Ada out safe, though insensible. That man was Donald Houston. You have seen how handsome he is; do you wonder now my little girl loved him?

"He went home, but things did not improve. The father, all too late, had taken a certain stand: He would do nothing for Donald unless he gave certain pledges of good behavior, which the lad absolutely refused. Then he joined a tough set of Rio Grande traders. He made a good deal of money, married Ada, and settled down steadily, as I hoped, to sheep-raising. People generally, however, were against him; he had a masterful way hard to bear, and was so passionate and quarrelsome no one cared to neighbor him."

"Perhaps," I said, "he may now go home to his father and mother for help and advice again."

"I think not. If there are two people on earth that have not a particle of influence over him to-day, it is the father and the mother whom he ruled as a baby and bullied as a boy. He will come and see me to-morrow, and I shall have to send him across the river till this thing blows over."

"It is a sad story," I said; and I could not help recalling, with a pitiful regret, the handsome, wilful criminal with his wealth of neglected and abused powers. But on I went in a few hours. It was hardly likely I should see or hear of Donald Houston again. See him I never did; but some time after, I met my host of a night on Broadway. For a moment I doubted the possibility, but the next the

recognition was mutual. I suddenly remembered Donald Houston.

"Did he escape punishment?" I asked.

"Well yes, in a way. It was a quarrel about some increase of stock. Harry Close—that was the murdered man—hadn't a very honest name. Many thought Donald was in the right. We had an investigation, and it was clear enough that either Donald or he had to go; it was a fair fight between them—that is, if any fight is fair."

"Then he was what you call 'honorably acquitted.'"

"Well, the citizens didn't see no call to send a good live man after a mean dead one."

"Did he go over the Rio Grande at all?"

"No—the accident kind of settled him. He took care of the widow and the children, and worked steady as long as most steady men worked. But when the drums began to beat, he was neither to hold nor to bind. He made a grand soldier; his men would have followed him into a blazing battery. Poor fellow!"

"He was killed then?"

"Yes, at Green's Landing on the Red River. I told Ada not to fret; he was bound to die in some quarrel, and far better in Freedom's than about some dirty dispute of cattle or dollars."

"Poor Ada!"

"Yes, my little girl fretted above a bit; but she had done her duty; her grief didn't drive her any wrong road. It was different with the poor old mother."

"Ah!" I said, inquiringly.

"She blamed herself for all his sins and troubles—right or wrong, she blamed herself—and between love and grief and remorse she—"

"Broke her heart?"

"Worse than that, I think—she lost her reason."

"And the father?"

"Oh, he's just as proud and dour as ever to folks; but old Peter—that's his favorite black servant—says he spends most of his time in prayer. Doubtless he is better consoled than if he hung on to us."

"It was a great mistake all through," I said, sorrowfully.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, decidedly, "but the mistake began before Donald's birth. If the parents had been trained in the way they should go *as parents*, they would have trained up the child in the way he should go from his babyhood."

"Did he leave any child?"

"Yes; there is another Donald Houston in my house now, a noble little fellow. Please God, we will have no mistakes with him; for, as I tell my little Ada every day, 'make him mind the things that are right, Ada; *it is the good children that make the good men and 'women.*'"

THE RUINED HOUSE.

"Right or wrang, it is my house up to the roof."

The house in question was the grand old manor-house of Sweetheart, a gray, lichen-covered building of the days of the Plantagenets, and standing in its half-neglected beauty among stately old gardens full of perennial youth and loveliness.

"Right or wrang, it is my house up to the roof!"

The speaker, an old, powerfully built man, repeated the assertion in a tone that might be only decisive, but which young Tom Sweetheart took to be extremely offensive.

"You say so, Dykes. I only know that, as steward of Sweetheart, you have become a rich man, and that your master has just died, ruined and broken-hearted."

"He would moider his money away in daft-like speculations. He would not heed me. I wish he had."

"And you say that he sold Sweetheart to you for forty thousand pounds sterling."

"Forty thousand pounds and other out-lying debts."

"Well, then, let Sweetheart go. We are a bad lot, it seems."

"With excepts, Master Tom. Your father was a weak man, and capped all for being shaffling and stubborn, but he was not to call bad—indeed, no; and I liked him—loved him, I may say."

"Then I hope, Dykes, that you will never love me."

"No saying; there are none to forbid it."

"You are a scoundrel, Dykes; but ill-doing and ill-spending force me to deal with you. On what terms can I have Sweetheart back again?"

"I'll nivir refuse any sum that pays me for my outlay. I'm no just daft for Sweetheart; there are bonnier bits of England than it is."

"You know, Dykes, you cannot buy with any money the old Sweetheart name and blood."

"I'm not chaffering for them; another bargain would suit me better."

Tom's face grew dark as night, but there was something about Dykes's calm, solemn manner that seemed to make anger ridiculous. Tom remained silent, until he could ask with patience:

"Is there anything that once belonged to Sweetheart that is still mine?"

"The twelve cottages in Whitehaven called Lowthers Row—they bring in about one hundred pounds a year."

"Anything else?"

"That great ring on your finger."

"Why did my father not give it away with the lands? It came with them."

Dykes looked angrily up, and said :

" King Richard gave it to the first baron of Sweetheart on the field of Ascalon. There was a Dykes, who saw it given. Launcelot Sweetheart, knight, and Jasper Dykes, his squire."

" Oh, I know the old story. But what is the ring worth ?"

" *Everything*, Master Tom ; for when all is not lost, all may be won back again ; but—"and the old man bowed his head sadly—" if honor is so far gone that you will sell your father's gage, then all is gone, indeed."

Tom looked proudly at the great uncut sapphires, and said :

" Not so ; it is my gage to the old home. I'll win it back, if fair fortune comes to fair endeavor. Nay, sooner than sell it, I would let you have it, Dykes ; for if you wronged my father, you are the first Dykes that ever wronged a Sweetheart in six hundred years !" The ring must finally go with the lands."

" That is but fair. King Richard gave it as their arles money ; they should go together."

" And I have one hundred pounds a year ! Well, that will start me in some new country."

" What need to leave England ? Your Uncle Peale will be proud enough of you. He has two thousand spinning jennies, and a grand fortune they have made him—

" ' When land and money all are spent,
Then trading is most excellent.' "

Tom made no reply; the idea was new to him, and he was impatient to end the interview. Dykes approached him with a strangely pathetic, yearning look and held out his hand. Tom shook his head.

"I can't do it, Dykes. I see you are ashamed and sorry, but I can't do it."

"Not even for old times' sake, Master Tom?"

"No, by George! That makes all worse. When I was a lad we went all over the hills together, shooting and fishing, and I told you all my school and love scrapes, and thought there never was such a true, noble old fellow. It's too bad—it's too bad, Dykes; but, indeed, I am sorrier for you than for myself to-day." He went rapidly out of the room, but turned back a few minutes afterward to say: "Never mind the Whitehaven cottages; I will call and get Tatham to attend to them. The new master of Sweetheart cannot be the old one's agent."

Dykes made no answer; his arms were across the table and his head in them. Tom almost believed that he was crying, and for one moment was tempted to say a kinder farewell. But he did not, and on further reflection was glad he did not. Indeed, he rather congratulated himself upon the temperate way in which he had taken the shameful wrong done him; for Tom, at this time, could imagine no circumstances in which it would have been right for such an old servant of Sweetheart to sit as master in its halls.

Dykes's suggestion, however, about his Uncle Peale appeared to be a good one, and he determined

to go to see him before he made any other move. What kind of a man he might be Tom had not the least idea, for in those days people did not distribute photographs broadcast, and a cotton-spinner was an unknown person in Tom's little world. He found him a very imposing-looking man, tall, stout, blond, with his hands in his pockets and that air of "What have I got to pay?" about him, so common to the rich Englishman. He looked indifferently at the tall, handsome fellow who lifted his hat and approached him until Tom, in his usual confident *bonhomie*, said:

"Good morning, uncle. How do you do?"

"Eh! By George! Uncle! Why, who are you?"

"Tom Sweetheart."

"God bless you, Tom. Why, I never thought of such a thing. You are welcome, sir; very welcome."

Tom indeed could not know how welcome, for the one bit of romance that Josiah Peale cherished was the memory of his love-match with the beautiful Mary Sweetheart, the late baron's sister. Mary had lived only ten months after the marriage, and after her death and Josiah's second marriage, the Sweethearts had quite ignored the temporary connection; but still that ten months lay in Josiah's memory like a charmed interval, love-laden and rose-colored. To have Mary's nephew come smiling in and greet him as uncle was a real delight. He gave Tom both hands and took him home in a kind of triumph.

Mrs. Peale was equally ready to like such a cheery splendid-looking youth. Her own two daughters had been long married; one was in Bradford, the other in Halifax. She was very glad of some new object in her monotonous life; and very soon the stately house of the Peales began to be thrown open and to echo to the young, light footsteps and laughter and song.

Josiah, though very sensitive to the glory of his high mercantile position, had all the Englishman's veneration for "family;" his connection with the house of Sweetheart divided with his commercial success his proudest and deepest sentiments. When, therefore, after Tom had been a year in the mills, he added the old name of Sweetheart to the firm, he felt that everything had been done for the honor of the house of Peale that was possible.

Nearly three years passed, and so happily that Tom began to forget his purpose, and to feel that ring on his finger a reproach. For he was spending all his income, and his uncle had frankly told him that a share in the firm was all that he could justly give him. One day, when he was very dissatisfied with himself, he thought he would go home and talk things freely over with his aunt. On entering her parlor he found it darkened, and she came forward with an imperative "*Hush!*" pointing to a couch whereon lay a beautiful girl in a deep sleep.

"She has had an accident and a narcotic, and must not be awakened."

"Who is she?"

"Eleanor Broadbent."

"How lovely she is! Why is she here?"

"She has been unexpectedly calling on me after her three years' absence at school. Her horses took fright, she was thrown out and brought back here. Poor little Nellie!"

Tom stood a moment looking at the exquisite face, the loosened glory of the rich brown hair, and the graceful girlish figure, and went out on tip-toe a completely enthralled and charmed man. Every meeting with Nellie made him more so, and being on terms of frankest confidence with his uncle, he very soon asked "what chances there were in his favor? Would his gentle blood stand for anything?"

"Not a farthing's worth with old Broadbent. He came to Manchester without a crown, and considers the Mayor of Manchester quite as great a person as a royal duke."

"And his daughter will have a great fortune?"

"I don't think she is his daughter; seems to me her mother was Broadbent's sister—but daughter or niece, it is all one, she will have everything. Not much chance there, Tom, unless you have money with your birth."

But for some reason best known to himself and his aunt, Tom thought differently. Mrs. Peale, indeed, laughed at her husband's doubts, and thought "Nellie Broadbent would choose for herself." Doubtless Mrs. Peale knew that she had reasons for her confident opinions. Anyway, Tom began now to seriously improve the business advantages his uncle had so generously opened to him;

and no sooner had he set his heart upon making money than everything set with him in the same direction.

He got a letter from Tatham, of Whitehaven, offering to give him four thousand pounds for his cottages ; and before he could reply, Dykes, who had never noticed him since they parted, wrote and begged him on *no account* to sell just yet. The railway mania was just then beginning, and Josiah readily divined the cause of these letters.

"Some new company is needing your land, Tom. I'd do what Dykes says, for he is a shrewd scoundrel ; and though I don't see his drift, I think here you may safely follow his lead."

So Tom refused Tatham's offer and very soon forgot it, for the frenzy, with Hudson as its leader, swept over England like an epidemic. Very few had strength to resist it, still fewer had wisdom to guide it for their own advantage. Old Broadbent made thousands and hundreds of thousands, and then lost every shilling. Josiah Peale stubbornly refused to touch a bond, but his influence and the fate of Nellie's father hardly saved Tom. Some days he was almost ill-tempered with every one who said a prudent word to him.

One morning he found among his letters one from Tatham, offering, in the names of the Whitehaven and Lancaster Railway Company, twenty thousand pounds for his cottages—the land on which they stood having become absolutely necessary for a depot. Tom asked thirty thousand pounds, and got it. Strangely enough, no sooner

was the transaction completed than Dykes wrote, offering to sell Sweetheart back again for thirty thousand pounds.

"The old rascal has got the railway fever; it will be your Nemesis, Tom. Will you accept his offer? Don't you think you could do better with the thirty thousand pounds?"

Tom hesitated, and his uncle watched him keenly. But it was only for a moment. His eyes fell upon the ring, and he said:

"It may be a foolish sentiment to you, uncle, but to me it is the redemption of my word and honor. I shall go and buy Sweetheart back to-morrow."

"Good, lad! You will be none the worse merchant for being a gentleman; and they keep money best who keep truth and honor first. But why not go to-day?"

"I must see Mr. Broadbent about Nellie; they are in trouble, and Nellie will feel every hour's delay a wrong."

"You will get nothing there now, lad."

"All I want is Nellie. A gentleman values truth and honor and love above money, uncle."

Josiah laughed heartily.

"You have me there, Tom. Nellie is a good girl, and welcome to thee."

Mr. Broadbent's losses had inclined him to listen respectfully to Tom's offer.

"It is wonderful," he replied, "how often we lift the broken threads in life's warp. Nellie is not my daughter; she is my niece; but no daughter could

be dearer ; and she was born at Sweetheart. Now you ask her back there—it is strange enough."

"Nellie born at Sweetheart !"

"Yes. My sister married the steward. It was a very unhappy match ; but we'll let the past alone. She left him when her daughter was five years old and came to me. With all her faults she was my twin sister, and I loved her."

Tom was almost staggered. He knew that Dykes's wife had left him, and he had heard that Dykes had a daughter. But it was the one subject the steward allowed no one to speak about, and Tom never dreamed that Eleanor Broadbent could be that daughter. It cost him a few minutes fierce struggle to accept the circumstances, but he did it ; and, before he left Nellie that night, had taught himself to believe that the father's debt was canceled in the love and loveliness of the daughter.

He went to Sweetheart next day, and found both house and garden in such beautiful keeping that he rejoiced over and over in the prospect of being its master again. Dykes offered him his hand as he dismounted at the garden gate, and this time Tom took it. The old man's eyes were full of happy tears as he said :

"Thank God, you took my hand this time, sir."

"Yes, Dykes, and I have come back to ask you, also, for the hand of your daughter. I shall be a miserable baron of Sweetheart unless Eleanor Dykes is its lady."

"My daughter ! My daughter ! Oh, Master Tom, where is she ?"

Then Tom told Dykes all about his love, and this time the listener was eager as the lover ; before the sale of Sweetheart was mentioned Dykes and Tom were clasping each other's hands and promising to be eternally true to each other.

As soon as they were in the old parlor, Tom said :

"Now, father, I will buy back Sweetheart again."

"My dear lad, it has never been really mine. I told you that Sweetheart was ruined that I might save you. It nearly broke my heart when you left me yon black day, and it has been no light thing to bear my neighbors' ill-will and scorning ; but you'll forgive me, Tom. I never would have been false, save that I might be the more true to you ; and I had your father's blessing on the plan."

"And your plan, my second father, has made a man of me, won me the dearest friends, and the best and loveliest of wives. I can make money as well as spend it now, and together we will make Sweetheart the most beautiful barony in Cumberland."

"For six hundred years there has always been a Dykes to stand by a Sweetheart."

"And now always they will own Sweetheart together."

People call Tom a cotton lord, and men who stick to their lands and dignities affect to look down upon him. But to-day there is not a richer or happier man in the North Country, and in his vast works and enterprises thousands take their daily bread from his hands, and bless him as the best as well as the noblest of masters.

Dykes and Uncle Josiah were equally proud of him, though sometimes they did not quite agree as to which of them had the greatest share in saving the ruined house of Sweetheart.

"For Better, For Worse."

About three years ago I was one day sauntering in Union Square, and stopped in at Signor Roma's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a lady in crayons, and after our first cordial greeting, he returned to it, saying that he expected her that afternoon to examine his progress.

I soon became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of its singular repose, and the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide-open eyes.

"Roma," I said, "that is a very attractive face."

"You should see the daughter of this woman. Ah! she is an angel!"

"I am speaking of the mother. I think her very lovely."

"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and a picture."

"You speak like a lover."

"I am one."

"Does she know it?"

"Who shall tell her? I might as well love some bright, particular star and think to wed it, as love and hope to wed Pearl Bailey. She is Richard Lufkin's heiress."

"And you are—"

"I am a poor artist. I make about three thousand dollars a year."

He dropped his head, and went on with his work in nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Roma was at the door, and bowing low, as he held it open for the two ladies who entered.

The elder was clothed in black silk, unrelieved by anything excepting a little foam of rich, white lace and the dull glitter of some jet ornaments. The younger had on a dress in which pale violet and cream color were exquisitely blended. The face of the elder was the face of one who had suffered and conquered; the face of the younger was the face of a sinless, sorrowless child, who unsuspectingly had grown into womanhood. The mother's hair was nearly white; the daughter's, a pale, golden frame to a little oval picture of exquisite beauty.

I did not wonder when I saw the girl that Roma should feel utterly hopeless in regard to his love. But before their visit was over I had changed my opinion. I noticed Pearl's shy glances at the handsome artist and her bright, responsive blushes when-

over Roma's luminous eyes met hers. I saw, in fact, that Pearl was just as much in love as Roma was, and that all the two hearts wanted was one flash of intelligence to introduce them to each other.

I became a visitor at Mrs. Bailey's, but beyond a certain mental and artistic sympathy, our acquaintance did not ripen quickly. The winter passed, and the summer sent one hither and another thither. I went to the seaside, Mrs. Bailey and Pearl to the mountains; and being in town for a day in July, I found that Roma also had gone away. Under such circumstances, many pleasant friendships are dropped and never gathered together again; and I was almost in this danger with regard to Roma and the Baileys. The fact was, I was going to be married, and my mind was full of my own love affairs, with the attendant cares of upholstery and millinery.

But one day, as I stood in front of a store, balancing a certain point about silks in my mind, a gentle hand touched me and a pleasant voice said "Good-morning" as frankly and quietly as if we had met but yesterday. It was Mrs. Bailey; yes, it was she, though I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.

She looked as if ten years had dropped from her life, and had that indescribable air about her toilet which says: "I dress for love, and not for fashion."

Another astonishment awaited me. A handsome man, who might be fifty years of age, ceased giving some directions to the coachman, and approached us. Mrs. Bailey, introduced him to me as "Mr. Bailey, my husband," and then, with a cordial invitation to

call on them, she passed down the steps and into the waiting carriage.

This was not the end of my perplexity, for I was certain I had seen Mr. Bailey before, and his grave sad face haunted me so persistently and worryingly that I threw aside my own interests awhile, and tried to remember when and where I had seen those pathetic eyes and that tall, noble figure. Somehow my mind would connect them with Roma's studio; but that, I soon concluded, was sheer nonsense. With the exception of a few young artists and a few ragged, wretched-looking models, I had never met any men there.

I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call upon Mrs. Bailey. It was a cold, wet day, but Pearl and Roma were making sunshine for themselves in the usual sitting-parlor, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Bailey in her own room.

I followed her to a large upper chamber, luxuriously furnished, and Mrs. Bailey met me at the door. There was a little table spread before the fire, and as I do not pretend to be insensible to the comforts of good Souçhong and cold chicken, I regarded the table with approbation.

I do not know what influence of the dreary day, or of the cosy room or of her own mind ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidential conversation, and from one topic to another we fell gradually into those predisposing to personal matters. As the twilight deepened we became more and more earnest and solemn, and I was scarcely

astonished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said :

" I was born in Boston, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father also died while I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Richard Lufkin. He was much older than I was, and, with loving and honest integrity, he strove to be both father and brother to me.

" We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection, until I met and loved Philip Bailey. You see how handsome he is even yet ; judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago. That he was extravagant did not alarm me. I thought myself able to control and reform all the weak points in his character ; and the fact that I was largely right in this supposition has been one of the bitterest drops in my cup of punishment and regret.

" For his nature was so noble, so responsive to good, so eager for some purer and higher pleasures than those which were deluding and destroying him, that I am quite sure, had I trusted to God and to my own highest instincts, I might have raised him even to his own high ideal.

" But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault. I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Philip's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authorative restraint ; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly, and then, alas !

quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.

"The home which we had furnished with such promises of a happy and peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them. He was five minutes later than his promise; he met an old friend and went to dine with him; he forgot some compliment, or gave it pettishly when pettishly reminded of the omission—such trifles as these were the beginning of years of misery."

"Such little things!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, my dear! but they opened a wide door for far worse ones. By and by Philip began to stay hours behind his promise—to stay all night—to stay away with some old friend for days and weeks without any ceremony but the bare intimitation of his intentions. I rebelled, protested, scolded. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled—I remembered when too late, how wearily and sadly—and left me alone with my quarrelsome, unhappy temper.

"Children came to us, a beautiful boy and a pretty bright girl. Philip was very fond and proud of them, and strove hard to atone for his neglect. But instead of accepting the present love, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regrets for the ones he had wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions. Believe me, dear, you may wear away a love as strong as death by such a course. So, Phillip, meeting no loving response, fell gradually back into his old habits and associations.

"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused us all further help. When this took place there was a bitter quarrel. My inheritance had been left in Richard's absolute direction and disposal, and Philip began to doubt whether I had received my just rights. He talked of an investigation by the law. I went further: I passed my brother on the street, and forbade the little children, who loved him so dearly, to speak to him.

"At the end of five years we had to give up housekeeping and board. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former state, and Philip said we must go to New York. Even then, had I been patient and helpful, I might have saved myself and my husband, but, though I promised much, and he promised much, I could not subdue myself to conquer his weakness by the humility of love.

"We left Boston clandestinely; no friend wished us 'Godspeed,' and my brother was still unreconciled. The little money we had soon evaporated in boarding houses; we passed from one to another, always sinking a little lower, until at length a day came when we had neither money nor home—unless I could have made a home in the miserable, empty room which was now the only wretched flotsam of a wrecked life.

"I did not lack the energy and the ability to have done this, but I lacked the will. I sat gloomily down in tearless, sulking indifference, and scarcely heeded either the crying of my children or the

reproaches and promises of my husband. For he vowed, even then, he would abandon all his evil ways and work hard, if I would trust him once more. I can see him yet as he stood humbly before me. I just raised my eyes and glanced scornfully and incredulously at him.

"He went angrily out, and did not return. Late at night, a note was brought me. It was Philip's last word of regret and farewell. He begged my forgiveness for his share of my mistaken life, and, for the rest, he hoped I would go back to my brother Richard, to whom, he said, he had written in my behalf.

"That was all. I was really ill now—fell from one long faint into another; and in the midst of my anguish Pearl came wailing into the world. For a long time I was quite dependant on the pity and charity of my poor neighbors; and when at length I was able to rise and look the world in the face again, I scarcely knew which way to turn; for my brother had been written to over and over, and no answer or help sent in response; and either teaching or plain sewing was my only available resource.

"After many weary days I found a position as under music-teacher in a third-rate school. I only got a bare pittance for six hours' labor a day, and had to give that up when little Phil and Rosa took the scarlet fever."

"And they died?" I asked.

"Both died within twelve hours of each other, and even little Pearl was long ill. In all those long hours, when I stood thinking and watching between

two worlds, you may be sure my sins of every kind were brought to my remembrance. When I turned back from my childrens' graves into the world again, I trust I turned back a different woman. I took up life's hard task in a better spirit.

"One spring night I was taking Pearl a walk up Broadway, in order to let her see the bright lights and gay shop-windows. Suddenly a gentleman stepped before me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, cried out:

"'Margaret! Margaret!'

"It was my brother Richard. He had come to New York immediately on receiving Philip's last letter; but Philip had either forgotten to put my address in it or had supposed I would go at once to Boston. He did not find me, though he had looked long and spent much money in seeking me. He had then returned to Boston, sought me there, and failing also, had come back to New York.

"Well, I never again knew what it was to have an ungratified want, or to miss a loving care for every hour. I hope, I believe, that I valued these blessings now at their true worth. Richard and I spent many happy years together, and for many of them made every effort to trace my lost husband. In whatever wild land hopeless men were wont to go, we advertised for him, but in vain.

"So Pearl grew to womanhood, and we were happy. On her seventeenth birthday we determined to have our pictures painted, and a chance remark sent us to Signor Roma's studio, where I also met you. One day, just as we were leaving the

city, we called there to ask him to visit us during the summer. He was busy on a historical painting, but as we entered, dismissed his model, and put aside his brushes.

"The model took his hat sadly up, bowed to Roma, and advanced to the door. As he passed us he glanced at Pearl, and being detected, made a movement of apology and went on. It was enough —I knew him. With a rapid movement, I placed myself before the door, and stretching out my arms, cried out passionately :

"'Philip ! dear Philip, forgive me !'

"Roma, with delicate devination and tact, withdrew Pearl to an inner painting-room ; and there, and so, we met and knew each other again."

"He had suffered also ?"

"Who can tell how much ? He had been in California ; he had been rich and became poor ; he had gained much and lost everything ; he had been in captivity to Indians and been shipwrecked ; he had known the extremes of poverty and sickness. When I found him he was earning a scanty living as a painter's model, or in any of those ways which the humblest poverty alone discovers."

"And now you are happy ?"

"Yes, indeed ! God has given me the opportunity I have been praying long for. Yet, remember, because of my foolishness, I have begun to be happy twenty years too late."

"About Pearl !"

"She knows all."

"Are you pleased with her choice ?"

"Roma has given me back my husband. I may well give him in return my daughter. I am content.

"And now, my dear, I have told you my story because I heard you are going to marry, and I feared perhaps you did not consider how holy and solemn a state it is."

I kissed her tenderly and went silently home. Henceforward I had higher thoughts about marriage than such as centered in upholstery and millinery matters.

THE END.

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